

BRITISH POETS  
OF THE NINETEENTH  
CENTURY

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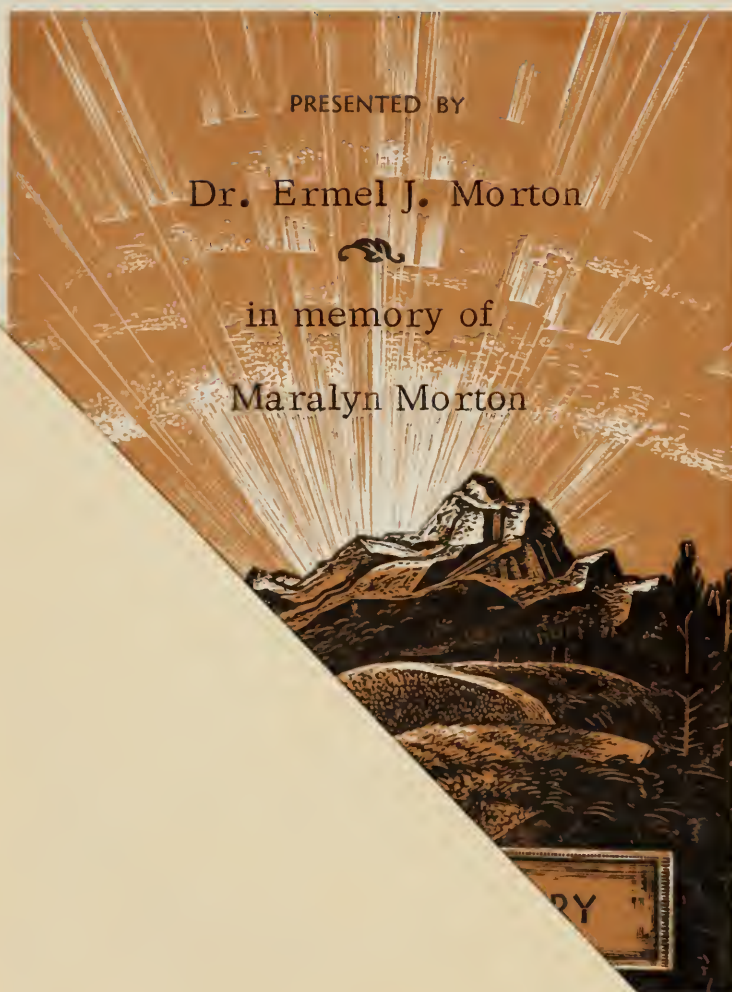
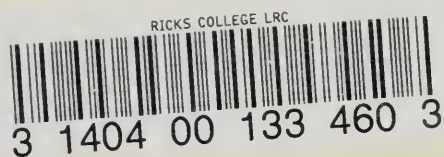


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# BRITISH POETS

OF THE

## NINETEENTH CENTURY

POEMS BY

WORDSWORTH, COLERIDGE, SCOTT, BYRON, SHELLEY, KEATS, LANDOR,  
TENNYSON, ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, ROBERT BROWNING,  
CLOUGH, ARNOLD, ROSSETTI, MORRIS, SWINBURNE

EDITED, WITH REFERENCE LISTS AND NOTES

BY

CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE, PH.D.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN  
DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

*REVISED EDITION*

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οὐ πολλὰ ἀλλὰ πολὺ

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To M. E. H.

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## PREFACE

This volume makes no attempt to do what has already been so excellently done in Mr. Stedman's *Victorian Anthology*, Ward's *English Poets*, and other similar collections. It is not a new Anthology of nineteenth century poetry. Instead of giving a few "gems," or "flowers" from each one of several hundred authors, it includes only the fifteen chief poets of the century. From each one of these, however, it attempts to give a full and adequate selection, sufficient really to represent the man and his work.

The book has been planned, primarily, to give in one volume all the material which should be in the hands of the student for a College or University course on the British poets of the nineteenth century. I have therefore tried to include, first, all the poems which would be given as prescribed reading in such a course; and, second, a thorough guide to the use of a well-equipped college or public library, in connection with that reading. I hope the book may also be found useful for more general courses on English Literature, for which there is no other collection covering exactly this part of the field; and for any reader who wishes to possess in one volume the best work of the chief nineteenth century poets—"Infinite riches in a little room."

The selections are very full, and for the most part consist of complete poems. They are designed both to give all the best of each poet's work, and also (except for Mrs. Browning) to give some representation of each important period and class of his work. Long poems are usually given entire, and space has been found for Byron's *Manfred*, Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, Scott's *Marmion*, Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*, Keats' *Hyperion*, Tennyson's *Guinevere* and *Morte d'Arthur*, Browning's *Pippa Passes*, Mrs. Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, Arnold's *Sohrab and Rustum*, Morris's *Atalanta's Race*, etc., etc. In general, extracts from long poems are not given, except in the case of single cantos which are complete in themselves, like the last two cantos of *Childe Harold*; or lyrics, such as the songs from Tennyson's dramas, or the Hymns to Pan and Diana in Keats' *Endymion*, which, when detached, make perfect and independent poems. An exception has been

made in the case of Byron's master-work, *Don Juan*, which of course could not be given in full, and which has been represented by long passages.

The amount of space given to an author does not necessarily correspond with his relative importance or rank as a poet. Some authors can be represented by their shorter poems, while others—Scott, for instance, and William Morris—could not be fairly represented at all unless one of their longer poems were given. Browning and Byron could not be represented without some complete example of their poems in dramatic form, while Tennyson's drama does not hold the same relative importance as his work. Byron, in particular, cannot really be known except through his longer poems; some example must necessarily be given of the series of Oriental Romances, which, with *Childe Harold*, won him his early fame; at least one Canto of *Childe Harold* must be given complete; a good example of the great Satires must be known in the *Vision of Judgment*, and finally the whole man is summed up in the different aspects of *Don Juan*. Wordsworth, on the other hand, has less space than poets of inferior rank; but he is represented by a hundred complete poems, the largest number given for any author.

The selection of shorter poems has been made generously inclusively. For Browning, more than two-thirds of the *Dramatic Lyrics*, and more than half of the *Dramatic Romances* and *Men and Women*, as well as representative poems from the other collections, are given. For Keats the entire contents (except one poem) of the volume of 1820 is given, as well as full representation of his earlier volumes and of the posthumous poems. I have included nearly eighty poems from Landor, and hope that this—I think the first—representative selection from his verse may serve to make his work as a poet more familiarly known, in the sheer beauty of its simplicity and condensation. No apology need be made, I hope, for the extent of the Shelley selections, since his *Alastor*, *Lines Written among the Euganean Hills*, *Epipsychidion*, *The Sensitive Plant*, *Adonais*, etc., as well as the *Prometheus Unbound*, make his work take a large amount of space in proportion to the number of titles. For Rossetti, I have given more than two-thirds of the sonnets from the *House of Life*, as well as *Sister Helen*, *The Stream's Secret*, *Love's Nocturn*, *The Burden of Nineveh*, *The King's Tragedy*, and some thirty or forty of the shorter poems. I hope that the space devoted to him will be found to represent a true judgment of his great permanent value as a poet; and that the same will be true of the still larger amount of space given to the poet most different from him, Matthew Arnold.



A principal feature of the volume is the classified *Reference Lists*. I have tried to indicate, for each poet, the standard editions, other important editions, the best one-volume editions, the standard biography, the best brief biography, and all the important essays. The critical essays are usually classed in two paragraphs, and, throughout, the most important books or essays are indicated by asterisks.

The Notes have been made as few and brief as possible; and critical comment, except that of the poet himself, or, in a few cases, of other poets, has been excluded from them. They give only essential *facts* regarding the poems, or comment and explanation added by the poet himself.

The poems are arranged in chronological order under each author, according to the dates of writing when these are known, and in other cases according to the dates of publication. The dates are given after each poem, dates of writing being indicated by italic figures, and dates of publication by upright figures.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge the ready generosity with which critics and teachers have given their help in making the selections. My thanks are due, in particular, to Mr. Paul E. More of the *New York Evening Post*, to Professor Stoddard of New York University, Professor Trent and Professor Odell of Columbia University, Professor Baker and Professor Sykes of Teachers' College, Professor van Dyke of Princeton, and Professor Mott of the College of the City of New York.

It can hardly be hoped that such a book as this will be entirely free from errors, especially in the reference lists and dates. Any corrections will be gratefully received. Most of the proof has been carefully read three times, but—as my friend Ronsard hath it—*Tu excuseras les fautes de l'imprimeur, car tous les yeux d'Argus n'y verraient assez clair.*

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY,  
September, 1904.

CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE.

## PREFACE TO THE FOURTH EDITION

IN the present edition a number of typographical errors have been corrected, the text and dates of some poems have been verified by comparison with more authoritative editions than were available when the book was first published, an Index of First Lines has been added to the Author-Index and Title-Index, and the Reference Lists have been thoroughly revised and brought up to date. I am under obligation to several friends who have sent me corrections and especially suggestions for the improvement of the Reference Lists: in particular to Professor Lane Cooper, Professor Frank E. Farley, Miss Henriette E. Moore, Professor A. B. Milford, Professor Richard Jones, and Professor Charles W. Hodell; and I take this opportunity to thank the many other teachers who have written me concerning their use of the book. It is a pleasure to know that the general plan and method of the book, and of the Reference Lists, have been found helpful; and though these have been only too generously flattered by imitation, it is also a pleasure to note that no similar collection has ventured to include so much as one-third the material offered by the present volume.

C. H. P.

*September, 1910.*



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## WORDSWORTH

### LINES

Left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree, which stands near the lake of Esthwaite, on a desolate part of the shore, commanding a beautiful prospect.

Composed in part at school at Hawkshead. The tree has disappeared, and the slip of Common on which it stood, that ran parallel to the lake and lay open to it, has long been enclosed; so that the road has lost much of its attraction. This spot was my favorite walk in the evenings during the latter part of my school-time.

*(Wordsworth's note.)*

NAY, Traveller! rest. This lonely Yew-tree stands  
Far from all human dwelling: what if here  
No sparkling rivulet spread the verdant herb?  
What if the bee love not these barren boughs?  
Yet, if the wind breathe soft, the curling waves,  
That break against the shore, shall lull thy mind  
By one soft impulse saved from vacancy.  
——Who he was  
That piled these stones and with the mossy sod  
First covered, and here taught this aged Tree  
With its dark arms to form a circling bower,  
I well remember.—He was one who owned  
No common soul. In youth by science nursed,  
And led by nature into a wild scene  
Of lofty hopes, he to the world went forth  
A favored Being, knowing no desire  
Which genius did not hallow; 'gainst the taint  
Of dissolute tongues, and jealousy, and hate,  
And scorn,—against all enemies prepared,

All but neglect. The world, for so it thought,  
Owed him no service; wherefore he at once  
With indignation turned himself away,  
And with the food of pride sustained his soul  
In solitude.—Stranger! these gloomy boughs  
Had charms for him; and here he loved to sit,  
His only visitants a straggling sheep,  
The stone-chat, or the glancing sand-piper:  
And on these barren rocks, with fern and heath,  
And juniper and thistle, sprinkled o'er,  
Fixing his downcast eye, he many an hour  
A morbid pleasure nourished, tracing here  
An emblem of his own unfruitful life:  
And, lifting up his head, he then would gaze  
On the more distant scene,—how lovely 'tis  
Thou seest,—and he would gaze till it became  
Far lovelier, and his heart could not sustain  
The beauty, still more beauteous! Nor, that time,  
When nature had subdued him to herself,  
Would he forget those Beings to whose minds,  
Warm from the labors of benevolence,  
The world, and human life, appeared a scene  
Of kindred loveliness: then he would sigh,  
Inly disturbed, to think that others felt  
What he must never feel: and so, lost Man!  
On visionary views would fancy feed,  
Till his eye streamed with tears. In this deep vale

He died,—this seat his only monument.  
If Thou be one whose heart the holy  
forms

Of young imagination have kept pure,  
Stranger! henceforth be warned; and  
know that pride,

Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,  
Is littleness; that he, who feels con-  
tempt

For any living thing, hath faculties  
Which he has never used; that thought  
with him

Is in its infancy. The man whose eye  
Is ever on himself doth look on one,  
The least of Nature's works, one who  
might move

The wise man to that scorn which wis-  
dom holds

Unlawful, ever. O be wiser, Thou!  
Instructed that true knowledge leads to  
love;

True dignity abides with him alone  
Who, in the silent hour of inward  
thought,

Can still suspect, and still revere him-  
self,

In lowliness of heart. 1787-1795. 1798.<sup>1</sup>

### THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN

This arose out of my observation of the affect-  
ing music of these birds hanging in this way in  
the London streets during the freshness and  
stillness of the Spring morning.—(Wordsworth.)

At the corner of Wood Street, when day-  
light appears,

Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has  
sung for three years;

Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and  
has heard

In the silence of morning the song of  
the Bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails  
her? She sees

A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;  
Bright volumes of vapor through Loth-  
bury glide,

And a river flows on through the vale  
of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst  
of the dale,

<sup>1</sup> Italic figures indicate the year of writing;  
upright figures the year of publication. The  
dates for Wordsworth are taken from the latest  
editions of William Knight, A. J. George, and  
Thomas Hutchinson.

Down which she so often has tripped  
with her pail;

And a single small cottage, a nest like a  
dove's,

The one only dwelling on earth that she  
loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven:  
but they fade,

The mist and the river, the hill and the  
shade:

The stream will not flow, and the hill  
will not rise,

And the colors have all passed away  
from her eyes! 1797. 1800.

### A NIGHT-PIECE

Composed on the road between Nether Stowey  
and Alfoxden, extempore. I distinctly recollect  
the very moment when I was struck, as described  
—"He looks up—the clouds are split," etc.  
(Wordsworth)

"Wordsworth particularly recommended to  
me among his Poems of Imagination, *Yew  
Trees*, and a description of Night. These, he  
says, are amongst the best for the imaginative  
power displayed in them." (Diary of Henry  
Crabb Robinson, May 9, 1815.)

———THE sky is overcast  
With a continuous cloud of texture close,  
Heavy and wan, all whitened by the  
Moon,

Which through that veil is indistinctly  
seen,

A dull, contracted circle, yielding light  
So feebly spread, that not a shadow falls,  
Chequering the ground—from rock,  
plant, tree, or tower.

At length a pleasant instantaneous gleam  
Startles the pensive traveller while he  
treads

His lonesome path, with unobserving  
eye

Bent earthward; he looks up—the  
clouds are split

Asunder,—and above his head he sees  
The clear Moon, and the glory of the  
heavens.

There, in a black-blue vault she sails  
along,

Followed by multitudes of stars, that,  
small

And sharp, and bright, along the dark  
abyss

Drive as she drives: how fast they  
wheel away,

Yet vanish not!—the wind is in the tree,  
But they are silent;—still they roll along  
Immeasurably distant; and the vault,



Built round by those white clouds, enormous clouds,  
Still deepens its unfathomable depth.  
At length the Vision closes; and the mind,  
Not undisturbed by the delight it feels,  
Which slowly settles into peaceful calm,  
Is left to muse upon the solemn scene.

1798. 1815.

### WE ARE SEVEN

—A SIMPLE Child,  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage Girl;  
She was eight years old, she said;  
Her hair was thick with many a curl  
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,  
And she was wildly clad;  
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;  
—Her beauty made me glad.

“Sisters and brothers, little Maid,  
How many may you be?”  
“How many? Seven in all,” she said  
And wondering looked at me.

“And where are they? I pray you tell.”  
She answered, “Seven are we;  
And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea.

“Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
My sister and my brother;  
And in the church-yard cottage, I  
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea,  
Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell,  
Sweet Maid, how this may be.”

Then did the little Maid reply,  
“Seven boys and girls are we;  
Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
Beneath the church-yard tree.”

“You run about, my little Maid,  
Your limbs they are alive;  
If two are in the church-yard laid,  
Then ye are only five.”

“Their graves are green, they may be  
seen.”  
The little Maid replied,

“Twelve steps or more from my mother’s  
door,  
And they are side by side.

“My stockings there I often knit,  
My kerchief there I hem;  
And there upon the ground I sit,  
And sing a song to them.

“And often after sunset, Sir,  
When it is light and fair,  
I take my little porringer,  
And eat my supper there.

“The first that died was sister Jane;  
In bed she moaning lay,  
Till God released her of her pain;  
And then she went away.

“So in the church-yard she was laid;  
And, when the grass was dry,  
Together round her grave we played,  
My brother John and I.

“And when the ground was white with  
snow,  
And I could run and slide,  
My brother John was forced to go,  
And he lies by her side.”

“How many are you, then,” said I,  
“If they two are in heaven?”  
Quick was the little Maid’s reply,  
“O Master! we are seven.”

“But they are dead; those two are  
dead!

Their spirits are in heaven!”  
’Twas throwing words away; for still  
The little Maid would have her will,  
And said, “Nay, we are seven!”

1798. 1798.

### SIMON LEE

#### THE OLD HUNTSMAN;

#### WITH AN INCIDENT IN WHICH HE WAS CONCERNED.

This old man had been huntsman to the squires of Alfoxden. . . . The fact was as mentioned in the poem; and I have, after an interval of forty-five years, the image of the old man as fresh before my eyes as if I had seen him yesterday. The expression when the hounds were out, “I dearly love their voice,” was word for word from his own lips. (Wordsworth.)

In the sweet shire of Cardigan,  
Not far from pleasant Ivor-hall,



An old Man dwells, a little man,—  
 'Tis said he once was tall.  
 Full five and thirty years he lived  
 A running huntsman merry ;  
 And still the centre of his cheek  
 Is red as a ripe cherry.

No man like him the horn could sound,  
 And hill and valley rang with glee  
 When Echo bandied, round and round,  
 The halloo of Simon Lee.  
 In those proud days, he little cared  
 For husbandry or tillage ;  
 To blither tasks did Simon rouse  
 The sleepers of the village.

He all the country could outrun,  
 Could leave both man and horse behind :  
 And often, ere the chase was done,  
 He reeled and was stone-blind.  
 And still there's something in the world  
 At which his heart rejoices ;  
 For when the chiming hounds are out,  
 He dearly loves their voices !

But, oh the heavy change !—bereft  
 Of health, strength, friends, and kindred,  
 see !

Old Simon to the world is left  
 In liveried poverty.  
 His Master's dead,—and no one now  
 Dwells in the Hall of Ivor ;  
 Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead ;  
 He is the sole survivor.

And he is lean and he is sick ;  
 His body, dwindled and awry,  
 Rests upon ankles swoln and thick ;  
 His legs are thin and dry.  
 One prop he has, and only one,  
 His wife, an aged woman,  
 Lives with him, near the waterfall,  
 Upon the village Common.

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,  
 Not twenty paces from the door,  
 A scrap of land they have, but they  
 Are poorest of the poor.  
 This scrap of land he from the heath  
 Enclosed when he was stronger ;  
 But what to them avails the land  
 Which he can till no longer ?

Oft, working by her Husband's side,  
 Ruth does what Simon cannot do ;  
 For she, with scanty cause for pride,  
 Is stouter of the two.  
 And, though you with your utmost skill  
 From labor could not wean them,

'Tis little, very little—all  
 That they can do between them.

Few months of life has he in store  
 As he to you will tell,  
 For still, the more he works, the more  
 Do his weak ankles swell.  
 My gentle Reader, I perceive  
 How patiently you've waited,  
 And now I fear that you expect  
 Some tale will be related.

O Reader ! had you in your mind  
 Such stores as silent thought can bring,  
 O gentle Reader ! you would find  
 A tale in every thing.  
 What more I have to say is short,  
 And you must kindly take it :  
 It is no tale ; but, should you think,  
 Perhaps a tale you'll make it.

One summer-day I chanced to see  
 This old Man doing all he could  
 To unearth the root of an old tree,  
 A stump of rotten wood.  
 The mattock tottered in his hand ;  
 So vain was his endeavor,  
 That at the root of the old tree  
 He might have worked for ever.

“ You're overtaken, good Simon Lee,  
 Give me your tool,” to him I said ;  
 And at the word right gladly he  
 Received my proffered aid.  
 I struck, and with a single blow  
 The tangled root I severed,  
 At which the poor old Man so long  
 And vainly had endeavored.

The tears into his eyes were brought,  
 And thanks and praises seemed to run  
 So fast out of his heart, I thought  
 They never would have done.  
 —I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds  
 With coldness still returning ;  
 Alas ! the gratitude of men  
 Hath oftener left me mourning.

1798. 1798.

#### LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,  
 While in a grove I sate reclined,  
 In that sweet mood when pleasant  
 thoughts  
 Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

*help-  
fulness.*

To her fair works did Nature link  
The human soul that through me ran;  
And much it grieved my heart to think  
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green  
bower,  
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;  
And 'tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,  
Their thoughts I cannot measure:—  
But the least motion which they made  
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,  
To catch the breezy air;  
And I must think, do all I can,  
That there was pleasure there.

*Classical  
things  
suited*  
If this belief from heaven be sent,  
If such be Nature's holy plan,  
Have I not reason to lament  
What man has made of man?  
1798. 1798.

#### TO MY SISTER

It is the first mild day of March:  
Each minute sweeter than before  
The redbreast sings from the tall larch  
That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,  
Which seems a sense of joy to yield  
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,  
And grass in the green field.

My sister! ('tis a wish of mine)  
Now that our morning meal is done,  
Make haste, your morning task resign;  
Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward will come with you;—and, pray,  
Put on with speed your woodland dress;  
And bring no book: for this one day  
We'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate  
Our living calendar:  
We from to-day, my Friend, will date  
The opening of the year.

Love, now a universal birth,  
From heart to heart is stealing,  
From earth to man, from man to earth:  
—It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more  
Than years of toiling reason:  
Our minds shall drink at every pore  
The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts will make,  
Which they shall long obey:  
We for the year to come may take  
Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power that rolls  
About, below, above,  
We'll frame the measure of our souls:  
They shall be tuned to love.

Then come, my Sister! come, I pray,  
With speed put on your woodland dress;  
And bring no book: for this one day  
We'll give to idleness. 1798. 1798.

#### A WHIRL-BLAST FROM BEHIND THE HILL

A WHIRL-BLAST from behind the hill  
Rushed o'er the wood with startling  
sound;

Then—all at once the air was still,  
And showers of hailstones pattered  
round.

Where leafless oaks towered high above,  
I sat within an undergrove  
Of tallest hollies, tall and green;  
A fairer bower was never seen.  
From year to year the spacious floor  
With withered leaves is covered o'er,  
And all the year the bower is green.  
But see! where'er the hailstones drop  
The withered leaves all skip and hop;  
There's not a breeze—no breath of air—  
Yet here, and there, and everywhere  
Along the floor, beneath the shade  
By those embowering hollies made,  
The leaves in myriads jump and spring,  
As if with pipes and music rare  
Some Robin Good-fellow were there,  
And all those leaves, in festive glee,  
Were dancing to the minstrelsy.

1798. 1800.

#### EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY

"WHY, William, on that old gray stone  
Thus for the length of half a day,  
Why, William, sit you thus alone,  
And dream your time away?



✓ "Where are your books?—that light be-  
queathed  
To Beings else forlorn and blind!  
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed  
From dead men to their kind.

*Read  
Nature  
book*  
"You look round on your Mother Earth,  
As if she for no purpose bore you;  
As if you were her first-born birth,  
And none had lived before you!"

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,  
When life was sweet, I knew not why,  
To me my good friend Matthew spake,  
And thus I made reply:

"The eye—it cannot choose but see;  
We cannot bid the ear be still;  
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,  
Against or with our will.

"Nor less I deem that there are Powers  
Which of themselves our minds impress;  
That we can feed this mind of ours  
In a wise passiveness.

*sub  
nature  
speak*  
"Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum  
Of things for ever speaking,  
That nothing of itself will come,  
But we must still be seeking?"

"—Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,  
Conversing as I may,  
I sit upon this old gray stone,  
And dream my time away." 1798. 1798.

### THE TABLES TURNED

AN EVENING SCENE ON THE SAME  
SUBJECT

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books;  
Or surely you'll grow double:  
Up! up! my Friend, and clear your  
looks;  
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,  
A freshening lustre mellow  
Through all the long green fields has  
spread,  
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:  
Come, hear the woodland linnet,  
How sweet his music! on my life,  
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!  
He, too, is no mean preacher:  
Come forth into the light of things,  
Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,  
Our minds and hearts to bless—  
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,  
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good,  
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;  
Our meddling intellect  
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of  
things:  
We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art;  
Close up those barren leaves;  
Come forth, and bring with you a heart  
That watches and receives. 1798. 1798.

### LINES

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN  
ABBEY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE  
WYE DURING A TOUR. JULY 13, 1798.

No poem of mine was composed under circum-  
stances more pleasant for me to remember than  
this. I began it upon leaving Tintern, after  
crossing the Wye, and concluded it just as I was  
entering Bristol in the evening, after a ramble  
of four or five days, with my sister. Not a line  
of it was altered, and not any part of it written  
down till I reached Bristol. It was published  
almost immediately after in the little volume of  
which so much has been said in these Notes.  
(Wordsworth. The volume referred to is *The  
Lyrical Ballads*, as first published at Bristol by  
Cottle.)

Five years have past; five summers,  
with the length  
Of five long winters! and again I hear  
These waters, rolling from their moun-  
tain-springs  
With a soft inland murmur.<sup>1</sup>—Once  
again  
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,  
That on a wild secluded scene impress  
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and  
connect  
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.  
The day is come when I again repose

<sup>1</sup> The river is not affected by the tides a few  
miles above Tintern. — (Wordsworth, 1798.)

*Weakened - placing of accent following  
upon a word which is ordinary  
in meaning is not accented.*



Here, under this dark sycamore, and  
view  
These plots of cottage-ground, these  
orchard-tufts,  
Which at this season, with their unripe  
fruits,  
Are clad in one green hue, and lose  
themselves  
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I  
see  
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows,  
little lines  
Of sportive wood run wild: these pas-  
toral farms,  
Green to the very door; and wreaths of  
smoke  
Sent up, in silence, from among the  
trees!  
With some uncertain notice, as might  
seem  
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless  
woods,  
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his  
fire  
The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,  
Through a long absence, have not been  
to me  
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:  
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the  
din

Of towns and cities, I have owed to them  
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
Felt in the blood, and felt along the  
heart;

And passing even into my purer mind,  
With tranquil restoration:—feelings too  
Of unremembered pleasure: such, per-  
haps,

As have no slight or trivial influence  
On that best portion of a good man's life,  
His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I  
trust,

To them I may have owed another gift,  
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed  
mood,

In which the burthen of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary  
weight

Of all this unintelligible world,  
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed  
mood,

In which the affections gently lead us  
on,—

Until, the breath of this corporeal frame  
And even the motion of our human  
blood

Almost suspended, we are laid asleep

In body, and become a living soul:  
While with an eye made quiet by the  
power

Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things.

If this  
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft—  
In darkness and amid the many shapes  
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful  
stir

Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,  
Have hung upon the beatings of my  
heart—

How oft, in spirit, have I turned to  
thee,

O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the  
woods,

How often has my spirit turned to thee!  
And now, with gleams of half-extin-  
guished thought,

With many recognitions dim and faint,  
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,  
The picture of the mind revives again:  
While here I stand, not only with the  
sense

Of present pleasure, but with pleasing  
thoughts

That in this moment there is life and  
food

For future years. And so I dare to  
hope,

Though changed, no doubt, from what I  
was when first

I came among these hills; when like a  
roe

I bounded o'er the mountains, by the  
sides

Of the deep rivers, and the lonely  
streams,

Wherever nature led: more like a man  
Flying from something that he dreads,  
than one

Who sought the thing he loved. For  
nature then

(The coarser pleasures of my boyish  
days,

And their glad animal movements all  
gone by)

To me was all in all.—I cannot paint  
What then I was. The sounding cata-  
ract

Haunted me like a passion: the tall  
rock,

The mountain, and the deep and gloomy  
wood,

Their colors and their forms, were then  
to me

An appetite; a feeling and a love,  
That had no need of a remoter charm,

*influence  
of memory  
unconscious  
influence  
of natural  
things.*

*immortality.*

By thought supplied, nor any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time  
is past,

And all its aching joys are now no more,  
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this  
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other  
gifts

Have followed; for such loss, I would  
believe,

Abundant recompense. For I have  
learned

To look on nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing often-  
times

The still, sad music of humanity,  
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample  
power

To chasten and subdue. And I have  
felt

A presence that disturbs me with the  
joy

Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply inter-  
fused,

Whose dwelling is the light of setting  
suns,

And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of  
man; — pantheism

A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all  
thought,

And rolls through all things. Therefore  
am I still

A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
And mountains; and of all that we be-  
hold

From this green earth; of all the mighty  
world

Of eye, and ear,—both what they half  
create,

And what perceive; well pleased to  
recognize

In nature and the language of the sense,  
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the  
nurse,

The guide, the guardian of my heart,  
and soul

Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,  
If I were not thus taught, should I the  
more

Suffer my genial spirits to decay:  
For thou art with me here upon the  
banks

Of this fair river; thou my dearest  
Friend,

My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice  
I catch

The language of my former heart, and  
read

My former pleasures in the shooting  
lights

Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little  
while

May I behold in thee what I was once,  
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I  
make,

Knowing that Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privi-  
lege,

Through all the years of this our life, to  
lead

From joy to joy: for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress

With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil  
tongues,

Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish  
men,

Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor  
all

The dreary intercourse of daily life.  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb

Our cheerful faith, that all which we  
behold

Is full of blessings. Therefore let the  
moon

Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;  
And let the misty mountain-winds be  
free

To blow against thee: and, in after years,  
When these wild ecstasies shall be  
matured

Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind  
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,  
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place

For all sweet sounds and harmonies;  
oh! then,

If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,  
Should be thy portion, with what heal-  
ing thoughts

Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,  
And these my exhortations! Nor, per-  
chance—

If I should be where I no more can hear  
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes  
these gleams

Of past existence—wilt thou then forget  
That on the banks of this delightful  
stream

We stood together; and that I, so long  
A worshipper of Nature, hither came  
Unwearied in that service: rather say

With warmer love—oh! with far deeper  
zeal

Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then for-  
get,

Of past existence—wilt thou then forget  
That on the banks of this delightful  
stream

We stood together; and that I, so long  
A worshipper of Nature, hither came  
Unwearied in that service: rather say

With warmer love—oh! with far deeper  
zeal

Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then for-  
get,



That after many wanderings, many years  
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty  
cliffs,  
And this green pastoral landscape, were  
to me  
More dear, both for themselves and for  
thy sake! 1798. 1798.

### THE SIMPLON PASS

———Brook and road  
Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy  
Pass,  
And with them did we journey several  
hours  
At a slow step. The immeasurable  
height  
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,  
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,  
And in the narrow rent, at every turn,  
Winds thwarting winds bewildered and  
forlorn,  
The torrents shooting from the clear  
blue sky,  
The rocks that muttered close upon our  
ears,  
Black drizzling crags that spake by the  
wayside  
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight  
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,  
The unfettered clouds and region of the  
heavens,  
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the  
light—  
Were all like workings of one mind, the  
features  
Of the same face, blossoms upon one  
tree,  
Characters of the great Apocalypse,  
The types and symbols of Eternity,  
Of first, and last, and midst, and with-  
out end. 1799. 1845.

### INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS

#### IN CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHENING THE IMAGINATION IN BOYHOOD AND EARLY YOUTH

WISDOM and Spirit of the universe!  
Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of  
thought!  
And giv'st to forms and images a breath  
And everlasting motion! not in vain.  
By day or star-light, thus from my first  
dawn

Of childhood didst thou intertwine for  
me  
The passions that build up our human  
soul;  
Not with the mean and vulgar works of  
Man,  
But with high objects, with enduring  
things,  
With life and nature: purifying thus  
The elements of feeling and of thought,  
And sanctifying by such discipline  
Both pain and fear,—until we recognize  
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.  
Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to  
me  
With stinted kindness. In November  
days,  
When vapors rolling down the valleys  
made  
A lonely scene more lonesome; among  
woods  
At noon; and 'mid the calm of summer  
nights,  
When by the margin of the trembling  
lake,  
Beneath the gloomy hills, homeward I  
went  
In solitude, such intercourse was mine:  
Mine was it in the fields both day and  
night,  
And by the waters, all the summer long.  
And in the frosty season, when the sun  
Was set, and, visible for many a mile,  
The cottage-windows through the twi-  
light blazed,  
I heeded not the summons: happy time  
It was indeed for all of us; for me  
It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud  
The village-clock tolled six—I wheeled  
about,  
Proud and exulting like an untired horse  
That cares not for his home.—All shod  
with steel  
We hissed along the polished ice, in  
games  
Confederate, imitative of the chase  
And woodland pleasures,—the resound-  
ing horn,  
The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted  
hare.  
So through the darkness and the cold  
we flew,  
And not a voice was idle: with the din  
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;  
The leafless trees and every icy crag  
Tinkled like iron; while far-distant hills  
Into the tumult sent an alien sound  
Of melancholy, not unnoticed while the  
stars,

(a Man xan xan -)



Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in  
the west

The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired  
Into a silent bay, or sportively  
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumult-  
uous throng,

To cut across the reflex of a star ;

Image, that, flying still before me,  
gleamed

Upon the glassy plain : and oftentimes,  
When we had given our bodies to the  
wind,

And all the shadowy banks on either  
side

Came sweeping through the darkness,  
spinning still

The rapid line of motion, then at once  
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,  
Stopped short ; yet still the solitary cliffs  
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth  
had rolled

With visible motion her diurnal round !  
Behind me did they stretch in solemn  
train,

Feebler and feebler, and I stood and  
watched

Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

1799. 1809.

### THERE WAS A BOY

Written in Germany. This is an extract from  
the poem on my own poetical education. (*Words-  
worth*. The poem referred to is *The Prelude*.)

THERE was a Boy ; ye knew him well, ye  
cliffs

And islands of Winander !—many a time,  
At evening, when the earliest stars began  
To move along the edges of the hills,  
Rising or setting, would he stand alone,  
Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering  
lake ;

And there, with fingers interwoven, both  
hands

Pressed closely palm to palm and to his  
mouth

Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,  
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,  
That they might answer him.—And they  
would shout

Across the watery vale, and shout again,  
Responsive to his call,—with quivering  
peals,

And long halloos, and screams, and  
echoes loud

Redoubled and redoubled ; concourse  
wild

Of jocund din ! And, when there came  
a pause

Of silence such as baffled his best skill,  
Then, sometimes, in that silence, while  
he hung

Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise  
Has carried far into his heart the voice  
Of mountain-torrents ; or the visible  
scene

Would enter unawares into his mind  
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,  
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven  
received

Into the bosom of the steady lake.

This boy was taken from his mates,  
and died

In childhood, ere he was full twelve years  
old.

Pre-eminent in beauty is the vale  
Where he was born and bred : the church-  
yard hangs

Upon a slope above the village-school ;  
And through that church-yard when my  
way has led

On summer-evenings, I believe, that  
there

A long half-hour together I have stood  
Mute—looking at the grave in which he  
lies !

1798. 1800.

### NUTTING

Written in Germany ; intended as part of a  
poem on my own life, but struck out as not  
being wanted there. . . . (*Wordsworth*).

——— It seems a day  
(I speak of one from many singled out)  
One of those heavenly days that cannot  
die ;

When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,  
I left our cottage-threshold, sallying  
forth

With a huge wallet o'er my shoulders  
slung,

A nutting-crook in hand ; and turned  
my steps

Tow'rd some far-distant wood, a Figure  
quaint,

Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off  
weeds

Which for that service had been hus-  
banded,

By exhortation of my frugal Dame—  
Motley accoutrement, of power to smile  
At thorns, and brakes, and brambles—  
and, in truth,

More ragged than need was ! O'er  
pathless rocks,

Through beds of matted fern, and tangled thickets,  
 Forcing my way, I came to one dear nook  
 Unvisited, where not a broken bough  
 Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign  
 Of devastation; but the hazels rose  
 Tall and erect, with tempting clusters hung,  
 A virgin scene!—A little while I stood,  
 Breathing with such suppression of the heart  
 As joy delights in; and, with wise restraint  
 Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed  
 The banquet;—or beneath the trees I sate  
 Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played;  
 A temper known to those, who, after long  
 And weary expectation, have been blest  
 With sudden happiness beyond all hope.  
 Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves  
 The violets of five seasons re-appear  
 And fade, unseen by any human eye;  
 Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on  
 For ever; and I saw the sparkling foam,  
 And—with my cheek on one of those green stones  
 That, fleeced with moss, under the shady trees,  
 Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep—  
 I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,  
 In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay  
 Tribute to ease; and, of its joy secure,  
 The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,  
 Wasting its kindliness on stocks and stones  
 And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,  
 And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with crash  
 And merciless ravage: and the shady nook  
 Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,  
 Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up  
 Their quiet being: and, unless I now  
 Confound my present feelings with the past;  
 Ere from the mutilated bower I turned  
 Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,  
 I felt a sense of pain when I beheld

The silent trees, and saw the intruding sky.—

Then, dearest Maiden, move along these shades

In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand  
 Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.

1799. 1800.

### STRANGE FITS OF PASSION HAVE I KNOWN

The next three poems were written in Germany. (*Wordsworth.*)

STRANGE fits of passion have I known:  
 And I will dare to tell,  
 But in the Lover's ear alone,  
 What once to me befell.

When she I loved looked every day  
 Fresh as a rose in June,  
 I to her cottage bent my way,  
 Beneath an evening-moon.

Upon the moon I fixed my eye,  
 All over the wide lea;  
 With quickening pace my horse drew nigh  
 Those paths so dear to me.

And now we reached the orchard-plot;  
 And, as we climbed the hill,  
 The sinking moon to Lucy's cot  
 Came near, and nearer still.

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,  
 Kind Nature's gentlest boon!  
 And all the while my eyes I kept  
 On the descending moon.

My horse moved on; hoof after hoof  
 He raised, and never stopped:  
 When down behind the cottage roof,  
 At once, the bright moon dropped.

What fond and wayward thoughts will slide

Into a Lover's head!

"O mercy!" to myself I cried,  
 "If Lucy should be dead!"

1799. 1800.

### SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways  
 Beside the springs of Dove,  
 A Maid whom there were none to praise  
 And very few to love:



A violet by a mossy stone  
Half hidden from the eye!  
—Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be;  
But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me! 1799. 1800.

### I TRAVELLED AMONG UNKNOWN MEN

I TRAVELLED among unknown men,  
In lands beyond the sea;  
Nor, England! did I know till then  
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!  
Nor will I quit thy shore  
A second time; for still I seem  
To love thee more and more.

Among the mountains did I feel  
The joy of my desire;  
And she I cherished turned her wheel  
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed  
The bowers where Lucy played;  
And thine too is the last green field  
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.  
1799. 1800.

### THREE YEARS SHE GREW IN SUN AND SHOWER

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,  
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower  
On earth was never sown;  
This Child I to myself will take;  
She shall be mine, and I will make  
A Lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be  
Both law and impulse: and with me  
The Girl, in rock and plain,  
In earth and heaven, in glade and  
bower,  
Shall feel an overseeing power  
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn  
That wild with glee across the lawn,  
Or up the mountain springs;  
And hers shall be the breathing balm,  
And hers the silence and the calm  
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall  
lend  
To her; for her the willow bend;  
Nor shall she fail to see  
Even in the motions of the Storm  
Grace that shall mould the Maiden's  
form  
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her; and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place  
Where rivulets dance their wayward  
round,  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight  
Shall rear her form to stately height,  
Her virgin bosom swell;  
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give  
While she and I together live  
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake.—The work was  
done—  
How soon my Lucy's race was run!  
She died, and left to me  
This heath, this calm and quiet scene;  
The memory of what has been,  
And never more will be. 1799. 1800.

### A SLUMBER DID MY SPIRIT SEAL

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal;  
I had no human fears:  
She seemed a thing that could not feel  
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;  
She neither hears nor sees;  
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,  
With rocks, and stones, and trees.  
1799. 1800.

### A POET'S EPITAPH

ART thou a Statist in the van  
Of public conflicts trained and bred?  
—First learn to love one living man;  
Then may'st thou think upon the dead.

A Lawyer art thou?—draw not nigh!  
Go, carry to some fitter place  
The keenness of that practised eye,  
The hardness of that fallow face.

Art thou a Man of purple cheer?  
A rosy Man, right plump to see?  
Approach; yet, Doctor, not too near,  
This grave no cushion is for thee.

Or art thou one of gallant pride,  
A Soldier and no man of chaff?  
Welcome!—but lay thy sword aside,  
And lean upon a peasant's staff.

Physician art thou? one all eyes,  
Philosopher! a fingering slave,  
One that would peep and botanize  
Upon his mother's grave?

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,  
O turn aside,—and take, I pray,  
That he below may rest in peace,  
Thy ever-dwindling soul away!

A Moralist perchance appears;  
Led, Heaven knows how! to this poor  
sod:  
And he has neither eyes nor ears;  
Himself his world, and his own God;

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can  
cling  
Nor form, nor feeling, great or small!  
A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,  
An intellectual All-in-all!

Shut close the door; press down the  
latch;  
Sleep in thy intellectual crust;  
Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch  
Near this unprofitable dust.

But who is he, with modest looks,  
And clad in homely russet brown?  
He murmurs near the running brooks  
A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew,  
Or fountain in a noon-day grove;  
And you must love him, ere to you  
He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,  
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;  
And impulses of deeper birth  
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie  
Some random truths he can impart,—  
The harvest of a quiet eye  
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

But he is weak; both Man and Boy,  
Hath been an idler in the land;  
Contented if he might enjoy  
The things which others understand.

—Come hither in thy hour of strength;  
Come, weak as is a breaking wave!  
Here stretch thy body at full length;  
Or build thy house upon this grave.  
1799. 1800.

### MATTHEW

In the School of—— is a tablet, on which are inscribed in gilt letters, the Names of the several persons who have been Schoolmasters there since the foundation of the School, with the time at which they entered upon and quitted their office. Opposite to one of those names the Author wrote the following lines.

Such a Tablet as is here spoken of continued to be preserved in Hawkshead School, though the inscriptions were not brought down to our time. This and other poems connected with Matthew would not gain by a literal detail of facts. Like the Wanderer in "The Excursion," this Schoolmaster was made up of several both of his class and men of other occupations. I do not ask pardon for what there is of untruth in such verses, considered strictly as matters of fact. It is enough if, being true and consistent in spirit, they move and teach in a manner not unworthy of a Poet's calling. (*Wordsworth.*)

If Nature, for a favorite child,  
In thee hath tempered so her clay,  
That every hour thy heart runs wild,  
Yet never once doth go astray,

Read o'er these lines; and then review  
This tablet, that thus humbly rears  
In such diversity of hue  
Its history of two hundred years.

—When through this little wreck of  
fame,  
Cipher and syllable! thine eye  
Has travelled down to Matthew's name.  
Pause with no common sympathy.

And, if a sleeping tear should wake,  
Then be it neither checked nor stayed:  
For Matthew a request I make  
Which for himself he hath not made.

Poor Matthew, all his frolics o'er,  
Is silent as a standing pool;  
Far from the chimney's merry roar,  
And murmur of the village school.

The sighs which Matthew heaved were  
sighs  
Of one tired out with fun and madness;



The tears which came to Matthew's  
eyes  
Were tears of light, the dew of gladness.

Yet, sometimes, when the secret cup  
Of still and serious thought went round,  
It seemed as if he drank it up—  
He felt with spirit so profound.

—Thou soul of God's best earthly mould!  
Thou happy Soul! and can it be  
That these two words of glittering gold  
Are all that must remain of thee?

1799. 1800.

## THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS

WE walked along, while bright and red  
Uprose the morning sun ;  
And Matthew stopped, he looked, and  
said,

“The will of God be done!”

A village schoolmaster was he,  
With hair of glittering gray ;  
As blithe a man as you could see  
On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass,  
And by the steaming rills,  
We travelled merrily, to pass  
A day among the hills.

“Our work,” said I, “was well begun,  
Then, from thy breast what thought,  
Beneath so beautiful a sun,  
So sad a sigh has brought?”

A second time did Matthew stop ;  
And fixing still his eye  
Upon the eastern mountain-top,  
To me he made reply :

“Yon cloud with that long purple cleft  
Brings fresh into my mind  
A day like this which I have left  
Full thirty years behind.

“ And just above yon slope of corn  
Such colors, and no other,  
Were in the sky, that April morn,  
Of this the very brother.

“ With rod and line I sued the sport  
Which that sweet season gave,  
And, to the church-yard come, stopped  
    short  
Beside my daughter’s grave.

“ Nine summers had she scarcely seen,  
The pride of all the vale ;  
And then she sang ;—she would have  
    been  
A very nightingale.

“Six feet in earth my Emma lay ;  
And yet I loved her more.  
For so it seemed, than till that day  
I e’er had loved before.

“And, turning from her grave, I met,  
Beside the church-yard yew,  
A blooming Girl, whose hair was wet  
With points of morning dew,

“ A basket on her head she bare ;  
Her brow was smooth and white :  
To see a child so very fair,  
It was a pure delight !

“No fountain from its rocky cave  
E’er tripped with foot so free ;  
She seemed as happy as a wave  
That dances on the sea ;

“There came from me a sigh of pain  
Which I could ill confine ;  
I looked at her, and looked again :  
And did not wish her mine !”

Matthew is in his grave, yet now,  
Methinks, I see him stand,  
As at that moment, with a bough  
Of wilding<sup>7</sup> in his hand. 1799. 1800.

## THE FOUNTAIN

## A CONVERSATION

We talked with open heart, and tongue  
Affectionate and true,  
A pair of friends, though I was young,  
And Matthew seventy-two,

We lay beneath a spreading oak,  
Beside a mossy seat ;  
And from the turf a fountain broke,  
And gurgled at our feet.

“ Now, Matthew ! ” said I, “ let us  
match

This water's pleasant tune  
With some old border-song, or catch  
That suits a summer's noon ;

“ Or of the church-clock and the chimes  
Sing here beneath the shade,

That half-mad thing of witty rhymes  
Which you last April made!"

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed  
The spring beneath the tree;  
And thus the dear old Man replied,  
The gray-haired man of glee:

"No check, no stay, this Streamlet  
fears;  
How merrily it goes!  
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,  
And flow as now it flows.

"And here, on this delightful day,  
I cannot choose but think  
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay  
Beside this fountain's brink.

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,  
My heart is idly stirred,  
For the same sound is in my ears  
Which in those days I heard,

"Thus fares it still in our decay:  
And yet the wiser mind  
Mourns less for what age takes away  
Than what it leaves behind.

"The blackbird amid leafy trees,  
The lark above the hill,  
Let loose their carols when they please  
Are quiet when they will.

"With Nature never do they wage  
A foolish strife; they see  
A happy youth, and their old age  
Is beautiful and free:

"But we are pressed by heavy laws;  
And often, glad no more,  
We wear a face of joy, because  
We have been glad of yore.

"If there be one who need bemoan  
His kindred laid in earth,  
The household hearts that were his own;  
It is the man of mirth.

"My days, my Friend, are almost gone,  
My life has been approved,  
And many love me; but by none  
Am I enough beloved."

"Now both himself and me he wrongs,  
The man who thus complains;  
I live and sing my idle songs  
Upon these happy plains;

"And, Matthew, for thy children dead  
I'll be a son to thee!"  
At this he grasped my hand, and said,  
"Alas! that cannot be."

We rose up from the fountain-side;  
And down the smooth descent  
Of the green sheep-track did we glide;  
And through the wood we went;

And, ere we came to Leonard's rock,  
He sang those witty rhymes  
About the crazy old church-clock,  
And the bewildered chimes.

1799. 1800.

## LUCY GRAY

### OR, SOLITUDE

Written at Goslar in Germany. It was founded on a circumstance told me by my Sister, of a little girl who, not far from Halifax in Yorkshire, was bewildered in a snow-storm. Her footsteps were traced by her parents to the middle of the lock of a canal, and no other vestige of her, backward or forward, could be traced. The body however was found in the canal. The way in which the incident was treated and the spiritualizing of the character might furnish hints for contrasting the imaginative influences which I have endeavored to throw over common life with Crabbe's matter of fact style of treating subjects of the same kind. This is not spoken to his disparagement, far from it, but to direct the attention of thoughtful readers, into whose hands these notes may fall, to a comparison that may both enlarge the circle of their sensibilities, and tend to produce in them a catholic judgment. (*Wordsworth.*)

See also Henry Crabb Robinson's Diary, Sept. 11, 1816.

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray:  
And, when I crossed the wild,  
I chanced to see at break of day  
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;  
She dwelt on a wide moor,  
—The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,  
The hare upon the green;  
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—  
You to the town must go;  
And take a lantern, Child, to light  
Your mother through the snow."

"That, Father! will I gladly do:  
'Tis scarcely afternoon—  
The minster-clock has just struck two,  
And yonder is the moon!"

Compare with *Walter Scott's*

1812



At this the Father raised his hook,  
And snapped a fagot band;  
He plied his work;—and Lucy took  
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:  
With many a wanton stroke  
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,  
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:  
She wandered up and down;  
And many a hill did Lucy climb:  
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night  
Went shouting far and wide;  
But there was neither sound nor sight  
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on the hill they stood  
That overlooked the moor;  
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,  
A furlong from their door.

They wept—and, turning homeward,  
cried,  
“In heaven we all shall meet;”  
—When in the snow the mother spied  
The print of Lucy’s feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill’s  
edge  
They tracked the footmarks small;  
And through the broken hawthorn  
hedge,  
And by the long stone-wall;

And then an open field they crossed:  
The marks were still the same;  
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;  
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank  
Those footmarks, one by one,  
Into the middle of the plank;  
And further there were none!

—Yet some maintain that to this day  
She is a living child;  
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray  
Upon the lonesome wild.

O’er rough and smooth she trips along,  
And never looks behind;  
And sings a solitary song  
That whistles in the wind.

1799. 1800.

## MICHAEL

### A PASTORAL POEM

Written at Town-end, Grasmere, about the same time as “The Brothers.” The Sheepfold, on which so much of the poem turns, remains, or rather the ruins of it. The character and circumstances of Luke were taken from a family to whom had belonged, many years before, the house we lived in at Town-end, along with some fields and woodlands on the eastern shore of Grasmere. The name of the Evening Star was not in fact given to this house, but to another on the same side of the valley, more to the north. (*Wordsworth.*)

If from the public way you turn your  
steps  
Up the tumultuous brook of Greenhead  
Ghyll,  
You will suppose that with an upright  
path  
Your feet must struggle; in such bold  
ascent  
The pastoral mountains front you, face  
to face.  
But, courage! for around that boister-  
ous brook  
The mountains have all opened out them-  
selves,  
And made a hidden valley of their own.  
No habitation can be seen; but they  
Who journey thither find themselves  
alone  
With a few sheep, with rocks and stones,  
and kites  
That overhead are sailing in the sky.  
It is in truth an utter solitude;  
Nor should I have made mention of this  
Dell  
But for one object which you might pass  
by,  
Might see and notice not. Beside the  
brook  
Appears a straggling heap of unhewn  
stones!  
And to that simple object appertains  
A story—unenriched with strange  
events,  
Yet not unfit, I deem, for the fireside.  
Or for the summer shade. It was the first  
Of those domestic tales that spake to me  
Of shepherds, dwellers in the valleys,  
men  
Whom I already loved; not verily  
For their own sakes, but for the fields  
and hills  
Where was their occupation and abode.  
And hence this Tale, while I was yet a  
Boy  
Careless of books, yet having felt the  
power

Of Nature, by the gentle agency  
Of natural objects, led me on to feel  
For passions that were not my own, and  
think

(At random and imperfectly indeed)  
On man, the heart of man, and human  
life.

Therefore, although it be a history  
Homely and rude, I will relate the same  
For the delight of a few natural hearts ;  
And, with yet fonder feeling, for the  
sake

Of youthful Poets, who among these hills  
Will be my second self when I am gone.

UPON the forest-side in Grasmere Vale  
There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael was his  
name ;

An old man, stout of heart, and strong  
of limb.

His bodily frame had been from youth  
to age

Of an unusual strength : his mind was  
keen,

Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs,  
And in his shepherd's calling he was  
prompt

And watchful more than ordinary men.  
Hence had he learned the meaning of all  
winds,

Of blasts of every tone ; and, oftentimes,  
When others heeded not, He heard the  
South

Make subterraneous music, like the noise  
Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills.

The Shepherd, at such warning, of his  
flock

Bethought him, and he to himself would  
say,

"The winds are now devising work for  
me!"

And, truly, at all times, the storm that  
drives

The traveller to shelter, summoned him  
Up to the mountains : he had been alone  
Amid the heart of many thousand mists,  
That came to him, and left him, on the  
heights.

So lived he till his eightieth year was  
past.

And grossly that man errs, who should  
suppose

That the green valleys, and the streams  
and rocks,

Were things indifferent to the Shep-  
herd's thoughts.

Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had  
breathed

The common air ; hills, which with vig-  
orous step

He had so often climbed ; which had  
impressed

So many incidents upon his mind  
Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or  
fear ;

Which, like a book, preserved the mem-  
ory

Of the dumb animals, whom he had  
saved,

Had fed or sheltered, linking to such  
acts

The certainty of honorable gain ;  
Those fields, those hills—what could they  
less ? had laid

Strong hold on his affections, were to  
him

A pleasurable feeling of blind love,  
The pleasure which there is in life itself.

His days had not been passed in sin-  
gleness.

His Helpmate was a comely matron,  
old—

Though younger than himself full twenty  
years.

She was a woman of a stirring life,  
Whose heart was in her house : two  
wheels she had

Of antique form : this large, for spinning  
wool ;

That small, for flax ; and if one wheel  
had rest

It was because the other was at work.  
The Pair had but one inmate in their  
house,

An only Child, who had been born to  
them

When Michael, telling o'er his years,  
began

To deem that he was old,—in shep-  
herd's phrase,

With one foot in the grave. This only  
Son,

With two brave sheep-dogs tried in many  
a storm,

The one of an inestimable worth,  
Made all their household. I may truly  
say,

That they were as a proverb in the vale  
For endless industry. When day was  
gone,

And from their occupations out of doors  
The Son and Father were come home,  
even then,

Their labor did not cease ; unless when  
all

Turned to the cleanly supper-board, and  
there,

Each with a mess of pottage and  
skimmed milk,



Sat round the basket piled with oaten  
cakes,  
And their plain home-made cheese. Yet  
when the meal  
Was ended, Luke (for so the Son was  
named)  
And his old Father both betook them-  
selves  
To such convenient work as might em-  
ploy  
Their hands by the fireside; perhaps to  
card  
Wool for the Housewife's spindle, or  
repair  
Some injury done to sickle, flail, or  
scythe,  
Or other implement of house or field.

Down from the ceiling, by the chim-  
ney's edge,  
That in our ancient uncouth country  
style  
With huge and black projection over-  
browed  
Large space beneath, as duly as the light  
Of day grew dim the Housewife hung a  
lamp;

An aged utensil, which had performed  
Service beyond all others of its kind.  
Early at evening did it burn—and late,  
Surviving comrade of uncounted hours,  
Which, going by from year to year, had  
found,

And left, the couple neither gay perhaps  
Nor cheerful, yet with objects and with  
hopes,

Living a life of eager industry.  
And now, when Luke had reached his  
eighteenth year,

There by the light of this old lamp they  
sate,

Father and Son, while far into the night  
The Housewife plied her own peculiar  
work,

Making the cottage through the silent  
hours

Murmur as with the sound of summer  
flies.

This light was famous in its neighbor-  
hood,

And was a public symbol of the life  
That thrifty Pair had lived. For, as it  
chanced,

Their cottage on a plot of rising ground  
Stood single, with large prospect, north  
and south,

High into Easedale, up to Dunmail-  
Raise,

And westward to the village near the  
lake;

And from this constant light, so regular  
And so far seen, the House itself, by all  
Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,  
Both old and young, was named THE  
EVENING STAR.

Thus living on through such a length  
of years,

The Shepherd, if he loved himself, must  
needs

Have loved his Helpmate; but to Mi-  
chael's heart

This son of his old age was yet more  
dear—

Less from instinctive tenderness, the  
same

Fond spirit that blindly works in the  
blood of all—

Than that a child, more than all other  
gifts

That earth can offer to declining man,  
Brings hope with it, and forward-look-  
ing thoughts,

And stirrings of inquietude, when they  
By tendency of nature needs must fail.  
Exceeding was the love he bare to him,  
His heart and his heart's joy! For  
oftentimes

Old Michael, while he was a babe in  
arms,

Had done him female service, not alone  
For pastime and delight, as is the use  
Of fathers, but with patient mind en-  
forced

To acts of tenderness; and he had  
rocked

His cradle, as with a woman's gentle  
hand.

And, in a later time, ere yet the Boy  
Had put on boy's attire, did Michael  
love,

Albeit of a stern unbending mind,  
To have the Young-one in his sight,  
when he

Wrought in the field, or on his shep-  
herd's stool

Sate with a fettered sheep before him  
stretched

Under the large old oak, that near his  
door

Stood single, and, from matchless depth  
of shade,

Chosen for the Shearer's covert from the  
sun,

Thence in our rustic dialect was called  
The CLIPPING TREE,<sup>1</sup> a name which yet  
it bears.

<sup>1</sup> Clipping is the word used in the North of  
England for shearing. (Wordsworth.)

There, while they two were sitting in  
the shade,  
With others round them, earnest all and  
blithe,  
Would Michael exercise his heart with  
looks  
Of fond correction and reproof bestowed  
Upon the Child, if he disturbed the  
sheep  
By catching at their legs, or with his  
shouts  
Scared them, while they lay still be-  
neath the shears.

And when by Heaven's good grace the  
boy grew up  
A healthy Lad, and carried in his cheek  
Two steady roses that were five years  
old ;

Then Michael from a winter coppice cut  
With his own hand a sapling, which he  
hooped

With iron, making it throughout in all  
Due requisites a perfect shepherd's staff,  
And gave it to the Boy ; wherewith  
equipt

He as a watchman oftentimes was  
placed

At gate or gap, to stem or turn the  
flock ;

And, to his office prematurely called,  
There stood the urchin, as you will di-  
vine,

Something between a hindrance and a  
help ;

And for this cause not always, I believe,  
Receiving from his Father hire of praise ;  
Though nought was left undone which  
staff, or voice,

Or looks, or threatening gestures, could  
perform.

But soon as Luke, full ten years old,  
could stand

Against the mountain blasts ; and to the  
heights,

Not fearing toil, nor length of weary  
ways,

He with his Father daily went, and they  
Were as companions. why should I relate  
That objects which the Shepherd loved  
before

Were dearer now ? that from the Boy  
there came

Feelings and emanations—things which  
were

Light to the sun and music to the wind ;  
And that the old Man's heart seemed born  
again ?

Thus in his Father's sight the Boy grew  
up :

And now, when he had reached his eigh-  
teenth year,

He was his comfort and his daily hope.  
While in this sort the simple house-  
hold lived

From day to day, to Michael's ear there  
came

Distressful tidings. Long before the  
time

Of which I speak, the Shepherd had been  
bound

In surety for his brother's son, a man  
Of an industrious life, and ample means ;  
But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly  
Had prest upon him ; and old Michael  
now

Was summoned to discharge the forfeit-  
ure,

A grievous penalty, but little less  
Than half his substance. This unlooked-  
for claim,

At the first hearing, for a moment took  
More hope out of his life than he sup-  
posed

That any old man ever could have  
lost.

As soon as he had armed himself with  
strength

To look his trouble in the face, it seemed  
The Shepherd's sole resource to sell at  
once

A portion of his patrimonial fields.  
Such was his first resolve ; he thought  
again,

And his heart failed him. " Isabel," said  
he,

Two evenings after he had heard the  
news,

" I have been toiling more than seventy  
years,

And in the open sunshine of God's love  
Have we all lived ; yet if these fields of  
ours

Should pass into a stranger's hand, I  
think

That I could not lie quiet in my grave.  
Our lot is a hard lot ; the sun himself  
Has scarcely been more diligent than I ;  
And I have lived to be a fool at last

To my own family. An evil man  
That was, and made an evil choice, if he  
Were false to us ; and if he were not  
false,

There are ten thousand to whom loss like  
this

Had been no sorrow. I forgive him ;—  
but

'Twere better to be dumb than to talk  
thus.



“ When I began, my purpose was to speak

Of remedies and of a cheerful hope.  
Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel ; the land  
Shall not go from us, and it shall be free ;  
He shall possess it, free as is the wind  
That passes over it. We have, thou  
know'st,

Another kinsman—he will be our friend  
In this distress. He is a prosperous man,  
Thriving in trade—and Luke to him  
shall go,  
And with his kinsman's help and his own  
thrift

He quickly will repair this loss, and then  
He may return to us. If here he stay,  
What can be done ? Where every one is  
poor.

What can be gained ? ”

At this the old Man paused,  
And Isabel sat silent, for her mind  
Was busy, looking back into past times.  
There's Richard Bateman, thought she to  
herself,

He was a parish-boy—at the church-door  
They made a gathering for him, shil-  
lings, pence

And halfpennies, wherewith the neigh-  
bors bought

A basket, which they filled with pedlar's  
wares ;

And, with this basket on his arm, the lad  
Went up to London, found a master  
there,

Who, out of many, chose the trusty boy  
To go and overlook his merchandise  
Beyond the seas ; where he grew won-  
drous rich,

And left estates and monies to the poor  
And, at his birthplace, built a chapel,  
floored

With marble which he sent from foreign  
lands.

These thoughts, and many others of like  
sort,

Passed quickly through the mind of  
Isabel,

And her face brightened. The old Man  
was glad.

And thus resumed :—“ Well, Isabel !  
this scheme

These two days, has been meat and  
drink to me.

Far more than we have lost is left us yet.  
—We have enough—I wish indeed that I  
Were younger ;—but this hope is a good  
hope.

—Make ready Luke's best garments, of  
the best

Buy for him more, and let us send him  
forth

To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night :  
—If he *could* go, the boy should go to-  
night.”

Here Michael ceased, and to the fields  
went forth

With a light heart. The Housewife for  
five days

Was restless morn and night, and all day  
long

Wrought on with her best fingers to pre-  
pare

Things needful for the journey of her  
son.

But Isabel was glad when Sunday came  
To stop her in her work : for, when she lay  
By Michael's side, she through the last  
two nights

Heard him, how he was troubled in his  
sleep :

And when they rose at morning she  
could see

That all his hopes were gone. That day  
at noon

She said to Luke, while they two by  
themselves

Were sitting at the door, “ Thou must  
not go :

We have no other child but thee to lose,  
None to remember—do not go away,

For if thou leave thy Father he will die.”  
The Youth made answer with a jocund

voice ;

And Isabel, when she had told her fears,  
Recovered heart. That evening her  
best fare

Did she bring forth, and all together sat  
Like happy people round a Christmas  
fire.

With daylight Isabel resumed her  
work ;

And all the ensuing week the house  
appeared

As cheerful as a grove in Spring : at  
length

The expected letter from their kinsman  
came,

With kind assurances that he would do  
His utmost for the welfare of the Boy ;

To which, requests were added, that  
forthwith

He might be sent to him. Ten times or  
more

The letter was read over ; Isabel  
Went forth to show it to the neighbors

round ;

Nor was there at that time on English  
land

A prouder heart than Luke's. When  
 Isabel  
 Had to her house returned, the old Man  
 said,  
 "He shall depart to-morrow." To this  
 word  
 The Housewife answered, talking much  
 of things  
 Which, if at such short notice he should  
 go,  
 Would surely be forgotten. But at  
 length  
 She gave consent, and Michael was at  
 ease.  
 Near the tumultuous brook of Green-  
 head Ghyll,  
 In that deep valley, Michael had de-  
 signed  
 To build a Sheepfold; and, before he  
 heard  
 The tidings of his melancholy loss,  
 For this same purpose he had gathered  
 up  
 A heap of stones, which by the stream-  
 let's edge  
 Lay thrown together, ready for the work.  
 With Luke that evening thitherward he  
 walked:  
 And soon as they had reached the place  
 he stopped,  
 And thus the old Man spake to him:—  
 "My Son,  
 To-morrow thou wilt leave me: with  
 full heart  
 I look upon thee, for thou art the same  
 That wert a promise to me ere thy birth,  
 And all thy life hast been my daily joy.  
 I will relate to thee some little part  
 Of our two histories; 'twill do thee good  
 When thou art from me, even if I should  
 touch  
 On things thou canst not know of.—  
 After thou  
 First cam'st into the world—as oft befalls  
 To new-born infants—thou didst sleep  
 away  
 Two days, and blessings from thy  
 Father's tongue  
 Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed  
 on,  
 And still I loved thee with increasing  
 love.  
 Never to living ear came sweeter sounds  
 Than when I heard thee by our own fire-  
 side  
 First uttering, without words, a natural  
 tune;  
 While thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy  
 joy

Sing at thy Mother's breast. Month fol-  
 lowed month,  
 And in the open fields my life was passed  
 And on the mountains; else I think that  
 thou  
 Hadst been brought up upon thy Father's  
 knees.  
 But we were playmates, Luke: among  
 these hills,  
 As well thou knowest, in us the old and  
 young  
 Have played together, nor with me didst  
 thou  
 Lack any pleasure which a boy can  
 know."  
 Luke had a manly heart; but at these  
 words  
 He sobbed aloud. The old Man grasped  
 his hand,  
 And said, "Nay, do not take it so—I see  
 That these are things of which I need  
 not speak.  
 —Even to the utmost I have been to thee  
 A kind and a good Father: and herein  
 I but repay a gift which I myself  
 Received at others' hands; for, though  
 now old  
 Beyond the common life of man, I still  
 Remember them who loved me in my  
 youth.  
 Both of them sleep together: here they  
 lived,  
 As all their Forefathers had done; and  
 when  
 At length their time was come, they  
 were not loth  
 To give their bodies to the family mould.  
 I wished that thou should'st live the life  
 they lived:  
 But, 'tis a long time to look back, my  
 Son,  
 And see so little gain from threescore  
 years.  
 These fields were burthened when they  
 came to me;  
 Till I was forty years of age, not more  
 Than half of my inheritance was mine.  
 I toiled and toiled; God blessed me in  
 my work,  
 And till these three weeks past the land  
 was free.  
 —It looks as if it never could endure  
 Another Master. Heaven forgive me,  
 Luke.  
 If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good  
 That thou should'st go."  
 At this the old Man paused;  
 Then, pointing to the stones near which  
 they stood,



Thus, after a short silence, he resumed :  
 " This was a work for us ; and now, my  
 Son,

It is a work for me. But, lay one stone—  
 Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine  
 own hands.

Nay, Boy, be of good hope ;—we both  
 may live

To see a better day. At eighty-four  
 I still am strong and hale ;—do thou thy  
 part ;

I will do mine.—I will begin again  
 With many tasks that were resigned to  
 thee :

Up to the heights, and in among the  
 storms,

Will I without thee go again, and do  
 All works which I was wont to do alone,  
 Before I knew thy face.—Heaven bless  
 thee, Boy !

Thy heart these two weeks has been  
 beating fast

With many hopes ; it should be so—yes—  
 yes—

I knew that thou could'st never have a  
 wish

To leave me, Luke : thou hast been  
 bound to me

Only by links of love : when thou art  
 gone,

What will be left to us !—But, I forget  
 My purposes. Lay now the corner-stone,  
 As I requested ; and hereafter, Luke,  
 When thou art gone away, should evil  
 men

Be thy companions, think of me, my Son,  
 And of this moment ; hither turn thy  
 thoughts,

And God will strengthen thee : amid all  
 fear

And all temptation, Luke, I pray that  
 thou

May'st bear in mind the life thy Fathers  
 lived,

Who, being innocent, did for that cause  
 Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare  
 thee well—

When thou return'st, thou in this place  
 wilt see

A work which is not here : a covenant  
 'Twill be between us ; but, whatever fate  
 Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last,  
 And bear thy memory with me to the  
 grave."

The Shepherd ended here ; and Luke  
 stooped down,

And, as his Father had requested, laid  
 The first stone of the Sheepfold. At the  
 sight

The old Man's grief broke from him ; to  
 his heart

He pressed his Son, he kissed him and  
 wept ;

And to the house together they returned.  
 —Hushed was that House in peace, or

seeming peace,  
 Ere the night fell :—with morrow's dawn

the Boy  
 Began his journey, and when he had  
 reached

The public way, he put on a bold face ;  
 And all the neighbors, as he passed their

doors,  
 Came forth with wishes and with fare-  
 well prayers,

That followed him till he was out of  
 sight.

A good report did from their Kinsman  
 come,

Of Luke and his well-doing : and the Boy  
 Wrote loving letters, full of wondrous

news,  
 Which, as the Housewife phrased it,

were throughout  
 " The prettiest letters that were ever

seen."

Both parents read them with rejoicing  
 hearts.

So, many months passed on : and once  
 again

The Shepherd went about his daily work  
 With confident and cheerful thoughts ;

and now  
 Sometimes when he could find a leisure  
 hour

He to that valley took his way, and there  
 Wrought at the Sheepfold. Meantime

Luke began  
 To slacken in his duty ; and, at length,

He in the dissolute city gave himself  
 To evil courses : ignominy and shame

Fell on him, so that he was driven at last  
 To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.

There is a comfort in the strength of  
 love ;

'Twill make a thing endurable, which  
 else

Would overset the brain, or break the  
 heart :

I have conversed with more than one  
 who well

Remember the old Man, and what he was  
 Years after he had heard this heavy

news.  
 His bodily frame had been from youth

to age  
 Of an unusual strength. Among the

rocks

He went, and still looked up to sun and  
cloud,  
And listened to the wind ; and, as before,  
Performed all kinds of labor for his  
sheep,  
And for the land, his small inheritance.  
And to that hollow dell from time to time  
Did he repair, to build the Fold of which  
His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet  
The pity which was then in every heart  
For the old Man—and 'tis believed by all  
That many and many a day he thither  
went,

And never lifted up a single stone.

There, by the Sheepfold, sometimes  
was he seen

Sitting alone, or with his faithful Dog,  
Then old, beside him, lying at his feet.  
The length of full seven years. from  
time to time,

He at the building of this Sheepfold  
wrought,

And left the work unfinished when he  
died.

Three years, or little more, did Isabel  
Survive her Husband : at her death the  
estate

Was sold, and went into a stranger's  
hand.

The Cottage which was named the EVEN-  
ING STAR

Is gone—the ploughshare has been  
through the ground

On which it stood ; great changes have  
been wrought

In all the neighborhood :—yet the oak is  
left

That grew beside their door ; and the  
remains

Of the unfinished Sheepfold may be seen  
Beside the boisterous brook of Green-  
head Ghyll. 1800. 1800.

#### THE SPARROWS' NEST

Written in the Orchard, Town-end, Grasmere.  
At the end of the garden of my father's house  
at Cockermouth was a high terrace that com-  
manded a fine view of the river Derwent and  
Cockermouth Castle. This was our favorite  
play-ground. The terrace-wall, a low one, was  
covered with closely-clipt privet and roses,  
which gave an almost impervious shelter to  
birds that built their nests there. The latter of  
these stanzas alludes to one of those nests.  
(Wordsworth.)

BEHOLD, within the leafy shade,  
Those bright blue eggs together laid !  
On me the chance-discovered sight  
Gleamed like a vision of delight.  
I started—seeming to espy  
The home and sheltered bed,

The Sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by  
My Father's house, in wet or dry  
My sister Emmeline<sup>1</sup> and I  
Together visited.

She looked at it and seemed to fear it ;  
Dreading, tho' wishing, to be near it :  
Such heart was in her, being then  
A little Prattler among men.

The Blessing of my later years  
Was with me when a boy :

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears ;  
And humble cares, and delicate fears ;  
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears ;  
And love, and thought, and joy.

1801. 1807.

#### MY HEART LEAPS UP WHEN I BEHOLD

My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky :

So was it when my life began ;

So is it now I am a man ;

So be it when I shall grow old,  
Or let me die !

The Child is father of the Man ;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.

1802. 1807.

#### WRITTEN IN MARCH

##### WHILE RESTING ON THE BRIDGE AT THE FOOT OF BROTHER'S WATER

Extempore. This little poem was a favorite  
with Joanna Baillie. (Wordsworth)

Compare the description of the same scene by  
Wordsworth's sister : "There was the gentle  
flowing of the stream, the glittering, lively lake,  
green fields without a living creature to be seen  
on them ; behind us, a flat pasture with forty-  
two cattle feeding ; to our left, the road leading  
to the hamlet. No smoke there, the sun shone  
on the bare roofs. The people were at work  
ploughing, harrowing, and sowing ; . . . a dog  
barking now and then, cocks crowing, birds  
twittering, the snow in patches at the top of the  
highest hills, yellow palms, purple and green  
twigs on the birches, ashes with their glittering  
spikes, stems quite bare. The hawthorn a  
bright green, with black stems under the oak.  
The moss of the oak glossy. We went on . . .  
William finished his poem before we got to the  
foot of Kirkstone." (Dorothy Wordsworth's Jour-  
nal, April 16, 1802.)

THE Cock is crowing,  
The stream is flowing,  
The small birds twitter,  
The lake doth glitter,

<sup>1</sup> Dorothy Wordsworth, called Emmeline also  
in the poem *To a Butterfly*. See the beautiful  
lines *To my Sister*, p. 8, the last lines of the  
Sonnet p. 31, and notes on the Sonnets of 1802.

(a m v)



The green field sleeps in the sun ;  
 The oldest and youngest  
 Are at work with the strongest ;  
 The cattle are grazing,  
 Their heads never raising ;  
 There are forty feeding like one !

Like an army defeated  
 The snow hath retreated,  
 And now doth fare ill  
 On the top of the bare hill ;  
 The ploughboy is whooping—anon—  
 anon :  
 There's joy in the mountains ;  
 There's life in the fountains ;  
 Small clouds are sailing,  
 Blue sky prevailing ;  
 The rain is over and gone !

1802. 1807.

### TO THE SMALL CELANDINE

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. It is remarkable that this flower, coming out so early in the spring as it does, and so bright and beautiful, and in such profusion, should not have been noticed earlier in English verse. What adds much to the interest that attends it is its habit of shutting itself up and opening out according to the degree of light and temperature of the air. (*Wordsworth.*)

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,  
 Let them live upon their praises ;  
 Long as there's a sun that sets,  
 Primroses will have their glory ;  
 Long as there are violets, .  
 They will have a place in story :  
 There's a flower that shall be mine,  
 'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far  
 For the finding of a star ;  
 Up and down the heavens they go,  
 Men that keep a mighty rout !  
 I'm as great as they, I trow,  
 Since the day I found thee out,  
 Little Flower !—I'll make a stir,  
 Like a sage astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an Elf  
 Bold, and lavish of thyself ;  
 Since we needs must first have met  
 I have seen thee, high and low,  
 Thirty years or more, and yet  
 'Twas a face I did not know ;  
 Thou hast now, go where I may,  
 Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,  
 In the time before the thrush

Has a thought about her nest,  
 Thou wilt come with half a call,  
 Spreading out thy glossy breast  
 Like a careless Prodigal ;  
 Telling tales about the sun,  
 When we've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood !  
 Travel with the multitude :  
 Never heed them ; I aver  
 That they all are wanton wooers ;  
 But the thrifty cottager,  
 Who stirs little out of doors,  
 Joys to spy thee near her home ;  
 Spring is coming, Thou art come !

Comfort have thou of thy merit,  
 Kindly, unassuming Spirit !  
 Careless of thy neighborhood,  
 Thou dost show thy pleasant face  
 On the moor, and in the wood,  
 In the lane ; there's not a place,  
 Howsoever mean it be,  
 But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,  
 Children of the flaring hours !  
 Buttercups, that will be seen,  
 Whether we will see or no ;  
 Others, too, of lofty mien ;  
 They have done as worldlings do,  
 Taken praise that should be thine,  
 Little, humble Celandine !

Prophet of delight and mirth,  
 Ill-requited upon earth ;  
 Herald of a mighty band,  
 Of a joyous train ensuing,  
 Serving at my heart's command,  
 Tasks that are no tasks renewing,  
 I will sing, as doth behove,  
 Hymns in praise of what I love !

1802. 1807.

### TO THE SAME FLOWER

PLEASURES newly found are sweet  
 When they lie about our feet :  
 February last, my heart  
 First at sight of thee was glad ;  
 All unheard of as thou art,  
 Thou must needs, I think, have had,  
 Celandine ! and long ago,  
 Praise of which I nothing know.

I have not a doubt but he,  
 Whosoe'er the man might be,  
 Who the first with pointed rays  
 (Workman worthy to be sainted)

Set the sign-board in a blaze,  
When the rising sun he painted,  
Took the fancy from a glance  
At thy glittering countenance.

Soon as gentle breezes bring  
News of winter's vanishing,  
And the children build their bowers,  
Sticking 'kerchief-plots of mould  
All about with full-blown flowers,  
Thick as sheep in shepherd's fold!  
With the proudest thou art there,  
Mantling in the tiny square.

Often have I sighed to measure  
By myself a lonely pleasure,  
Sighed to think I read a book  
Only read, perhaps, by me;  
Yet I long could overlook  
Thy bright coronet and Thee,  
And thy arch and wily ways,  
And thy store of other praise.

Blithe of heart, from week to week  
Thou dost play at hide-and-seek;  
While the patient primrose sits  
Like a beggar in the cold,  
Thou, a flower of wiser wits,  
Slipp'st into thy sheltering hold;  
Liveliest of the vernal train  
When ye all are out again.

Drawn by what peculiar spell,  
By what charm of sight or smell,  
Does the dim-eyed curious Bee,  
Laboring for her waxen cells,  
Fondly settle upon Thee  
Prized above all buds and bells  
Opening daily at thy side,  
By the season multiplied?

Thou are not beyond the moon,  
But a thing "beneath our shoon:"  
Let the bold Discoverer thrud  
In his bark the polar sea;  
Rear who will a pyramid;  
Praise it is enough for me,  
If there be but three or four  
Who will love my little Flower.

1802. 1807.

## RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE

This poem was originally known as *The Leech Gatherer*, and is still often called by that title. Compare the account of its origin, in Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal*:

"When William and I returned, we met an old man almost double. He had on a coat, thrown over his shoulders, above his waistcoat and coat.

Under this he carried a bundle, and had an apron on and a night-cap. His face was interesting. He had dark eyes and a long nose. John, who afterwards met him at Wytheburn, took him for a Jew. He was of Scotch parents, but had been born in the army. He had had a wife, and 'she was a good woman, and it pleased God to bless us with ten children.' All these were dead but one, of whom he had not heard for many years, a sailor. His trade was to gather leeches, but now leeches were scarce, and he had not strength for it. He lived by begging, and was making his way to Carlisle, where he should buy a few godly books to sell. He said leeches were very scarce, partly owing to this dry season, but many years they have been scarce. He supposed it owing to their being much sought after, that they did not breed fast, and were of slow growth. Leeches were formerly 2s. 6d. per 100; they are now 30s. He had been hurt in driving a cart, his leg broken, his body driven over, his skull fractured. He felt no pain till he recovered from his first insensibility. . . . It was then late in the evening, when the light was just going away." (*Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal*, October 3, 1800.)

THERE was a roaring in the wind all  
night;  
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;  
But now the sun is rising calm and  
bright;  
The birds are singing in the distant  
woods;  
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove  
broods;  
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie  
chatters;  
And all the air is filled with pleasant  
noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of  
doors;  
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;  
The grass is bright with rain-drops;—on  
the moors  
The hare is running races in her mirth;  
And with her feet she from the plashy  
earth  
Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,  
Runs with her all the way, wherever she  
doth run.

I was a Traveller then upon the moor,  
I saw the hare that raced about with  
joy;  
I heard the woods and distant waters  
roar;  
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy:  
The pleasant season did my heart em-  
ploy:  
My old remembrances went from me  
wholly;  
And all the ways of men, so vain and  
melancholy.



But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the  
 might  
 Of joy in minds that can no further go,  
 As high as we have mounted in delight  
 In our dejection do we sink as low ;  
 To me that morning did it happen so ;  
 And fears and fancies thick upon me  
 came ;  
 Dim sadness—and blind thoughts, I  
 knew not, nor could name.

I heard the skylark warbling in the sky ;  
 And I bethought me of the playful hare :  
 Even such a happy Child of earth am I ;  
 Even as these blissful creatures do I fare ;  
 Far from the world I walk, and from all  
 care ;  
 But there may come another day to me—  
 Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and  
 poverty.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant  
 thought,  
 As if life's business were a summer  
 mood ;  
 As if all needful things would come un-  
 sought  
 To genial faith, still rich in genial good ;  
 But how can he expect that others  
 should  
 Build for him, sow for him, and at his  
 call  
 Love him, who for himself will take no  
 heed at all ?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous  
 Boy,  
 The sleepless Soul that perished in his  
 pride ;  
 Of him who walked in glory and in joy  
 Following his plough, along the moun-  
 tain-side :  
 By our own spirits are we deified :  
 We Poets in our youth begin in glad-  
 ness ;  
 But thereof come in the end desponden-  
 cy and madness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,  
 A leading from above, a something  
 given,  
 Yet it befell, that, in this lonely place,  
 When I with these untoward thoughts  
 had striven,  
 Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven  
 I saw a Man before me unawares :  
 The oldest man he seemed that ever wore  
 gray hairs.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie  
 Couched on the bald top of an eminence ;  
 Wonder to all who do the same espy,  
 By what means it could thither come,  
 and whence ;  
 So that it seems a thing endued with  
 sense :  
 Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a  
 shelf  
 Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun  
 itself ;

Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor  
 dead,  
 Nor all asleep, in his extreme old age :  
 His body was bent double, feet and head  
 Coming together in life's pilgrimage ;  
 As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage  
 Of sickness felt by him in times long  
 past,  
 A more than human weight upon his  
 frame had cast.

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and  
 pale face,  
 Upon a long gray staff of shaven wood :  
 And, still as I drew near with gentle  
 pace,  
 Upon the margin of that moorish flood  
 Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,  
 That heareth not the loud winds when  
 they call  
 And moveth all together, if it move at  
 all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the  
 pond  
 Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look  
 Upon the muddy water, which he  
 conned,  
 As if he had been reading in a book :  
 And now a stranger's privilege I took ;  
 And, drawing to his side, to him did say,  
 "This morning gives us promise of a  
 glorious day."

A gentle answer did the old Man make.  
 In courteous speech which forth he  
 slowly drew :  
 And him with further words I thus be-  
 spake,  
 "What occupation do you there pursue ?  
 This is a lonesome place for one like you."  
 Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise  
 Broke from the sable orbs of his yet-  
 vivid eyes,

His words came feebly, from a feeble  
 chest,  
 But each in solemn order followed each,

With something of a lofty utterance  
drest—  
Choice word and measured phrase,  
above the reach  
Of ordinary men; a stately speech;  
Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use,  
Religious men, who give to God and  
man their dues.

He told, that to these waters he had  
come  
To gather leeches, being old and poor:  
Employment hazardous and wearisome!  
And he had many hardships to endure:  
From pond to pond he roamed, from  
moor to moor;  
Housing, with God's good help, by choice  
or chance,  
And in this way he gained an honest  
maintenance.

The old Man still stood talking by my  
side;  
But now his voice to me was like a  
stream  
Scarce heard; nor word from word  
could I divide;  
And the whole body of the Man did seem  
Like one whom I had met with in a  
dream;  
Or like a man from some far region sent,  
To give me human strength, by apt ad-  
monishment.

My former thoughts returned: the fear  
that kills;  
And hope that is unwilling to be fed;  
Cold, pain, and labor, and all fleshly ills;  
And mighty Poets in their misery dead.  
—Perplexed, and longing to be com-  
forted,  
My question eagerly did I renew,  
“How is it that you live, and what is it  
you do?”

He with a smile did then his words  
repeat;  
And said, that, gathering leeches, far  
and wide  
He travelled; stirring thus about his  
feet  
The waters of the pools where they  
abide.  
“Once I could meet with them on every  
side;  
But they have dwindled long by slow  
decay;  
Yet still I persevere, and find them  
where I may.”

While he was talking thus, the lonely  
place,  
The old Man's shape, and speech—all  
troubled me:  
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him  
pace  
About the weary moors continually,  
Wandering about alone and silently.  
While I these thoughts within myself  
pursued,  
He, having made a pause, the same dis-  
course renewed.

And soon with this he other matter  
blended,  
Cheerfully uttered, with demeanor kind,  
But stately in the main; and when he  
ended,  
I could have laughed myself to scorn, to  
find  
In that decrepit Man so firm a mind.  
“God,” said I, “be my help and stay  
secure;  
I'll think of the Leech-gatherer on the  
lonely moor!” 1802. 1807.

#### I GRIEVED FOR BUONAPARTÉ

The direct influence of Milton seems evident in many of the following sonnets, and is confirmed by the entry in Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal*, May 21, 1802: “William wrote two sonnets of Buonaparte, after I had read Milton's sonnets to him.” See also Wordsworth's note on “Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room.” p. 48.

I GRIEVED for Buonaparté, with a vain  
And an unthinking grief! The tenderest  
mood  
Of that Man's mind—what can it be?  
what food  
Fed his first hopes? what knowledge  
could he gain?  
'Tis not in battles that from youth we  
train  
The Governor who must be wise and  
good,  
And temper with the sternness of the  
brain  
Thoughts motherly, and meek as woman-  
hood.  
Wisdom doth live with children round  
her knees:  
Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the  
talk  
Man holds with week-day man in the  
hourly walk  
Of the mind's business: these are the  
degrees



By which true Sway doth mount ; this  
is the stalk  
True Power doth grow on ; and her rights  
are these. 1802. 1802.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER  
BRIDGE, SEPTEMBER 3, 1802

"We left London on Saturday morning at half-past five or six, the 30th of July. We mounted the Dover coach at Charing Cross. It was a beautiful morning. The city, St. Paul's, with the river, and a multitude of little boats, made a most beautiful sight as we crossed Westminster Bridge. The houses were not overhung by their cloud of smoke, and they were spread out endlessly ; yet the sun shone so brightly, with such a fierce light, that there was even something like the purity of one of nature's own grand spectacles." (*Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal*, July, 1802.)

EARTH has not anything to show more  
fair :  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass  
by  
A sight so touching in its majesty :  
This City now doth, like a garment,  
wear  
The beauty of the morning : silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill ;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !  
The river glideth at his own sweet will :  
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still !  
1802. 1807.

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE,  
NEAR CALAIS, AUGUST, 1802

"We had delightful walks after the heat of the day was passed—seeing far off in the west the coast of England like a cloud crested with Dover Castle, which was but like the summit of the cloud—the evening star and the glory of the sky, the reflections in the water were more beautiful than the sky itself, purple waves brighter than precious stones, for ever melting away upon the sands. . . . Nothing in romance was ever half so beautiful. Now came in view, as the evening star sunk down, and the colors of the west faded away, the two lights of England." (*Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal*, August, 1802.)

FAIR Star of evening, Splendor of the  
west,  
Star of my Country !—on the horizon's  
brink

Thou hangest, stooping, as might seem,  
to sink  
On England's bosom ; yet well pleased  
to rest,  
Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crest  
Conspicuous to the Nations. Thou, I  
think,  
Should'st be my Country's emblem ; and  
should'st wink,  
Bright Star ! with laughter on her banners,  
drest  
In thy fresh beauty. There ! that dusky  
spot  
Beneath thee, that is England ; there she  
lies.  
Blessings be on you both ! one hope, one  
lot,  
One life, one glory !—I, with many a fear  
For my dear Country, many heartfelt  
sighs,  
Among men who do not love her, linger  
here. 1802. 1807.

IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING,  
CALM AND FREE

This was composed on the beach near Calais, in the autumn of 1802. (*Wordsworth*.)

The last six lines are addressed to Wordsworth's sister Dorothy. See note to the preceding Sonnet.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,  
The holy time is quiet as a Nun  
Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun  
Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;  
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the  
Sea :  
Listen ! the mighty Being is awake,  
And doth with his eternal motion make  
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.  
Dear Child ! dear Girl ! that walkest  
with me here,  
If thou appear untouched by solemn  
thought,  
Thy nature is not therefore less divine :  
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the  
year :  
And worship'st at the Temple's inner  
shrine.  
God being with thee when we know it  
not. 1802. 1807.

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE  
VENETIAN REPUBLIC

ONCE did She hold the gorgeous east in  
fee ;  
And was the safeguard of the west : the  
worth

Of Venice did not fall below her birth,  
 Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.  
 She was a maiden City, bright and free;  
 No guile seduced, no force could violate;  
 And when she took unto herself a Mate,  
 She must espouse the everlasting Sea.  
 And what if she had seen those glories  
     fade,  
 Those titles vanish, and that strength  
     decay;  
 Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid  
 When her long life hath reached its final  
     day:  
 Men are we, and must grieve when even  
     the Shade  
 Of that which once was great, is passed  
     away. 1802. 1807.

#### TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of  
     men!  
 Whether the whistling Rustic tend his  
     plough  
 Within thy hearing, or thy head be now  
 Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless  
     den;—  
 O miserable Chieftain! where and when  
 Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not;  
     do thou  
 Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful  
     brow:  
 Though fallen thyself, never to rise  
     again,  
 Live, and take comfort. Thou hast  
     left behind  
 Powers that will work for thee; air,  
     earth, and skies;  
 There's not a breathing of the common  
     wind  
 That will forget thee; thou hast great  
     allies;  
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
 And love, and man's unconquerable  
     mind. 1802. 1803.

#### NEAR DOVER, SEPTEMBER, 1802

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I stood;  
 And saw, while sea was calm and air  
     was clear,  
 The coast of France—the coast of France  
     how near!  
 Drawn almost into frightful neighbor-  
     hood.  
 I shrunk; for verily the barrier flood  
 Was like a lake, or river bright and  
     fair,

A span of waters; yet what power is  
     there!  
 What mightiness for evil and for good!  
 Even so doth God protect us if we be  
 Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and  
     waters roll,  
 Strength to the brave, and Power, and  
     Deity;  
 Yet in themselves are nothing! One  
     decree  
 Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the  
     soul  
 Only, the Nations shall be great and free.  
1802. 1807.

#### WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802

This was written immediately after my return  
 from France to London, when I could not but  
 be struck, as here described, with the vanity  
 and parade of our own country, especially in  
 great towns and cities, as contrasted with the  
 quiet, and I may say the desolation, that the  
 revolution had produced in France. This must  
 be borne in mind, or else the reader may think  
 that in this and the succeeding Sonnets I have  
 exaggerated the mischief engendered and fos-  
 tered among us by undisturbed wealth. It would  
 not be easy to conceive with what a depth of feel-  
 ing I entered into the struggle carried on by the  
 Spaniards for their deliverance from the usurped  
 power of the French. Many times have I gone  
 from Allan Bank in Grasmere vale, where we  
 were then residing, to the top of the Raise-gap  
 as it is called, so late as two o'clock in the morn-  
 ing, to meet the carrier bringing the newspaper  
 from Keswick. Imperfect traces of the state of  
 mind in which I then was may be found in my  
 Tract on the Convention of Cintra, as well as in  
 these Sonnets. (*Wordsworth.*)

O FRIEND! I know not which way I must  
     look  
 For comfort, being, as I am, oppress'd,  
 To think that now our life is only drest  
 For show; mean handy-work of crafts-  
     man, cook,  
 Or groom!—We must run glittering like  
     a brook  
 In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:  
 The wealthiest man among us is the  
     best:  
 No grandeur now in nature or in book  
 Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense.  
 This is idolatry; and these we adore.  
 Plain living and high thinking are no  
     more:  
 The homely beauty of the good old  
     cause  
 Is gone; our peace, our fearful inno-  
     cence,  
 And pure religion breathing household  
     laws. 1802. 1807.



LONDON, 1802

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour:  
 England hath need of thee; she is a fen  
 Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,  
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;  
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again;  
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.  
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:  
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:  
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart  
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

1802. 1807.

#### GREAT MEN HAVE BEEN AMONG US

GREAT men have been among us; hands  
 that penned  
 And tongues that uttered wisdom—better none:  
 The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,  
 Young Vane, and others who called  
 Milton friend.  
 These moralists could act and comprehend:  
 They knew how genuine glory was put on;  
 Taught us how rightfully a nation shone  
 In splendor: what strength was, that  
 would not bend  
 But in magnanimous meekness. France,  
 'tis strange,  
 Hath brought forth no such souls as we  
 had then.  
 Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!  
 No single volume paramount. no code,  
 No master spirit, no determined road;  
 But equally a want of books and men!

1802. 1807.

#### IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF

It is not to be thought of that the  
 Flood  
 Of British freedom, which, to the open sea

3

Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity  
 Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"  
 Roused though it be full often to a mood  
 Which spurns the check of salutary bands,  
 That this most famous stream in bogs and sands  
 Should perish; and to evil and to good  
 Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung  
 Armory of the invincible Knights of old:  
 We must be free or die, who speak the tongue  
 That Shakspeare spake; the faith and morals hold  
 Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung  
 Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold. 1802 or 1803. April 16, 1803.

#### WHEN I HAVE BORNE IN MEMORY

WHEN I have borne in memory what has tamed  
 Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart  
 When men change swords for ledgers, and desert  
 The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed  
 I had. my Country!—am I to be blamed?  
 Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,  
 Verily, in the bottom of my heart,  
 Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.  
 For dearly must we prize thee; we who find  
 In thee a bulwark for the cause of men:  
 And I by my affection was beguiled:  
 What wonder if a Poet now and then,  
 Among the many movements of his mind,  
 Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

1802 or 1803. Sept. 17, 1803.

#### TO HARTLEY COLERIDGE SIX YEARS OLD

O THOU! whose fancies from afar are brought;  
 Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel,  
 And fittest to unutterable thought  
 The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol;

Thou faery voyager ! that dost float  
In such clear water, that thy boat  
May rather seem  
To brood on air than on an earthly  
stream ;  
Suspended in a stream as clear as sky,  
Where earth and heaven do make one  
imagery ;

O blessed vision ! happy child !  
Thou art so exquisitely wild,  
I think of thee with many fears  
For what may be thy lot in future years.

I thought of times when Pain might  
be thy guest,  
Lord of thy house and hospitality ;  
And Grief, uneasy lover ! never rest  
But when she sate within the touch of  
thee.

O too industrious folly !  
O vain and causeless melancholy !  
Nature will either end thee quite ;  
Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,  
Preserve for thee, by individual right.  
A young lamb's heart among the full-  
grown flocks.

What hast thou to do with sorrow,  
Or the injuries of to-morrow ?  
Thou art a dew-drop, which the morn  
brings forth,

Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,  
Or to be trailed along the soiling earth ;  
A gem that glitters while it lives,  
And no forewarning gives ;  
But, at the touch of wrong, without a  
strife

Slips in a moment out of life.

1802. 1807.

#### TO THE DAISY

In youth from rock to rock I went,  
From hill to hill in discontent  
Of pleasure high and turbulent,  
Most pleased when most uneasy ;  
But now my own delights I make,—  
My thirst at every rill can slake,  
And gladly Nature's love partake,  
Of Thee, sweet Daisy !

Thee Winter in the garland wears  
That thinly decks his few gray hairs ;  
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,  
That she may sun thee ;  
Whole Summer-fields are thine by right ;  
And Autumn, melancholy Wight !  
Doth in thy crimson head delight  
When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,  
Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane ;

Pleased at his greeting thee again ;  
Yet nothing daunted.  
Nor grieved if thou be set at nought :  
And oft alone in nooks remote  
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,  
When such are wanted.

Be violets in their secret mews  
The flowers the wanton Zephyrs choose ;  
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews  
Her head impearling :  
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim.  
Yet hast not gone without thy fame ;  
Thou art indeed by many a claim  
The Poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,  
Or, some bright day of April sky,  
Imprisoned by hot sunshine lie  
Near the green holly.  
And wearily at length should fare ;  
He needs but look about, and there  
Thou art !—a friend at hand, to scare  
His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,  
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,  
Have I derived from thy sweet power  
Some apprehension ;  
Some steady love ; some brief delight ;  
Some memory that had taken flight ;  
Some chime of fancy wrong or right ;  
Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,  
And one chance look to Thee should turn,  
I drink out of an humbler urn  
A lowlier pleasure ;  
The homely sympathy that heeds  
The common life our nature breeds ;  
A wisdom fitted to the needs  
Of hearts at leisure.

Fresh-smitten by the morning ray,  
When thou art up, alert and gay,  
Then, cheerful Flower ! my spirits play  
With kindred gladness :  
And when, at dusk, by dews opprest  
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest  
Hath often eased my pensive breast  
Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,  
All seasons through, another debt,  
Which I, wherever thou art met,  
To thee am owing ;  
An instinct call it, a blind sense ;  
A happy, genial influence,  
Coming one knows not how, nor whence,  
Nor whither going.



Child of the Year! that round dost run  
 Thy pleasant course,—when day's begun  
 As ready to salute the sun  
     As lark or leveret,  
 Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain;  
 Nor be less dear to future men  
 Than in old time; thou not in vain  
     Art Nature's favorite.<sup>1</sup> 1802. 1807.

## TO THE SAME FLOWER

WITH little here to do or see  
 Of things that in the great world be,  
 Daisy! again I talk to thee,  
     For thou art worthy,  
 Thou unassuming Common-place  
 Of Nature, with that homely face,  
 And yet with something of a grace,  
     Which Love makes for thee!

Of on the dappled turf at ease  
 I sit, and play with similes,  
 Loose types of things through all de-  
     grees,  
     Thoughts of thy raising:  
 And many a fond and idle name  
 I give to thee, for praise or blame,  
 As is the humor of the game,  
     While I am gazing.

A nun demure of lowly port;  
 Or sprightly maiden, of Love's court,  
 In thy simplicity the sport  
     Of all temptations;  
 A queen in crown of rubies drest;  
 A starveling in a scanty vest;  
 Are all, as seems to suit thee best,  
     Thy appellations.

A little cyclops, with one eye  
 Staring to threaten and defy.  
 That thought comes next—and instantly  
     The freak is over,  
 The shape will vanish—and behold  
 A silver shield with boss of gold,  
 That spreads itself, some faery bold  
     In fight to cover!

I see thee glittering from afar—  
 And then thou art a pretty star;  
 Not quite so fair as many are  
     In heaven above thee!  
 Yet like a star, with glittering crest,  
 Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest;—  
 May peace come never to his nest,  
     Who shall reprove thee!

<sup>1</sup> See, in Chaucer and the elder Poets, the honors formerly paid to this flower.

(Wordsworth.)

Bright *Flower!* for by that name at last,  
 When all my reveries are past,  
 I call thee, and to that cleave fast,  
     Sweet silent creature!  
 That breath'st with me in sun and air,  
 Do thou, as thou art wont, repair  
 My heart with gladness, and a share  
     Of thy meek nature! 1802. 1807.

## TO THE DAISY

BRIGHT Flower! whose home is every-  
     where,  
 Bold in maternal Nature's care,  
 And all the long year through, the heir  
     Of joy or sorrow;  
 Methinks that there abides in thee  
 Some concord with humanity,  
 Given to no other flower I see  
     The forest thorough!

Is it that Man is soon deprest?  
 A thoughtless Thing! who, once un-  
     blest,  
 Does little on his memory rest,  
     Or on his reason,  
 And Thou would'st teach him how to  
     find  
 A shelter under every wind,  
 A hope for times that are unkind  
     And every season?

Thou wander'st the wide world about,  
 Unchecked by pride or scrupulous doubt,  
 With friends to greet thee, or without,  
     Yet pleased and willing;  
 Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,  
 And all things suffering from all,  
 Thy function apostolical  
     In peace fulfilling. 1802. 1807.

## THE GREEN LINNET

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs that  
     shed  
 Their snow-white blossoms on my head,  
 With brightest sunshine round me  
     spread  
     Of spring's unclouded weather,  
 In this sequestered nook how sweet  
 To sit upon my orchard-seat!  
 And birds and flowers once more to  
     greet,  
     My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest  
 In all this covert of the blest:  
 Hail to Thee, far above the rest  
     In joy of voice and pinion!

Thou, Linnet! in thy green array,  
 Presiding Spirit here to-day,  
 Dost lead the revels of the May;  
 And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flow-  
 ers,  
 Make all one band of paramours,  
 Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,  
 Art sole in thy employment:  
 A Life, a Presence like the Air.  
 Scattering thy gladness without care,  
 Too blest with any one to pair;  
 Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees,  
 That twinkle to the gusty breeze,  
 Behold him perched in ecstasies,  
 Yet seeming still to hover;  
 There! where the flutter of his wings  
 Upon his back and body flings  
 Shadows and sunny glimmerings,  
 That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,  
 A Brother of the dancing leaves;  
 Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves  
 Pours forth his song in gushes;  
 As if by that exulting strain  
 He mocked and treated with disdain  
 The voiceless Form he chose to feign,  
 While fluttering in the bushes.  
 1803. 1807.

### YEW-TREES

Compare the note on *A Night-Piece*.

THERE is a Yew-tree, pride of Lorton  
 Vale,  
 Which to this day stands single, in the  
 midst  
 Of its own darkness, as it stood of  
 yore;  
 Not loth to furnish weapons for the  
 bands  
 Of Umfraville or Percy ere they marched  
 To Scotland's heaths; or those that  
 crossed the sea  
 And drew their sounding bows at Azin-  
 cour,  
 Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or Poitiers.  
 Of vast circumference and gloom pro-  
 found  
 This solitary Tree! a living thing  
 Produced too slowly ever to decay;  
 Of form and aspect too magnificent  
 To be destroyed. But worthier still of  
 note

Are those fraternal Four of Borrowdale,  
 Joined in one solemn and capacious  
 grove;  
 Huge trunks; and each particular trunk  
 a growth  
 Of intertwined fibres serpentine  
 Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved;  
 Nor uninformed with Phantasy, and  
 looks  
 That threaten the profane;—a pillared  
 shade,  
 Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown  
 hue,  
 By sheddings from the pining umbrage  
 tinged  
 Perennially—beneath whose sable roof  
 Of boughs, as if for festal purpose,  
 decked  
 With unrejoicing berries—ghostly  
 Shapes  
 May meet at noontide; Fear and trem-  
 bling Hope.  
 Silence and Foresight; Death the Skele-  
 ton  
 And Time the Shadow;—there to cele-  
 brate,  
 As in a natural temple scattered o'er  
 With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,  
 United worship; or in mute repose  
 To lie, and listen to the mountain flood  
 Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost  
 caves. 1803. 1815.

### AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS

1803

#### SEVEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH

For illustration, see my *Sister's Journal*.  
 (*Wordsworth*).

I SHIVER, Spirit fierce and bold,  
 At thought of what I now behold:  
 As vapors breathed from dungeons  
 cold,

Strike pleasure dead,  
 So sadness comes from out the mould  
 Where Burns is laid.

And have I then thy bones so near,  
 And thou forbidden to appear?  
 As if it were thyself that's here  
 I shrink with pain;  
 And both my wishes and my fear  
 Alike are vain.

Off weight—nor press on weight:—  
 away  
 Dark thoughts!—they came, but not to  
 stay;



With chastened feelings would I pay  
 The tribute due  
 To him, and aught that hides his clay  
 From mortal view.

Fresh as the flower, whose modest worth  
 He sang, his genius "glinted" forth,  
 Rose like a star that touching earth,  
 For so it seems,  
 Doth glorify its humble birth  
 With matchless beams.

The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow,  
 The struggling heart, where be they  
 now?—  
 Full soon the Aspirant of the plough,  
 The prompt, the brave,  
 Slept, with the obscurest, in the low  
 And silent grave.

I mourned with thousands, but as one  
 More deeply grieved, for He was gone  
 Whose light I hailed when first it shone,  
 And showed my youth  
 How Verse may build a princely throne  
 On humble truth.

Alas! where'er the current tends,  
 Regret pursues and with it blends,—  
 Huge Criffel's hoary top ascends  
 By Skiddaw seen,—  
 Neighbors we were, and loving friends  
 We might have been;

True friends though diversely inclined;  
 But heart with heart and mind with  
 mind,  
 Where the main fibres are entwined,  
 Through Nature's skill,  
 May even by contraries be joined  
 More closely still.

The tear will start, and let it flow;  
 Thou "poor Inhabitant below,"  
 At this dread moment—even so—  
 Might we together  
 Have sate and talked where gowans  
 blow,  
 Or on wild heather.

What treasures would have then been  
 placed  
 Within my reach; of knowledge graced  
 By fancy what a rich repast!  
 But why go on?—  
 Oh! spare to sweep, thou mournful  
 blast,  
 His grave grass-grown.

There, too, a Son, his joy and pride,  
 (Not three weeks past the Stripling  
 died,)

Lies gathered to his Father's side,  
 Soul-moving sight!  
 Yet one to which is not denied  
 Some sad delight:

For *he* is safe, a quiet bed  
 Hath early found among the dead,  
 Harbored where none can be misled,  
 Wronged, or distressed;  
 And surely here it may be said  
 That such are blest.

And oh for Thee, by pitying grace  
 Checked oft-times in a devious race,  
 May He who halloweth the place  
 Where Man is laid  
 Receive thy Spirit in the embrace  
 For which it prayed!

Sighing I turned away; but ere  
 Night fell I heard, or seemed to hear,  
 Music that sorrow comes not near,  
 A ritual hymn,  
 Chanted in love that casts out fear  
 By Seraphim.

1803. 1845.

## TO A HIGHLAND GIRL

AT INVERSNEYDE, UPON LOCH LOMOND

This delightful creature and her demeanor are particularly described in my Sister's Journal. (Wordsworth.)

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower  
 Of beauty is thy earthly dower!  
 Twice seven consenting years have shed  
 Their utmost bounty on thy head;  
 And these gray rocks; that household  
 lawn;  
 Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn;  
 This fall of water that doth make  
 A murmur near the silent lake;  
 This little bay; a quiet road  
 That holds in shelter thy Abode—  
 In truth together do ye seem  
 Like something fashioned in a dream;  
 Such Forms as from their covert peep  
 When earthly cares are laid asleep!  
 But, O fair Creature! in the light  
 Of common day, so heavenly bright,  
 I bless Thee, Vision as thou art  
 I bless thee with a human heart;  
 God shield thee to thy latest years!  
 Thee neither know I, nor thy peers;  
 And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray  
 For thee when I am far away :  
 For never saw I mien, or face,  
 In which more plainly I could trace  
 Benignity and home-bred sense  
 Ripening in perfect innocence.  
 Here scattered, like a random seed,  
 Remote from men, Thou dost not need  
 The embarrassed look of shy distress,  
 And maidenly shamefacedness :  
 Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear  
 The freedom of a Mountaineer :  
 A face with gladness overspread !  
 Soft smiles, by human kindness bred !  
 And seemliness complete, that sways  
 Thy courtesies, about thee plays ;  
 With no restraint, but such as springs  
 From quick and eager visitings  
 Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach  
 Of thy few words of English speech :  
 A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife  
 That gives thy gestures grace and life !  
 So have I, not unmoved in mind,  
 Seen birds of tempest-loving kind—  
 Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull  
 For thee who art so beautiful ?  
 O happy pleasure ! here to dwell  
 Beside thee in some heathy dell ;  
 Adopt your homely ways, and dress,  
 A Shepherd, thou a Shepherdess !  
 But I could frame a wish for thee  
 More like a grave reality :  
 Thou art to me but as a wave  
 Of the wild sea ; and I would have  
 Some claim upon thee, if I could,  
 Though but of common neighborhood.  
 What joy to hear thee, and to see !  
 Thy elder Brother I would be,  
 Thy Father—anything to thee !  
 Now thanks to Heaven ! that of its  
 grace  
 Hath led me to this lonely place.  
 Joy have I had ; and going hence  
 I bear away my recompense.  
 In spots like these it is we prize  
 Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes :  
 Then, why should I be loth to stir ?  
 I feel this place was made for her ;  
 To give new pleasure like the past,  
 Continued long as life shall last.  
 Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,  
 Sweet Highland Girl ! from thee to part :  
 For I, methinks, till I grow old,  
 As fair before me shall behold,  
 As I do now, the cabin small.  
 The lake, the bay, the waterfall ;  
 And Thee, the spirit of them all !

1803. 1807.

## STEPPING WESTWARD

While my Fellow-traveller and I were walking by the side of Loch Ketterine, one fine evening after sunset, in our road to a Hut where, in the course of our Tour, we had been hospitably entertained some weeks before, we met, in one of the loneliest parts of that solitary region, two well-dressed Women, one of whom said to us by way of greeting, "What, you are stepping westward ?" (*Wordsworth.*)

"What, you are stepping westward ?"  
 —"Yea."

—'Twould be a *wildish* destiny,  
 If we, who thus together roam  
 In a strange Land, and far from home,  
 Were in this place the guests of Chance :  
 Yet who would stop, or fear to advance  
 Though home or shelter he had none,  
 With such a sky to lead him on ?

The dewy ground was dark and cold ;  
 Behind, all gloomy to behold ;  
 And stepping westward seemed to be  
 A kind of *heavenly* destiny :  
 I liked the greeting ; 't was a sound  
 Of something without place or bound ;  
 And seemed to give me spiritual right  
 To travel through that region bright.

The voice was soft, and she who spake  
 Was walking by her native lake :  
 The salutation had to me  
 The very sound of courtesy :  
 Its power was felt ; and while my eye  
 Was fixed upon the glowing Sky,  
 The echo of the voice enwrought  
 A human sweetness with the thought  
 Of travelling through the world that lay  
 Before me in my endless way.

1803. 1807.

## THE SOLITARY REAPER

BEHOLD her, single in the field,  
 Yon solitary Highland Lass !  
 Reaping and singing by herself ;  
 Stop here, or gently pass !  
 Alone she cuts and binds the grain,  
 And sings a melancholy strain ;  
 O listen ! for the Vale profound  
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chant  
 More welcome notes to weary bands  
 Of travellers in some shady haunt,  
 Among Arabian sands :  
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard  
 In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,  
 Breaking the silence of the seas  
 Among the farthest Hebrides.



Will no one tell me what she sings?—  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago :  
Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of to-day ?  
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has been, and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang  
As if her song could have no ending ;  
I saw her singing at her work,  
And o'er the sickle bending ;—  
I listened, motionless and still ;  
And, as I mounted up the hill  
The music in my heart I bore,  
Long after it was heard no more.

1803. 1807.

## YARROW UNVISITED

See the various Poems the scene of which is  
laid upon the banks of the Yarrow ; in particu-  
lar, the exquisite Ballad of Hamilton beginning  
"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny Bride,—  
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome Marrow !—"  
(*Wordsworth*).

FROM Stirling castle we had seen  
The mazy Forth unravelled ;  
Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,  
And with the Tweed had travelled ;  
And when we came to Clovenford,  
Then said my "*winsome Marrow*."  
"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,  
And see the Braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow folk, *frae* Selkirk town,  
Who have been buying, selling,  
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own ;  
Each maiden to her dwelling !  
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,  
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow !  
But we will downward with the Tweed,  
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

"There's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,  
Both lying right before us ;  
And Dryborough, where with chiming  
Tweed  
The lintwhites sing in chorus ;  
There's pleasant Tiviot-dale, a land  
Made blithe with plough and harrow :  
Why throw away a needful day  
To go in search of Yarrow ?

"What's Yarrow but a river bare,  
That glides the dark hills under ?  
There are a thousand such elsewhere  
As worthy of your wonder."

—Strange words they seemed of slight  
and scorn

My True-love sighed for sorrow ;  
And looked me in the face, to think  
I thus could speak of Yarrow !

"Oh ! green," said I, "are Yarrow's  
holms,

And sweet is Yarrow flowing !  
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,  
But we will leave it growing.  
O'er hilly path, and open Strath,  
We'll wander Scotland thorough ;  
But, though so near, we will not turn  
Into the dale of Yarrow.

"Let beeves and home-bred kine partake  
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow ;  
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake  
Float double, swan and shadow !  
We will not see them ; will not go,  
To-day, nor yet to-morrow,  
Enough if in our hearts we know  
There's such a place as Yarrow.

"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown !  
It must, or we shall rue it :  
We have a vision of our own ;  
Ah ! why should we undo it ?  
The treasured dreams of times long past,  
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow !  
For when we're there, although 'tis fair.  
'Twill be another Yarrow !

"If Care with freezing years should  
come,  
And wandering seem but folly,—  
Should we be loth to stir from home,  
And yet be melancholy ;  
Should life be dull, and spirits low,  
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow,  
That earth has something yet to show,  
The bonny holms of Yarrow !"

1803. 1807.

## ODE

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM REC-  
OLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

"In my *Ode on the Intimations of Immor-  
tality in Childhood*, I do not profess to give a  
literal representation of the state of the affec-  
tions and of the moral being in childhood. I re-  
cord my own feelings at that time—my absolute  
spirituality, my 'all-soulness,' if I may so speak.  
At that time I could not believe that I should lie  
down quietly in the grave, and that my body  
would moulder into dust." (*Knight's Words-  
worth*, II, 326. See also, in the *Encyclopædia  
Britannica*, the article "Poetry.")

I

THERE was a time when meadow, grove,  
and stream,

The earth, and every common sight,  
 To me did seem  
 Apparell'd in celestial light,  
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
 It is not now as it hath been of yore ;—  
 Turn whereso'er I may,  
 By night or day,  
 The things which I have seen I now can  
 see no more.

## II

The Rainbow comes and goes,  
 And lovely is the Rose,  
 The Moon doth with delight  
 Look round her when the heavens are  
 bare ;  
 Waters on a starry night  
 Are beautiful and fair ;  
 The sunshine is a glorious birth ;  
 But yet I know, where'er I go,  
 That there hath past away a glory from  
 the earth.

## III

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous  
 song,  
 And while the young lambs bound  
 As to the tabor's sound,  
 To me alone there came a thought of  
 grief ;  
 A timely utterance gave that thought  
 relief.  
 And I again am strong :  
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from  
 the steep ;  
 No more shall grief of mine the season  
 wrong ;  
 I hear the Echoes through the moun-  
 tains throng.  
 The Winds come to me from the fields  
 of sleep. *West*  
 And all the earth is gay ;  
 Land and sea  
 Give themselves up to jollity,  
 And with the heart of May  
 Doth every Beast keep holiday ;—  
 Thou Child of Joy,  
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts,  
 thou happy Shepherd-boy !

## IV

Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard the  
 call  
 Ye to each other make : I see  
 The heavens laugh with you in your  
 jubilee ;  
 My heart is at your festival,  
 My head hath its coronal,  
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel  
 it all.

Oh evil day ! if I were sullen  
 While Earth herself is adorning,  
 This sweet May-morning,  
 And the Children are culling  
 On every side,  
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
 Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines  
 warm,  
 And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's  
 arm :—  
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !  
 —But there's a Tree, of many, one,  
 A single Field which I have looked  
 upon,  
 Both of them speak of something that is  
 gone :  
 The Pansy at my feet  
 Doth the same tale repeat :  
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?  
 Where is it now, the glory and the  
 dream ?

## V

Our birth is but a sleep and a forget-  
 ting :  
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's  
 Star,  
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
 And cometh from afar :  
 Not in entire forgetfulness,  
 And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
 From God, who is our home :  
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !  
 Shades of the prison-house begin to  
 close  
 Upon the growing Boy,  
 But he beholds the light, and whence it  
 flows,  
 He sees it in his joy ;  
 The Youth, who daily farther from the  
 east  
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,  
 And by the vision splendid  
 Is on his way attended ;  
 At length the Man perceives it die  
 away,  
 And fade into the light of common day.

## VI

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her  
 own ;  
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural  
 kind,  
 And, even with something of a Mother's  
 mind,  
 And no unworthy aim,  
 The homely Nurse doth all she can  
 To make her Foster-child, her Inmate  
 Man,



Forget the glories he hath known,  
And that imperial palace whence he  
came.

## VII

Behold the Child among his new-born  
blisses,  
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size !  
See, where 'mid work of his own hand  
he lies,  
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
With light upon him from his father's  
eyes !  
See, at his feet, some little plan or  
chart,  
Some fragment from his dream of hu-  
man life,  
Shaped by himself with newly-learned  
art ;  
A wedding or a festival,  
A mourning or a funeral ;  
And this bath now his heart,  
And unto this he frames his song :  
Then will he fit his tongue  
To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;  
But it will not be long  
Ere this be thrown aside,  
And with new joy and pride  
The little Actor cons another part ;  
Filling from time to time his " humor-  
ous stage "  
With all the Persons, down to palsied  
Age,  
That Life brings with her in her equip-  
age ;  
As if his whole vocation  
Were endless imitation.

## VIII

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth  
belie  
Thy Soul's immensity ;  
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost  
keep  
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the  
blind,  
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal  
deep,  
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—  
Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !  
On whom those truths do rest,  
Which we are toiling all our lives to  
find,  
In darkness lost, the darkness of the  
grave ;  
Thou, over whom thy Immortality  
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a  
Slave,  
A Presence which is not to be put by ;

Thou little Child, yet glorious in the  
might  
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's  
height,  
Why with such earnest pains dost thou  
provoke  
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,  
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at  
strife ?  
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly  
freight,  
And custom lie upon thee with a  
weight,  
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

## IX

O joy ! that in our embers  
Is something that doth live,  
That nature yet remembers  
What was so fugitive !  
The thought of our past years in me  
doth breed  
Perpetual benediction : not indeed  
For that which is most worthy to be  
blest—  
Delight and liberty. the simple creed  
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
With new-fledged hope still fluttering  
in his breast :—  
Not for these I raise  
The song of thanks and praise ;  
But for those obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things,  
Fallings from us, vanishings ;  
Blank misgivings of a Creature  
Moving about in worlds not realized,  
High instincts before which our mortal  
Nature  
Did tremble like a guilty Thing sur-  
prised :  
But for those first affections,  
Those shadowy recollections,  
Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,  
Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;  
Uphold us, cherish, and have power  
to make  
Our noisy years seem moments in the  
being  
Of the eternal Silence : truths that  
wake,  
To perish never ;  
Which neither listlessness, nor mad en-  
deavor,  
Nor Man nor Boy,  
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
Can utterly abolish or destroy !  
Hence in a season of calm weather  
Though inland far we be,

Our Souls have sight of that immortal  
 sea  
 Which brought us hither,  
 Can in a moment travel thither,  
 And see the Children sport upon the  
 shore.  
 And hear the mighty waters rolling  
 evermore.

## X

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous  
 song!  
 And let the young Lambs bound  
 As to the tabor's sound!  
 We in thought will join your throng,  
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
 Ye that through your hearts to-day  
 Feel the gladness of the May!  
 What though the radiance which was  
 once so bright  
 Be now forever taken from my sight,  
 Though nothing can bring back the  
 hour  
 Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the  
 flower;  
 We will grieve not, rather find  
 Strength in what remains behind;  
 In the primal sympathy  
 Which having been must ever be;  
 In the soothing thoughts that spring  
 Out of human suffering;  
 In the faith that looks through  
 death,  
 In years that bring the philosophic  
 mind.

## XI

And O ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills,  
 and Groves,  
 Forebode not any severing of our loves!  
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your  
 might;  
 I only have relinquished one delight  
 To live beneath your more habitual  
 sway.  
 I love the Brooks which down their  
 channels fret,  
 Even more than when I tripped lightly  
 as they;  
 The innocent brightness of a new-born  
 Day  
 Is lovely yet;  
 The Clouds that gather round the set-  
 ting sun  
 Do take a sober coloring from an eye  
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mor-  
 tality;  
 Another race hath been, and other  
 palms are won.

Thanks to the human heart by which  
 we live,  
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and  
 fears,  
 To me the meanest flower that blows  
 can give  
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for  
 tears.  
 1803-6. 1807.

## TO THE CUCKOO

O BLITHE New-comer! I have heard,  
 I hear thee and rejoice.  
 O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,  
 Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass  
 Thy twofold shout I hear,  
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
 At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale,  
 Of sunshine and of flowers,  
 Thou bringest unto me a tale  
 Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!  
 Even yet thou art to me  
 No bird, but an invisible thing,  
 A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days  
 I listened to; that Cry  
 Which made me look a thousand ways  
 In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove  
 Through woods and on the green;  
 And thou wert still a hope, a love;  
 Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;  
 Can lie upon the plain  
 And listen, till I do beget  
 That golden time again.

O blessèd Bird! the earth we pace  
 Again appears to be  
 An unsubstantial, faery place;  
 That is fit home for Thee!

1802. 1807.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF  
DELIGHT

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. The germ of  
 this poem was four lines composed as a part of  
 the verses on the Highland Girl. Though begin-  
 ning in this way, it was written from my heart,  
 as is sufficiently obvious. (Wordsworth.)

SHE was a Phantom of delight  
 When first she gleamed upon my sight;



A lovely Apparition sent  
To be a moment's ornament;  
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;  
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;  
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,  
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin-liberty;  
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
A Creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and  
smiles.

And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine;  
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A Traveller between life and death;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and  
skill;  
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command;  
And yet a Spirit still, and bright  
With something of angelic light.

1804. 1807.

### I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. The Daffodils grew and still grow on the margin of Ullswater, and probably may be seen to this day as beautiful in the month of March, nodding their golden heads beside the dancing and foaming waves. (Wordsworth.)

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but  
they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,

In such a jocund company:  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had  
brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

1804. 1807.

### THE AFFLICTION OF MARGARET

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. This was taken from the case of a poor widow who lived in the town of Penrith. Her sorrow was well known to Mrs. Wordsworth, to my Sister, and, I believe, to the whole town. She kept a shop, and when she saw a stranger passing by, she was in the habit of going out into the street to enquire of him after her son. (Wordsworth.)

WHERE art thou, my beloved Son,  
Where art thou, worse to me than dead?  
Oh find me, prosperous or undone!  
Or, if the grave be now thy bed,  
Why am I ignorant of the same,  
That I may rest, and neither blame  
Nor sorrow may attend thy name?

Seven years, alas! to have received  
No tidings of an only child;  
To have despaired, have hoped, believed,  
And been for evermore beguiled;  
Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss!  
I catch at them, and then I miss;  
Was ever darkness like to this?

He was among the prime in worth,  
An object beauteous to behold;  
Well born, well bred; I sent him forth  
Ingenuous, innocent, and bold:  
If things ensued that wanted grace,  
As hath been said, they were not base;  
And never blush was on my face.

Ah! little doth the young one dream,  
When full of play and childish cares,  
What power is in his wildest scream,  
Heard by his mother unawares!  
He knows it not, he cannot guess:  
Years to a mother bring distress;  
But do not make her love the less.

Neglect me! no, I suffered long  
From that ill thought; and, being blind,  
Said, "Pride shall help me in my wrong;  
Kind mother have I been, as kind  
As ever breathed:" and that is true;  
I've wet my path with tears like dew,  
Weeping for him when no one knew.



My Son, if thou be humbled, poor,  
 Hopeless of honor and of gain,  
 Oh! do not dread thy mother's door;  
 Think not of me with grief and pain:  
 I now can see with better eyes;  
 And worldly grandeur I despise,  
 And fortune with her gifts and lies.

Alas! the fowls of heaven have wings,  
 And blasts of heaven will aid their flight;  
 They mount—how short a voyage brings  
 The wanderers back to their delight!  
 Chains tie us down by land and sea;  
 And wishes, vain as mine, may be  
 All that is left to comfort thee.

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan,  
 Maimed, mangled by inhuman men;  
 Or thou upon a desert thrown  
 Inheritest the lion's den;  
 Or hast been summoned to the deep,  
 Thou, thou and all thy mates, to keep  
 An incommunicable sleep.

I look for ghosts; but none will force  
 Their way to me: 'tis falsely said  
 That there was ever intercourse  
 Between the living and the dead;  
 For, surely, then I should have sight  
 Of him I wait for day and night,  
 With love and longings infinite.

My apprehensions come in crowds;  
 I dread the rustling of the grass;  
 The very shadows of the clouds  
 Have power to shake me as they pass:  
 I question things and do not find  
 One that will answer to my mind;  
 And all the world appears unkind.

Beyond participation lie  
 My troubles, and beyond relief:  
 If any chance to heave a sigh,  
 They pity me, and not my grief.  
 Then come to me, my Son, or send  
 Some tidings that my woes may end;  
 I have no other earthly friend!

1804? 1807.

#### ODE TO DUTY

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God!  
 O Duty! if that name thou love  
 Who art a light to guide, a rod  
 To check the erring, and reprove;  
 Thou, who art victory and law  
 When empty terrors overawe:  
 From vain temptations dost set free:  
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail  
 humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye  
 Be on them; who, in love and tru  
 Where no misgiving is, rely  
 Upon the genial sense of youth:  
 Glad Hearts! without reproach or  
 Who do thy work, and know it no  
 Oh! if through confidence misplac  
 They fail, thy saving arms,  
 Power! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright  
 And happy will our nature be,  
 When love is an unerring light,  
 And joy its own security.  
 And they a blissful course may ho  
 Even now, who, not unwisely bol  
 Live in the spirit of this creed;  
 Yet seek thy firm support, accord  
 their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,  
 No sport of every random gust,  
 Yet being to myself a guide,  
 Too blindly have reposed my trust  
 And oft, when in my heart was he  
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred  
 The task, in smoother walks to str  
 But thee I now would serve  
 strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my sou  
 Or strong compunction in me wro  
 I supplicate for thy control;  
 But in the quietness of thought:  
 Me this unchartered freedom tires  
 I feel the weight of chance-desires  
 My hopes no more must change  
 name,  
 I long for a repose that ever i  
 same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wa  
 The Godhead's most benignant gra  
 Nor know we anything so fair  
 As is the smile upon thy face:  
 Flowers laugh before thee on their  
 And fragrance in thy footing trea  
 Thou dost preserve the stars from w  
 And the most ancient heavens, th  
 Thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Pow  
 I call thee: I myself commend  
 Unto thy guidance from this hour  
 Oh, let my weakness have an end  
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
 The spirit of self-sacrifice;  
 The confidence of reason give;  
 And in the light of truth thy Bon  
 let me live! 1805. 1



## TO A SKY-LARK

Up with me! up with me into the clouds!  
 For thy song, Lark, is strong;  
 Up with me, up with me into the clouds!  
 Singing, singing,  
 With clouds and sky about thee ringing  
 Lift me, guide me till I find  
 That spot which seems so to thy mind!

I have walked through wildernesses  
 dreary  
 And to-day my heart is weary;  
 Had I now the wings of a Faery,  
 Up to thee would I fly.  
 There is madness about thee, and joy  
 divine  
 In that song of thine;  
 Lift me, guide me high and high  
 To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

Joyous as morning  
 Thou art laughing and scorning;  
 Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy  
 rest.  
 And, though little troubled with sloth,  
 Drunken Lark! thou would'st be loth  
 To be such a traveller as I.  
 Happy, happy Liver,  
 With a soul as strong as a mountain  
 river  
 Pouring out praise to the Almighty  
 Giver,  
 Joy and jollity be with us both!

Alas! my journey, rugged and uneven,  
 Through prickly moors or dusty ways  
 must wind;  
 But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,  
 As full of gladness and as free of  
 heaven,  
 I, with my fate contented, will plod on,  
 And hope for higher raptures, when  
 life's day is done. 1805. 1807.

## ELEGIAC STANZAS

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE  
 CASTLE, IN A STORM, PAINTED BY SIR  
 GEORGE BEAUMONT

I WAS thy neighbor once, thou rugged  
 Pile!  
 Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of  
 thee:  
 I saw thee every day; and all the while  
 Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!  
 So like, so very like, was day to day!  
 Whene'er I looked, thy Image still was  
 there;  
 It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm! it seemed  
 no sleep;  
 No mood, which season takes away, or  
 brings:  
 I could have fancied that the mighty  
 Deep  
 Was even the gentlest of all gentle  
 Things.

Ah! THEN, if mine had been the Painter's  
 hand,  
 To express what then I saw; and add  
 the gleam,  
 The light that never was, on sea or  
 land,  
 The consecration, and the Poet's dream;

I would have planted thee, thou hoary  
 Pile  
 Amid a world how different from this!  
 Beside a sea that could not cease to  
 smile;  
 On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure-  
 house divine  
 Of peaceful years; a chronicle of  
 heaven;—  
 Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine  
 The very sweetest had to thee been  
 given.

A picture had it been of lasting ease,  
 Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;  
 No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,  
 Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,  
 Such Picture would I at that time have  
 made:

And seen the soul of truth in every part,  
 A steadfast peace that might not be  
 betrayed.

So once it would have been,—'tis so no  
 more;

I have submitted to a new control:  
 A power is gone, which nothing can  
 restore;  
 A deep distress hath humanized my  
 Soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold  
A smiling sea, and be what I have been :  
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old ;  
This, which I know, I speak with mind  
serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend ! who would  
have been the Friend,  
If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore,  
This work of thine I blame not, but  
commend ;  
This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 'tis a passionate Work !—yet wise and  
well,  
Well chosen in the spirit that is here ;  
That Hulk which labors in the deadly  
swell,  
This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear !

And this huge Castle, standing here sub-  
lime,  
I love to see the look with which it  
braves,  
Cased in the unfeeling armor of old  
time,  
The lightning, the fierce wind, and  
trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives  
alone,  
Housed in a dream, at distance from the  
Kind !  
Such happiness, wherever it be known,  
Is to be pitied ; for 't is surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient  
cheer,  
And frequent sights of what is to be  
borne !  
Such sights, or worse, as are before me  
here.—  
Not without hope we suffer and we  
mourn. 1805. 1807.

#### TO A YOUNG LADY

WHO HAD BEEN REPROACHED FOR TAK-  
ING LONG WALKS IN THE COUNTRY

DEAR Child of Nature, let them rail !  
—There is a nest in a green dale,  
A harbor and a hold ;  
Where thou, a Wife and Friend, shalt  
see  
Thy own heart-stirring days, and be  
A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a shepherd boy,  
And treading among flowers of joy

Which at no season fade,  
Thou, while thy babes around thee cling  
Shalt show us how divine a thing  
A Woman may be made.

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die  
Nor leave thee, when gray hairs are nigh  
A melancholy slave ;  
But an old age serene and bright,  
And lovely as a Lapland night,  
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

1801? February 11, 1802.

#### FRENCH REVOLUTION

AS IT APPEARED TO ENTHUSIASTS AT ITS  
COMMENCEMENT

An extract from the long poem of my own  
poetical education. It was first published by  
Coleridge in his "Friend," which is the reason  
of its having had a place in every edition of my  
poems since. (Wordsworth.) From *The Prelude*,  
Bk. XI.

Oh ! pleasant exercise of hope and joy !  
For mighty were the auxiliars which  
then stood  
Upon our side, we who were strong in  
love !

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
But to be young was very heaven !—  
Oh ! times,  
In which the meagre, stale, forbidding  
ways

Of custom, law, and statute, took at once  
The attraction of a country in romance !  
When Reason seemed the most to assert  
her rights,

When most intent on making of herself  
A prime Enchantress—to assist the work,  
Which then was going forward in her  
name !

Not favored spots alone, but the whole  
earth,

The beauty wore of promise, that which  
sets

(As at some moment might not be unfelt  
Among the bowers of paradise itself)

The budding rose above the rose full  
blown.

What temper at the prospect did not  
wake

To happiness unthought of ? The inert  
Were roused, and lively natures rapt  
away !

They who had fed their childhood upon  
dreams,

The playfellows of fancy, who had made  
All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and  
strength



Their ministers,—who in lordly wise had stirred  
 Among the grandest objects of the sense,  
 And dealt with whatsoever they found there  
 As if they had within some lurking right  
 To wield it;—they, too, who, of gentle mood,  
 Had watched all gentle motions, and to these  
 Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers more mild,  
 And in the region of their peaceful selves;—  
 Now was it that both found, the meek and lofty  
 Did both find, helpers to their heart's desire,  
 And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish;  
 Were called upon to exercise their skill,  
 Not in Utopia, subterranean fields,  
 Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where!  
 But in the very world, which is the world  
 Of all of us,—the place where in the end  
 We find our happiness, or not at all!  
 1804. October 26, 1809.

#### CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

Suggested in part by an event which all England was lamenting—the death of Lord Nelson—and in part by the personal loss, which he still felt so keenly, his brother John's removal. On the 4th of February, 1806, Southey wrote thus to Sir Walter Scott: . . . 'Wordsworth was with me last week; he has been of late more employed in correcting his poems than in writing others; but one piece he has written, upon the ideal character of a soldier, than which I have never seen anything more full of meaning and sound thought. The subject was suggested by Nelson's most glorious death. . . .'  
 (Knight, *Life of Wordsworth*, II, 46-7.)

WHO is the happy Warrior? Who is he  
 That every man in arms should wish to be?  
 —It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought  
 Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought  
 Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:  
 Whose high endeavors are an inward light  
 That makes the path before him always bright:  
 Who, with a natural instinct to discern

What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;  
 Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,  
 But makes his moral being his prime care;  
 Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,  
 And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!  
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain;  
 In face of these doth exercise a power  
 Which is our human nature's highest dower;  
 Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves  
 Of their bad influence, and their good receives:  
 By objects, which might force the soul to abate  
 Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;  
 Is placable—because occasions rise  
 So often that demand such sacrifice;  
 More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,  
 As tempted more; more able to endure,  
 As more exposed to suffering and distress;  
 Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.  
 —'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends  
 Upon that law as on the best of friends;  
 Whence, in a state where men are tempted still  
 To evil for a guard against worse ill,  
 And what in quality or act is best  
 Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,  
 He labors good on good to fix, and owes  
 To virtue every triumph that he knows:  
 —Who, if he rise to station of command,  
 Rises by open means; and there will stand  
 On honorable terms, or else retire,  
 And in himself possess his own desire;  
 Who comprehends his trust, and to the same  
 Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;  
 And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait  
 For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state;  
 Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,  
 Like showers of manna, if they come at all:  
 Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,  
 Or mild concerns of ordinary life,

A constant influence, a peculiar grace;  
 But who, if he be called upon to face  
 Some awful moment to which Heaven  
     has joined  
 Great issues, good or bad for human  
     kind,  
 Is happy as a Lover; and attired  
 With sudden brightness, like a Man in-  
     spired;  
 And, through the heat of conflict, keeps  
     the law  
 In calmness made, and sees what he  
     foresaw;  
 Or if an unexpected call succeed,  
 Come when it will, is equal to the need:  
 —He who, though thus endued as with  
     a sense  
 And faculty for storm and turbulence,  
 Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans  
 To homefelt pleasures and to gentle  
     scenes;  
 Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he  
     be,  
 Are at his heart; and such fidelity  
 It is his darling passion to approve;  
 More brave for this, that he hath much  
     to love:—  
 'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,  
 Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,  
 Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—  
 Who, with a toward or untoward lot,  
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or  
     not—  
 Plays, in the many games of life, that  
     one  
 Where what he most doth value must  
     be won:  
 Whom neither shape of danger can dis-  
     may,  
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray;  
 Who, not content that former worth  
     stand fast,  
 Looks forward, persevering to the last,  
 From well to better, daily self-surpast:  
 Who, whether praise of him must walk  
     the earth  
 For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,  
 Or he must fall, to sleep without his  
     fame,  
 And leave a dead unprofitable name—  
 Finds comfort in himself and in his  
     cause;  
 And, while the moral mist is gathering,  
     draws  
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's  
     applause:  
 This is the happy Warrior; this is He  
 That every Man in arms should wish to  
     be.

1806. 1807.

## YES, IT WAS THE MOUNTAIN ECHO

YES, it was the mountain Echo,  
 Solitary, clear, profound,  
 Answering to the shouting Cuckoo,  
 Giving to her sound for sound!

Unsolicited reply  
 To a babbling wanderer sent;  
 Like her ordinary cry,  
 Like—but oh, how different!

Hears not also mortal Life?  
 Hear not we, unthinking Creatures!  
 Slaves of folly, love, or strife—  
 Voices of two different natures?

Have not *we* too?—yes, we have  
 Answers, and we know not whence;  
 Echoes from beyond the grave,  
 Recognized intelligence!

Such rebounds our inward ear  
 Catches sometimes from afar—  
 Listen, ponder, hold them dear;  
 For of God,—of God they are.

1806. 1807.

## NUNS FRET NOT AT THEIR CON- VENT'S NARROW ROOM

In the cottage, Town-end, Grasmere, one after-  
 noon in 1801, my sister read to me the Sonnets of  
 Milton. I had long been well acquainted with  
 them, but I was particularly struck on that occa-  
 sion with the dignified simplicity and majestic  
 harmony that runs through most of them,—in  
 character so totally different from the Italian,  
 and still more so from Shakspeare's fine Sonnets.  
 I took fire, if I may be allowed to say so, and  
 produced three Sonnets the same afternoon, the  
 first I ever wrote except an irregular one at  
 school. Of these three, the only one I distinctly  
 remember is—"I grieved for Buonaparté." One  
 was never written down: the third, which was,  
 I believe, preserved, I cannot particularize.  
 (*Wordsworth.*)

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow  
     room;  
 And hermits are contented with their  
     cells;  
 And students with their pensive citadels;  
 Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his  
     loom,  
 Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for  
     bloom,  
 High as the highest Peak of Furness-fells,  
 Will murmur by the hour in foxglove  
     bells:



In truth the prison, unto which we doom  
Ourselves, no prison is: and hence for  
me,  
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be  
bound  
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of  
ground;  
Pleased if some Souls (for such there  
needs must be)  
Who have felt the weight of too much  
liberty,  
Should find brief solace there, as I have  
found. 1806? 1807.

## PERSONAL TALK

## I

I AM not One who much or oft delight  
To season my fireside with personal  
talk—  
Of friends, who live within an easy walk,  
Or neighbors, daily, weekly, in my sight:  
And, for my chance-acquaintance, ladies  
bright,  
Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the  
stalk,  
These all wear out of me, like Forms,  
with chalk  
Painted on rich men's floors, for one  
feast-night.  
Better than such discourse doth silence  
long,  
Long, barren silence, square with my  
desire;  
To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,  
In the loved presence of my cottage-fire,  
And listen to the flapping of the flame,  
Or kettle whispering its faint undersong.

## II

"Yet life," you say, "is life; we have  
seen and see,  
And with a living pleasure we describe;  
And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe  
The languid mind into activity.  
Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth  
and glee  
Are fostered by the comment and the  
gibe."  
Even be it so; yet still among your  
tribe,  
Our daily world's true Worldlings, rank  
not me!  
Children are blest, and powerful; their  
world lies  
More justly balanced; partly at their  
feet,  
And part far from them: sweetest mel-  
odies

Are those that are by distance made  
more sweet;  
Whose mind is but the mind of his own  
eyes,  
He is a Slave; the meanest we can  
meet!

## III

Wings have we,—and as far as we can  
go,  
We may find pleasure: wilderness and  
wood,  
Blank ocean and mere sky, support that  
mood  
Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.  
Dreams, books are each a world; and  
books, we know,  
Are a substantial world, both pure and  
good:  
Round these, with tendrils strong as  
flesh and blood,  
Our pastime and our happiness will  
grow.  
There find I personal themes, a plente-  
ous store,  
Matter wherein right voluble I am,  
To which I listen with a ready ear;  
Two shall be named, pre-eminently  
dear,—  
The gentle Lady married to the Moor;  
And heavenly Una with her milk-white  
Lamb.

## IV

Nor can I not believe but that hereby  
Great gains are mine; for thus I live re-  
mote  
From evil-speaking; rancor, never  
sought,  
Comes to me not; malignant truth, or  
lie.  
Hence have I genial seasons, hence have  
I  
Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and  
joyous thought:  
And thus from day to day my little boat  
Rocks in its harbor, lodging peaceably.  
Blessings be with them—and eternal  
praise,  
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler  
cares—  
The Poets, who on earth have made us  
heirs  
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly  
lays!  
Oh! might my name be numbered  
among theirs,  
Then gladly would I end my mortal  
days. 1806? 1807.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH  
US

*one of Nature.*  
THE world is too much with us ; late and  
soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our  
powers :

Little we see in Nature that is ours ;  
We have given our hearts away, a sor-  
did boon !

The Sea that bares her bosom to the  
moon ;

The winds that will be howling at all  
hours,

And are up-gathered now like sleeping  
flowers ;

For this, for everything, we are out of  
tune ;

It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather  
be

A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant  
lea,

Have glimpses that would make me less  
forlorn ;

Have sight of Proteus rising from the  
sea ;

Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd  
horn. 1806 ? 1807.

TO SLEEP

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass  
by,

One after one ; the sound of rain, and  
bees

Murmuring ; the fall of rivers, winds  
and seas,

Smooth fields, white sheets of water,  
and pure sky ;

I have thought of all by turns, and yet  
do lie

Sleepless ! and soon the small birds'  
melodies

Must hear, first uttered from my orchard  
trees ;

And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.  
Even thus last night, and two nights

more, I lay,  
And could not win thee, Sleep ! by any  
stealth :

So do not let me wear to-night away :  
Without Thee what is all the morning's

wealth ?  
Come, blessed barrier between day and  
day,

Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joy-  
ous health ! 1806 ? 1807.

NOVEMBER, 1806

ANOTHER year !—another deadly bl  
Another mighty Empire overthrow  
And We are left, or shall be left, i  
The last that dare to struggle wit  
Foe.

'Tis well ! from this day forward  
shall know

That in ourselves our safety mu  
sought ;

That by our own right hands it mu  
wrought ;

That we must stand unpropped, a  
laid low.

O dastard whom such foretaste dot  
cheer !

We shall exult, if they who rul  
land

Be men who hold its many bles  
dear.

Wise, upright, valiant ; not a s  
band,

Who are to judge of danger which  
fear,

And honor which they do not u  
stand. 1806. 18

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON  
SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERL

Two Voices are there ; one is o  
sea,

One of the mountains ; each a m  
Voice :

In both from age to age thou did  
joice,

They were thy chosen music, Liber  
There came a Tyrant, and with

glee  
Thou fought'st against him ; but

vainly striven :  
Thou from thy Alpine holds at le

art driven,  
Where not a torrent murmurs hea

thee.  
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath

bereft :  
Then cleave, O cleave to that which

is left ;  
For, high-souled Maid, what s

would it be  
That mountain floods should thund

before,  
And Ocean bellow from his

shore,  
And neither awful Voice be hea

thee ? 1807. 18



Innumerable calm and restraint in words  
worth.

WORDSWORTH

Often people who write  
passionate love verse  
are people who 51 are not  
very  
emotion  
al.

HERE PAUSE: THE POET CLAIMS  
AT LEAST THIS PRAISE

HERE pause : the poet claims at least this  
praise,  
That virtuous Liberty hath been the  
scope  
Of his pure song, which did not shrink  
from hope  
In the worst moment of these evil days ;  
From hope, the paramount *duty* that  
Heaven lays,  
For its own honor, on man's suffering  
heart.  
Never may from our souls one truth  
depart—  
That an accursed thing it is to gaze  
On prosperous tyrants with a dazzled  
eye ;  
Nor—touched with due abhorrence of  
*their* guilt  
For whose dire ends tears flow, and  
blood is spilt,  
And justice labors in extremity—  
Forget thy weakness, upon which is built  
O wretched man, the throne of tyranny !  
1811. 1815.

LAODAMIA

Written at Rydal Mount. The incident of the  
trees growing and withering put the subject into  
my thoughts, and I wrote with the hope of giving  
it a loftier tone than, so far as I know, has been  
given to it by any of the Ancients who have  
treated of it. It cost me more trouble than al-  
most anything of equal length I have ever writ-  
ten. (*Wordsworth.*)

"Laodamia is a very original poem; I mean  
original with reference to your own manner.  
You have nothing like it. I should have seen  
it in a strange place, and greatly admired it,  
but not suspected its derivation..." (Lamb  
to Wordsworth. Talfourd, *Final Memories of*  
*Charles Lamb*, p. 151.)

"WITH sacrifice before the rising morn  
Vows have I made by fruitless hope in-  
spired ;  
And from the infernal Gods, 'mid shades  
forlorn  
Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I  
required :  
Celestial pity I again implore ;—  
Restore him to my sight—great Jove,  
restore !"

So speaking, and by fervent love en-  
dowed  
With faith, the Suppliant heavenward  
lifts her hands ;  
While, like the sun emerging from a  
cloud.

Her countenance brightens—and her  
eye expands ;  
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stat-  
ure grows ;  
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror ! what hath she perceived ?—O  
joy !

What doth she look on ?—whom doth she  
behold ?

Her Hero slain upon the beach of Troy ?  
His vital presence ? his corporeal mould !  
It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis He ?  
And a God leads him, winged Mercury !

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her  
with his wand

That calms all fear ; "Such grace hath  
crowned thy prayer,

Laodamia ! that at Jove's command  
Thy Husband walks the paths of upper  
air :

He comes to tarry with thee three hours'  
space ;

Accept the gift, behold him face to face !

Forth sprang the impassioned Queen  
her Lord to clasp ;

Again that consummation she essayed ;  
But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp  
As often as that eager grasp was made,  
The Phantom parts—but parts to re-unite,  
And re-assume his place before her sight.

"Protesilæus, lo ! thy guide is gone !

Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy  
voice :

This is our palace,—yonder is thy throne ;  
Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on  
will rejoice.

Not to appal me have the gods bestowed  
This precious boon ; and blest a sad  
abode."

"Great Jove, Laodamia ! doth not leave  
His gifts imperfect :—Spectre though I  
be,

I am not sent to scare thee or deceive ;  
But in reward of thy fidelity.  
And something also did my worth obtain :  
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless  
gain.

"Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle fore-  
told

That the first Greek who touched the  
Trojan strand

Should die ; but me the threat could not  
withhold ;

A generous cause a victim did demand;  
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;  
A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain.”

“Supreme of Heroes—bravest, noblest,  
best!  
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,  
Which then, when tens of thousands  
were deprest  
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal  
shore;  
Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here  
thou art—  
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

“But thou, though capable of sternest  
deed,  
Wert kind as resolute, and good as  
brave:  
And he, whose power restores thee, hath  
decreed  
Thou should'st elude the malice of the  
grave:  
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair  
As when their breath enriched Thessa-  
lian air.

“No Spectre greets me,—no vain Shadow  
this;  
Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my  
side!  
Give, on this well-known couch, one  
nuptial kiss  
To me, this day, a second time thy  
bride!”  
Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious  
Parcæ threw  
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

“This visage tells thee that my doom is  
past:  
Nor should the change be mourned, even  
if the joys  
Of sense were able to return as fast  
And surely as they vanish. Earth de-  
stroys  
Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains;  
Calm pleasures there abide—majestic  
pains.

“Be taught, O faithful Consort, to con-  
trol  
Rebellious passion: for the Gods approve  
The depth, and not the tumult, of the  
soul;  
A fervent, not ungovernable, love.  
Thy transports moderate; and meekly  
mourn  
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn—.”

“Ah, wherefore?—Did not Hercules by  
force  
Wrest from the guardian Monster of the  
tomb  
Alcestis, a reanimated corse,  
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal  
bloom?  
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of  
years,  
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful  
peers.

“The Gods to us are merciful—and they  
Yet further may relent: for mightier  
far  
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the  
sway  
Of magic potent over sun and star,  
Is love, though oft to agony distressed,  
And though his favorite seat be feeble  
woman's breast.

“But if thou goest, I follow—” “Peace!”  
he said;—  
She looked upon him and was calmed  
and cheered;  
The ghastly color from his lips had fled;  
In his deportment, shape, and mien, ap-  
peared  
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace.  
Brought from a pensive though a happy  
place.

He spake of love, such love as Spirits  
feel  
In worlds whose course is equable and  
pure;  
No fears to beat away—no strife to  
heal—  
The past unsighed for, and the future  
sure;  
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood  
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;  
Of all that is most beauteous—imaged  
there  
In happier beauty; more pellucid  
streams,  
An ampler ether, a diviner air,  
And fields invested with purpureal  
gleams;  
Climes which the sun, who sheds the  
brightest day  
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the Soul shall enter which  
hath earned  
That privilege by virtue. “Ill,” said he,  
“The end of man's existence I discerned,  
Who from ignoble games and revelry



Could draw, when we had parted, vain  
delight,  
While tears were thy best pastime, day  
and night;

“And while my youthful peers before  
my eyes  
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)  
Prepared themselves for glorious enter-  
prise  
By martial sports,—or, seated in the  
tent,  
Chieftains and kings in council were de-  
tained;  
What time the fleet at Aulis lay en-  
chained.

“The wished-for wind was given:—I  
then revolved  
The oracle, upon the silent sea;  
And, if no worthier led the way, re-  
solved  
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should  
be  
The foremost prow in pressing to the  
strand,—  
Mine the first blood that tinged the Tro-  
jan sand.

“Yet bitter, oft-times bitter was the  
pang  
When of thy loss I thought, beloved  
Wife!  
On thee too fondly did my memory  
hang,  
And on the joys we shared in mortal  
life,—  
The paths which we had trod—these  
fountains, flowers,  
My new-planned cities, and unfinished  
towers.

“But should suspense permit the Foe to  
cry,  
‘Behold they tremble!—haughty their  
array,  
Yet of their number no one dares to  
die?’  
In soul I swept the indignity away:  
Old frailties then recurred:—but lofty  
thought,  
In act embodied, my deliverance  
wrought.

“And Thou, though strong in love, art  
all too weak  
In reason, in self-government too slow;  
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek  
Our blest re-union in the shades below.

The invisible world with thee hath sym-  
pathized;  
Be thy affections raised and solemnized.

“Learn, by a mortal yearning, to as-  
cend—  
Seeking a higher object. Love was  
given,  
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that  
end;  
For this the passion to excess was  
driven—  
That self might be annulled: her bond-  
age prove  
The fetters of a dream, opposed to  
love.”—

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes reap-  
pears!  
Round the dear Shade she would have  
clung—’t is vain:  
The hours are past—too brief had they  
been years;  
And him no mortal effort can detain:  
Swift, toward the realms that know not  
earthly day,  
He through the portal takes his silent  
way,  
And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse  
she lay.

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reprovèd,  
She perished; and, as for a wilful crime,  
By the just Gods whom no weak pity  
moved,  
Was doomed to wear out her appointed  
time,  
Apart from happy Ghosts, that gather  
flowers  
Of blissful quiet ’mid unfading bowers.

—Yet tears to human suffering are due;  
And mortal hopes defeated and o’er-  
thrown  
Are mourned by man, and not by man  
alone,  
As fondly he believes.—Upon the side  
Of Hellespont (such faith was enter-  
tained)  
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew  
From out the tomb of him for whom she  
died;  
And ever, when such stature they had  
gained  
That Ilium’s walls were subject to their  
view,  
The trees’ tall summits withered at the  
sight:  
A constant interchange of growth and  
blight! 1814. 1815.

## YARROW VISITED

SEPTEMBER, 1814

As mentioned in my verses on the death of the Ettrick Shepherd, my first visit to Yarrow was in his company. We had lodged the night before at Traquhair, where Hogg had joined us . . . I seldom read or think of this poem without regretting that my dear Sister was not of the party, as she would have had so much delight in recalling the time when, travelling together in Scotland, we declined going in search of this celebrated stream, not altogether, I will frankly confess, for the reasons assigned in the poem on the occasion. (*Wordsworth.*)

AND is this—Yarrow?—*This* the Stream  
Of which my fancy cherished,  
So faithfully, a waking dream?  
An image that hath perished!  
O that some Minstrel's harp were near,  
To utter notes of gladness,  
And chase this silence from the air,  
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why?—a silvery current flows  
With uncontrolled meanderings;  
Nor have these eyes by greener hills  
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.  
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's  
Lake  
Is visibly delighted;  
For not a feature of those hills  
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,  
Save where that pearly whiteness  
Is round the rising sun diffused,  
A tender hazy brightness;  
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes  
All profitless dejection;  
Though not unwilling here to admit  
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower  
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?  
His bed perchance was yon smooth  
mound  
On which the herd is feeding:  
And haply from this crystal pool,  
Now peaceful as the morning,  
The Water-wraith ascended thrice—  
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the Lay that sings  
The haunts of happy Lovers,  
The path that leads them to the grove,  
The leafy grove that covers:  
And Pity sanctifies the Verse  
That paints, by strength of sorrow,

The unconquerable strength of love;  
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair  
To fond imagination,  
Dost rival in the light of day  
Her delicate creation:  
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,  
A softness still and holy;  
The grace of forest charms decayed,  
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds  
Rich groves of lofty stature,  
With Yarrow winding through the  
pomp  
Of cultivated nature;  
And, rising from those lofty groves,  
Behold a Ruin hoary!  
The shattered front of Newark's Towers,  
Renowned in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening  
bloom,  
For sportive youth to stray in;  
For manhood to enjoy his strength;  
And age to wear away in!  
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,  
A covert for protection  
Of tender thoughts, that nestle there—  
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,  
The wild-wood fruits to gather,  
And on my True-love's forehead plant  
A crest of blooming heather!  
And what if I enwreathed my own!  
'Twere no offence to reason;  
The sober Hills thus deck their brows  
To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,  
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;  
A ray of fancy still survives—  
Her sunshine plays upon thee!  
Thy ever-youthful waters keep  
A course of lively pleasure;  
And glad some notes my lips can breathe,  
Accordant to the measure.

The vapors linger round the Heights,  
They melt, and soon must vanish;  
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—  
Sad thought, which I would banish,  
But that I know, where'er I go,  
Thy genuine image, Yarrow!  
Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,  
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

1814. 1815.



## TO B. R. HAYDON

B. R. Haydon, the painter, was for many years a friend of Wordsworth. On November 27, 1815, Haydon wrote: "I have benefited and have been supported in the troubles of life by your poetry. . . I will bear want, pain, misery, and blindness; but I will never yield one step I have gained on the road I am determined to travel over." Wordsworth's answer to this letter was the following sonnet.

HIGH is our calling, Friend!—Creative  
Art  
(Whether the instrument of words she  
use,  
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues.)  
Demands the service of a mind and heart,  
Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest  
part,  
Heroically fashioned—to infuse  
Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,  
While the whole world seems adverse to  
desert.  
And, oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she  
may,  
Through long-lived pressure of obscure  
distress,  
Still to be strenuous for the bright re-  
ward,  
And in the soul admit of no decay,  
Brook no continuance of weak-minded-  
ness—  
Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!  
1815. 1816.

## NOVEMBER 1

How clear, how keen, how marvellously  
bright  
The effluence from yon distant mount-  
ain's head,  
Which, strewn with snow smooth as the  
sky can shed,  
Shines like another sun—on mortal sight  
Uprisen, as if to check approaching  
Night,  
And all her twinkling stars. Who now  
would tread,  
If so he might, yon mountain's glittering  
head—  
Terrestrial, but a surface, by the flight  
Of sad mortality's earth-sullying wing,  
Unswept, unstained? Nor shall the  
aërial Powers  
Dissolve that beauty, destined to endure,  
White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely  
pure,  
Through all vicissitudes, till genial  
Spring  
Has filled the laughing vales with wel-  
come flowers. 1815. 1816.

SURPRISED BY JOY—IMPATIENT  
AS THE WIND

This was in fact suggested by my daughter Catherine long after her death. (*Wordsworth.*)

SURPRISED by joy—impatient as the  
Wind  
I turned to share the transport—Oh!  
with whom  
But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,  
That spot which no vicissitude can find?  
Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my  
mind—  
But how could I forget thee? Through  
what power,  
Even for the least division of an hour,  
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind  
To my most grievous loss?—That  
thought's return  
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever  
bore,  
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,  
Knowing my heart's best treasure was  
no more;  
That neither present time, nor years un-  
born  
Could to my sight that heavenly face  
restore. 1815 ? 1815.

HAST THOU SEEN, WITH FLASH  
INCESSANT

HAST thou seen, with flash incessant,  
Bubbles gliding under ice,  
Bodied forth and evanescent,  
No one knows by what device?

Such are thoughts!—A wind-swept  
meadow  
Mimicking a troubled sea,  
Such is life; and death a shadow  
From the rock eternity! 1818. 1820.

COMPOSED UPON AN EVENING OF  
EXTRAORDINARY SPLENDOR  
AND BEAUTY

## I

HAD this effulgence disappeared  
With flying haste, I might have sent,  
Among the speechless clouds, a look  
Of blank astonishment;  
But 'tis endued with power to stay,  
And sanctify one closing day,  
That frail Mortality may see—  
What is?—ah no, but what *can* be!  
Time was when field and watery cove

With modulated echoes rang,  
 While choirs of fervent Angels sang  
 Their vespers in the grove ;  
 Or, crowning, star-like, each some  
     sovereign height,  
 Warbled, for heaven above and earth  
     below,  
 Strains suitable to both.—Such holy rite,  
 Methinks, if audibly repeated now  
 From hill or valley, could not move  
 Sublimier transport, purer love,  
 Than doth this silent spectacle—the  
     gleam—  
 The shadow—and the peace supreme !

## II

No sound is uttered,—but a deep  
 And solemn harmony pervades  
 The hollow vale from steep to steep,  
 And penetrates the glades.  
 Far-distant images draw nigh.  
 Called forth by wondrous potency  
 Of beamy radiance, that imbues,  
 Whate'er it strikes, with gem-like hues !  
 In vision exquisitely clear,  
 Herds range along the mountain side ;  
 And glistening antlers are descried ;  
 And gilded flocks appear.  
 Thine is the tranquil hour, purpleal  
     Eve !  
 But long as god-like wish, or hope  
     divine,  
 Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe  
 That this magnificence is wholly thine !  
 —From worlds not quickened by the sun  
 A portion of the gift is won ;  
 An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is  
     spread  
 On ground which British shepherds  
     tread !

## III

And, if there be whom broken ties  
 Afflict, or injuries assail,  
 Yon hazy ridges to their eyes  
 Present a glorious scale,  
 Climbing suffused with sunny air,  
 To stop—no record hath told where !  
 And tempting Fancy to ascend,  
 And with immortal Spirits blend !  
 —Wings at my shoulders seem to play ;  
 But, rooted here, I stand and gaze  
 On those bright steps that heavenward  
     raise  
 Their practicable way.  
 Come forth, ye drooping old men, look  
     abroad,  
 And see to what fair countries ye are  
     bound !

And if some traveller, weary of his road,  
 Hath slept since noontide on the grassy  
     ground,

Ye Genii ! to his covert speed ;  
 And wake him with such gentle heed  
 As may attune his soul to meet the  
     dower

Bestowed on this transcendent hour !

*Compare with "Ede"*

Such hues from their celestial Urn  
 Were wont to stream before mine eye,  
 Where'er it wandered in the morn  
 Of blissful infancy.

This glimpse of glory, why renewed ?  
 Nay, rather speak with gratitude ;  
 For, if a vestige of those gleams  
 Survived, 'twas only in my dreams.  
 Dread Power ! whom peace and calm-  
     ness serve

No less than Nature's threatening voice,  
 If aught unworthy be my choice,  
 From THEE if I would swerve ;  
 Oh, let thy grace remind me of the  
     light

Full early lost, and fruitlessly deplored ;  
 Which, at this moment, on my waking  
     sight

Appears to shine, by miracle restored ;  
 My soul, though yet confined to earth,  
 Rejoices in a second birth !

—'Tis past, the visionary splendour  
     fades ;

And night approaches with her shades.  
     1818. 1820.

SEPTEMBER, 1819

DEPARTING summer hath assumed  
 An aspect tenderly illumed,  
 The gentlest look of spring ;  
 That calls from yonder leafy shade  
 Unfaded, yet prepared to fade,  
 A timely carolling.

No faint and hesitating trill,  
 Such tribute as to winter chill  
 The lonely redbreast pays !  
 Clear, loud, and lively is the din,  
 From social warblers gathering in  
 Their harvest of sweet lays.

Nor doth the example fail to cheer  
 Me, conscious that my leaf is sere,  
 And yellow on the bough :—  
 Fall, rosy garlands, from my head !  
 Ye myrtle wreaths, your fragrance shed  
 Around a younger brow !



Yet will I temperately rejoice ;  
Wide is the range, and free the choice  
Of undiscordant themes ;  
Which, haply, kindred souls may prize  
Not less than vernal ecstasies,  
And passion's feverish dreams.

For deathless powers to verse belong,  
And they like Demi-gods are strong  
On whom the Muses smile ;  
But some their function have dis-  
claimed,  
Best pleased with what is aptliest  
framed  
To enervate and defile.

Not such the initiatory strains  
Committed to the silent plains  
In Britain's earliest dawn ;  
Trembled the groves, the stars grew  
pale,  
While all-too-daringly the veil  
Of nature was withdrawn !

Nor such the spirit-stirring note  
When the live chords Alcæus smote,  
Inflamed by sense of wrong ;  
Woe ! woe to Tyrants ! from the lyre  
Broke threateningly, in sparkles dire  
Of fierce vindictive song.

And not unhallowed was the page  
By winged Love inscribed, to assuage  
The pangs of vain pursuit ;  
Love listening while the Lesbian Maid  
With finest touch of passion swayed  
Her own Æolian lute.

O ye, who patiently explore  
The wreck of Herculanean lore,  
What rapture ! could ye seize  
Some Theban fragment, or unroll  
One precious, tender-hearted, scroll  
Of pure Simonides.

That were, indeed, a genuine birth  
Of poesy ; a bursting forth  
Of genius from the dust :  
What Horace gloried to behold,  
What Maro loved, shall we enfold ?  
Can haughty Time be just !

1819. 1820.

#### AFTER-THOUGHT

I THOUGHT of Thee, my partner and my  
guide,  
As being past away.—Vain sympathies !  
For, backward, Duddon, as I cast my  
eyes,

I see what was, and is, and will abide ;  
Still glides the Stream, and shall for  
ever glide ;  
The Form remains, the Function never  
dies ;  
While we, the brave, the mighty, and  
the wise,  
We Men, who in our morn of youth de-  
fied  
The elements, must vanish ;—be it so !  
Enough, if something from our hands  
have power  
To live, and act, and serve the future  
hour ;  
And if, as toward the silent tomb we  
go,  
Through love, through hope, and faith's  
transcendent dower,  
We feel that we are greater than we  
know. 1820. 1820.

#### MUTABILITY

FROM low to high doth dissolution  
climb,  
And sink from high to low, along a  
scale  
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not  
fail ;  
A musical but melancholy chime,  
Which they can hear who meddle not  
with crime,  
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.  
Truth fails not ; but her outward forms  
that bear  
The longest date do melt like frosty  
rime,  
That in the morning whitened hill and  
plain  
And is no more ; drop like the tower  
sublime  
Of yesterday, which royally did wear  
His crown of weeds, but could not even  
sustain  
Some casual shout that broke the silent  
air,  
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.  
1821. 1822.

#### INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE

TAX not the royal Saint with vain ex-  
pense,  
With ill-matched aims the Architect  
who planned—  
Albeit laboring for a scanty band  
Of white-robed Scholars only—this im-  
mense

And glorious Work of fine intelligence !  
 Give all thou canst ; high Heaven re-  
     jects the lore  
 Of nicely-calculated less or more ;  
 So deemed the man who fashioned for  
     the sense  
 These lofty pillars, spread that branch-  
     ing roof  
 Self-poised, and scooped into ten thou-  
     sand cells,  
 Where light and shade repose, where  
     music dwells  
 Linger—*and wandering on as loth to*  
     die ;  
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness  
     yieldeth proof  
 That they were born for immortality.  
                                     1820 or 1821. 1822.

## MEMORY

A PEN—to register ; a key—  
 That winds through secret wards ;  
 Are well assigned to Memory  
 By allegoric Bards.

As aptly, also, might be given  
 A Pencil to her hand ;  
 That, softening objects, sometimes even  
 Outstrips the heart's demand ;

That smooths foregone distress, the  
     lines  
 Of lingering care subdued,  
 Long-vanished happiness refines,  
 And clothes in brighter hues ;

Yet, like a tool of Fancy, works  
 Those Spectres to dilate  
 That startle Conscience, as she lurks  
 Within her lonely seat.

Oh ! that our lives, which flee so fast,  
 In purity were such,  
 That not an image of the past  
 Should fear that pencil's touch !

Retirement then might hourly look  
 Upon a soothing scene,  
 Age steal to his allotted nook  
 Contented and serene ;

With heart as calm as lakes that sleep,  
 In frosty moonlight glistening ;  
 Or mountain rivers, where they creep  
 Along a channel smooth and deep,  
 To their own far-off murmurs listening.  
                                     1823. 1827.

## TO A SKY-LARK

ETHEREAL minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !  
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares  
     abound ?  
 Or, while the wings aspire, are heart  
     and eye  
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy  
     ground ?  
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at  
     will,  
 Those quivering wings composed, that  
     music still !

Leave to the nightingale her shady  
     wood ;  
 A privacy of glorious light is thine ;  
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world  
     a flood  
 Of harmony, with instinct more di-  
     vine ;  
 Type of the wise who soar, but never  
     roam ;  
 True to the kindred points of Heaven  
     and Home !                     1825. 1827.

## SCORN NOT THE SONNET

Composed, almost extempore, in a short walk  
 on the western side of Rydal Lake. (*Wordsworth.*)

SCORN not the Sonnet ; Critic, you have  
     frowned,  
 Mindless of its just honors ; with this  
     key  
 Shakspeare unlocked his heart ; the  
     melody  
 Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's  
     wound ;  
 A thousand times this pipe did Tasso  
     sound ;  
 With it Camöens soothed an exile's  
     grief ;  
 The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf  
 Amid the cypress with which Dante  
     crowned  
 His visionary brow : a glow-worm lamp,  
 It cheered mild Spenser, called from  
     Faeryland  
 To struggle through dark ways ; and,  
     when a damp  
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his  
     hand  
 The Thing became a trumpet ; whence  
     he blew  
 Soul-animating strains—alas, too few !  
                                     1827 ? 1827.



## THE PRIMROSE OF THE ROCK

Written at Rydal Mount. The Rock stands on the right hand a little way leading up the middle road from Rydal to Grasmere. We have been in the habit of calling it the glow-worm rock from the number of glow-worms we have often seen hanging on it as described. The tuft of primrose has, I fear, been washed away by the heavy rains. (*Wordsworth*)

See Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal*, April 24th, 1802.

A ROCK there is whose homely front  
The passing traveller slights;  
Yet there the glow-worms hang their  
lamps,  
Like stars, at various heights;  
And one coy Primrose to that Rock  
The vernal breeze invites.

What hideous warfare hath been waged,  
What kingdoms overthrown,  
Since first I spied that Primrose-tuft  
And marked it for my own;  
A lasting link in Nature's chain  
From highest heaven let down!

The flowers, still faithful to the stems,  
Their fellowship renew;  
The stems are faithful to the root,  
That worketh out of view;  
And to the rock the root adheres  
In every fibre true.

Close clings to earth the living rock,  
Though threatening still to fall;  
The earth is constant to her sphere;  
And God upholds them all:  
So blooms this lonely Plant, nor dreads  
Her annual funeral.

\* \* \* \*

Here closed the meditative strain;  
But air breathed soft that day,  
The hoary mountain-heights were  
cheered,  
The sunny vale looked gay;  
And to the Primrose of the Rock  
I gave this after-lay.

I sang—Let myriads of bright flowers,  
Like Thee, in field and grove  
Revive unenvied;—mightier far,  
Than tremblings that reprove  
Our vernal tendencies to hope,  
Is God's redeeming love;

That love which changed—for wan dis-  
ease,  
For sorrow that had bent  
O'er hopeless dust, for withered age—  
Their moral element,  
And turned the thistles of a curse  
To types beneficent.

Sin-blighted though we are, we too,  
The reasoning Souls of Men,  
From one oblivious winter called  
Shall rise, and breathe again;  
And in eternal summer lose  
Our threescore years and ten.

To humbleness of heart descends  
This prescience from on high,  
The faith that elevates the just,  
Before and when they die;  
And makes each soul a separate heaven,  
A court for Deity. 1831. 1835.

## YARROW REVISITED

The following Stanzas are a memorial of a day passed with Sir Walter Scott and other Friends visiting the Banks of the Yarrow under his guidance, immediately before his departure from Abbotsford, for Naples.

The title *Yarrow Revisited* will stand in no need of explanation for Readers acquainted with the Author's previous poems suggested by that celebrated Stream. (*Wordsworth*.)

THE gallant Youth, who may have  
gained,  
Or seeks, a "winsome Marrow,"  
Was but an Infant in the lap  
When first I looked on Yarrow;  
Once more, by Newark's Castle-gate  
Long left without a warder,  
I stood, looked, listened, and with Thee,  
Great Minstrel of the Border!

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that  
sweet day,  
Their dignity installing  
In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves  
Were on the bough, or falling;  
But breezes played, and sunshine  
gleamed—  
The forest to embolden;  
Reddened the fiery hues, and shot  
Transparence through the golden.

For busy thoughts the Stream flowed on  
In foamy agitation;  
And slept in many a crystal pool  
For quiet contemplation:  
No public and no private care  
The freeborn mind enthralling,  
We made a day of happy hours,  
Our happy days recalling.

Brisk Youth appeared, the Morn of  
youth,  
With freaks of graceful folly,—  
Life's temperate Noon, her sober Eve,  
Her Night not melancholy;  
Past, present, future, all appeared  
In harmony united,

Like guests that meet, and some from  
far,  
By cordial love invited.

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods  
And down the meadow ranging,  
Did meet us with unaltered face,  
Though we were changed and chang-  
ing ;

If, *then*, some natural shadows spread  
Our inward prospect over.  
The soul's deep valley was not slow  
Its brightness to recover.

Eternal blessings on the Muse,  
And her divine employment !  
The blameless Muse, who trains her Sons  
For hope and calm enjoyment ;  
Albeit sickness, lingering yet,  
Has o'er their pillow brooded ;  
And Care waylays their steps—a Sprite  
Not easily eluded.

For thee, O SCOTT ! compelled to change  
Green Eildon-hill and Cheviot  
For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes ;  
And leave thy Tweed and Tiviot  
For mild Sorrento's breezy waves ;  
May classic Fancy, linking  
With native Fancy her fresh aid,  
Preserve thy heart from sinking !

Oh ! while they minister to thee,  
Each vying with the other,  
May Health return to mellow Age  
With Strength, her venturous brother ;  
And Tiber, and each brook and rill  
Renowned in song and story,  
With unimagined beauty shine,  
Nor lose one ray of glory !

For Thou, upon a hundred streams,  
By tales of love and sorrow,  
Of faithful love, undaunted truth,  
Hast shed the power of Yarrow ;  
And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,  
Wherever they invite Thee,  
At parent Nature's grateful call,  
With gladness must requite Thee.

A gracious welcome shall be thine,  
Such looks of love and honor  
As thy own Yarrow gave to me  
When first I gazed upon her ;  
Beheld what I had feared to see,  
Unwilling to surrender  
Dreams treasured up from early days,  
The holy and the tender.

And what, for this frail world, were all  
That mortals do or suffer,

Did no responsive harp, no pen,  
Memorial tribute offer ?  
Yea, what were mighty Nature's self ?  
Her features, could they win us,  
Unhelped by the poetic voice  
That hourly speaks within us ?

Nor deem that localized Romance  
Plays false with our affections ;  
Unsantifies our tears—made sport  
For fanciful dejections :  
Ah, no ! the visions of the past  
Sustain the heart in feeling  
Life as she is—our changeful Life,  
With friends and kindred dealing.

Bear witness, Ye, whose thoughts that  
day

In Yarrow's groves were centred ;  
Who through the silent portal arch  
Of mouldering Newark entered :  
And clomb the winding stair that once  
Too timidly was mounted  
By the "last Minstrel," (not the last !)  
Ere he his Tale recounted.

Flow on for ever, Yarrow Stream !  
Fulfil thy pensive duty,  
Well pleased that future Bards should  
chant

For simple hearts thy beauty ;  
To dream-light dear while yet unseen,  
Dear to the common sunshine,  
And dearer still, as now I feel,  
To memory's shadowy moonshine !  
1831. 1835.

### THE TROSACHS

As recorded in my sister's Journal, I had first seen the Trosachs in her and Coleridge's company. The sentiment that runs through this Sonnet was natural to the season in which I again saw this beautiful spot ; but this and some other sonnets that follow were colored by the remembrance of my recent visit to Sir Walter Scott, and the melancholy errand on which he was going. (*Wordsworth.*)

THERE'S not a nook within this solemn  
Pass,  
But were an apt confessional for One  
Taught by his summer spent, his autumn  
gone,  
That Life is but a tale of morning grass  
Withered at eve. From scenes of art  
which chase  
That thought away, turn, and with  
watchful eyes  
Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,  
Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more  
clear than glass



Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice  
happy quest,  
If from a golden perch of aspen spray  
(October's workmanship to rival May)  
The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast  
That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught  
lay,  
Lulling the year, with all its cares, to  
rest! 1831. 1835.

#### IF THOU INDEED DERIVE THY LIGHT FROM HEAVEN

If thou indeed derive thy light from  
Heaven,  
Then, to the measure of that heaven-  
born light,  
Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be content:  
The stars pre-eminent in magnitude,  
And they that from the zenith dart their  
beams,  
(Visible though they be to half the earth.  
Though half a sphere be conscious of  
their brightness)  
Are yet of no diviner origin,  
No purer essence, than the one that  
burns,  
Like an untended watch-fire on the ridge  
Of some dark mountain; or than those  
which seem  
Humbly to hang, like twinkling winter  
lamps,  
Among the branches of the leafless trees.  
All are the undying offspring of one Sire:  
Then, to the measure of the light vouch-  
safed,  
Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be con-  
tent. 1832. 1836.

#### IF THIS GREAT WORLD OF JOY AND PAIN

If this great world of joy and pain  
Revolve in one sure track;  
If freedom, set, will rise again,  
And virtue, flown, come back:  
Woe to the purblind crew who fill  
The heart with each day's care;  
Nor gain, from past or future, skill  
To bear, and to forbear!  
1833. 1835.

#### "THERE!" SAID A STRIPLING, POINTING WITH MEET PRIDE

"THERE!" said a Stripling, pointing  
with meet pride  
Towards a low roof with green trees  
half concealed,

"Is Mosgiel Farm; and that's the very  
field  
Where Burns ploughed up the Daisy."  
Far and wide  
A plain below stretched seaward, while,  
descried  
Above sea-clouds, the Peaks of Arran  
rose;  
And, by that simple notice, the repose  
Of earth, sky, sea and air, was vivified.  
Beneath "the random *bield* of clod or  
stone"  
Myriads of daisies have shone forth in  
flower  
Near the lark's nest, and in their natural  
hour  
Have passed away; less happy than the  
One  
That, by the unwilling ploughshare, died  
to prove  
The tender charm of poetry and love.  
1833. 1835.

#### MOST SWEET IT IS WITH UN- UPLIFTED EYES

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes  
To pace the ground, if path be there or  
none,  
While a fair region round the traveller  
lies  
Which he forbears again to look upon;  
Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,  
The work of Fancy, or some happy tone  
Of meditation, slipping in between  
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.  
If Thought and Love desert us, from that  
day  
Let us break off all commerce with the  
Muse:  
With Thought and Love companions of  
our way,  
Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,  
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her  
dews  
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.  
1833. 1835.

#### EXTEMPORE EFFUSION UPON THE DEATH OF JAMES HOGG<sup>1</sup>

WHEN first, descending from the moor-  
lands,  
I saw the Stream of Yarrow glide

<sup>1</sup> Walter Scott . . . . . died Sept. 21, 1832  
S. T. Coleridge . . . . . " July 25, 1834  
Charles Lamb . . . . . " Dec. 27, 1834  
Geo. Crabbe . . . . . " Feb. 3, 1832  
Felicia Hemans . . . . . " May 16, 1834

Along a bare and open valley,  
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered  
Through groves that had begun to shed  
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,  
My steps the Border-minstrel led.

The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,  
'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies;  
And death upon the braes of Yarrow,  
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes:

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,  
From sign to sign, its steadfast course,  
Since every mortal power of Coleridge  
Was frozen at its marvellous source;

The rapt One, of the godlike forehead,  
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in  
earth:

And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,  
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

Like clouds that rake the mountain-  
summits,

Or waves that own no curbing hand,  
How fast has brother followed brother  
From sunshine to the sunless land!

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber  
Were earlier raised, remain to hear  
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,  
"Who next will drop and disappear?"

Our haughty life is crowned with dark-  
ness,

Like London with its own black wreath,  
On which with thee, O Crabbe! forth-  
looking.

I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath.

As if but yesterday departed,  
Thou too art gone before; but why,  
O'er ripe fruit, seasonably gathered,  
Should frail survivors heave a sigh?

Mourn rather for that holy Spirit,  
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep;  
For Her who, ere her summer faded,  
Has sunk into a breathless sleep.

No more of old romantic sorrows,  
For slaughtered Youth or love-lorn  
Maid!

With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,  
And Ettrick mourns with her their Poet  
dead. Nov. 1835. Dec. 1835.

## A POET!—HE HATH PUT HIS HEART TO SCHOOL

*A Poet!*—He hath put his heart  
school,

Nor dares to move unpropped upon t  
staff

Which Art hath lodged within his ha  
—must laugh

By precept only, and shed tears by ru  
Thy Art be Nature; the live curre  
quaff,

And let the groveller sip his stagna  
pool,

In fear that else, when Critics grave a  
cool

Have killed him, Scorn should write  
epitaph.

How does the Meadow-flower its bloo  
unfold?

Because the lovely little flower is free  
Down to its root, and, in that freedo  
bold;

And so the grandeur of the Forest-tre  
Comes not by casting in a formal mou  
But from its *own* divine vitality.

1842? 1842

## SO FAIR, SO SWEET, WITHAL SENSITIVE

So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive,  
Would that the little Flowers were bo  
to live.

Conscious of half the pleasure whi  
they give;

That to this mountain-daisy's self we  
known

The beauty of its star-shaped shado  
thrown

On the smooth surface of this nak  
stone!

And what if hence a bold desire sho  
mount

High as the Sun, that he could ta  
account

Of all that issues from his glori  
fount!

So might he ken how by his sover  
aid

These delicate companionships  
made;

And how he rules the pomp of li  
and shade;



And were the Sister-power that shines  
by night  
So privileged, what a countenance of  
delight  
Would through the clouds break forth  
on human sight!

Fond fancies! wheresoe'er shall turn  
thine eye  
On earth, air, ocean, or the starry sky,  
Converse with Nature in pure sympathy;

All vain desires, all lawless wishes  
quelled,  
Be Thou to love and praise alike impelled  
Whatever boon is granted or withheld.  
1844. 1845.

#### THE UNREMITTING VOICE OF NIGHTLY STREAMS

THE unremitting voice of nightly  
streams  
That wastes so oft, we think, its tune-  
ful powers,  
If neither soothing to the worm that  
gleams  
Through dewy grass, nor small birds  
hushed in bowers,  
Nor unto silent leaves and drowsy  
flowers,—  
That voice of unpretending harmony  
(For who what is shall measure by what  
seems  
To be, or not to be,  
Or tax high Heaven with prodigality?)  
Wants not a healing influence that can  
creep

Into the human breast, and mix with  
sleep  
To regulate the motion of our dreams  
For kindly issues—as through every  
clime  
Was felt near murmuring brooks in  
earliest time;  
As at this day, the rudest swains who  
dwell  
Where torrents roar, or hear the tink-  
ling knell  
Of water-breaks, with grateful heart  
could tell.  
1846. 1850.

#### SONNET

##### TO AN OCTOGENARIAN

AFFECTIONS lose their object; Time  
brings forth  
No successors; and, lodged in memory,  
If love exist no longer, it must die,—  
Wanting accustomed food, must pass  
from earth,  
Or never hope to reach a second birth.  
This sad belief, the happiest that is left  
To thousands, share not Thou; howe'er  
bereft,  
Scorned, or neglected, fear not such a  
dearth.  
Though poor and destitute of friends  
thou art,  
Perhaps the sole survivor of thy race,  
One to whom Heaven assigns that  
mournful part  
The utmost solitude of age to face,  
Still shall be left some corner of the  
heart  
Where Love for living Thing can find a  
place.  
1846. 1850.

# COLERIDGE

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## COLERIDGE

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### LIFE

As late I journey'd o'er the extensive  
plain  
Where native Otter sports his scanty  
stream,  
Musing in torpid woe a sister's pain.  
The glorious prospect woke me from  
the dream.

At every step it widen'd to my sight,  
Wood, Meadow, verdant Hill, and dreary  
Steep,  
Following in quick succession of delight.  
Till all—at once—did my eye ravish'd  
sweep!

May this (I cried) my course through  
Life portray!  
New scenes of wisdom may each step  
display,  
And knowledge open as my days ad-  
vance!  
Till what time Death shall pour the un-  
darken'd ray,  
My eye shall dart thro' infinite ex-  
panse,  
And thought suspended lie in rapture's  
blissful trance.

*September, 1789. 1834.<sup>1</sup>*

### LINES

#### ON AN AUTUMNAL EVENING

O THOU wild Fancy, check thy wing!  
No more  
Those thin white flakes, those purple  
clouds explore!  
Nor there with happy spirits speed thy  
flight

<sup>1</sup> The dates for Coleridge's poems are made up from the Shepherd-Prideaux and the Haney bibliographies, and from the excellent notes to Campbell's edition of the Poetical Works.

Bathed in rich amber-glowing floods of  
light;  
Nor in yon gleam, where slow descends  
the day,  
With western peasants hail the morning  
ray!  
Ah! rather bid the perished pleasures  
move,  
A shadowy train, across the soul of  
Love!  
O'er disappointment's wintry desert fling  
Each flower that wreathed the dewy  
locks of Spring,  
When blushing, like a bride, from Hope's  
trim bower  
She leapt, awakened by the pattering  
shower.  
Now sheds the sinking Sun a deeper  
gleam,  
Aid, lovely Sorceress! aid thy Poet's  
dream!  
With faery wand O bid the Maid arise,  
Chaste Joyance dancing in her bright-  
blue eyes;  
As erst when from the Muses' calm  
abode  
I came, with Learning's meed not un-  
bestowed;  
When as she twined a laurel round my  
brow,  
And met my kiss, and half returned my  
vow,  
O'er all my frame shot rapid my thrilled  
heart,  
And every nerve confessed the electric  
dart.

O dear Deceit! I see the Maiden rise,  
Chaste Joyance dancing in her bright-  
blue eyes!  
When first the lark high-soaring swells  
his throat,  
Mocks the tired eye, and scatters the  
loud note,  
I trace her footsteps on the accustomed  
lawn,



I mark her glancing mid the gleams of dawn.

When the bent flower beneath the night-dew weeps

And on the lake the silver lustre sleeps,

Amid the paly radiance soft and sad,

She meets my lonely path in moonbeams clad.

With her along the streamlet's brink I rove ;

With her I list the warblings of the grove ;

And seems in each low wind her voice to float

Lone whispering Pity in each soothing note !

Spirits of Love ! ye heard her name !  
Obey

The powerful spell, and to my haunt repair.

Whether on clustering pinions ye are there,

Where rich snows blossom on the Myrtle-trees,

Or with fond languishment around my fair

Sigh in the loose luxuriance of her hair ;

O heed the spell, and hither wing your way,

Like far-off music, voyaging the breeze !

Spirits ! to you the infant Maid was given

Formed by the wondrous Alchemy of Heaven !

No fairer Maid does Love's wide empire know,

No fairer Maid e'er heaved the bosom's snow.

A thousand Loves around her forehead fly ;

A thousand Loves sit melting in her eye ;  
Love lights her smile—in Joy's red nectar dips

His myrtle flower, and plants it on her lips.

She speaks ! and hark that passion-warbled song—

Still, Fancy ! still that voice, those notes, prolong,

As sweet as when that voice with rapturous falls

Shall wake the softened echoes of Heaven's Halls !

O (have I sigh'd) were mine the wizard's rod,

Or mine the power of Proteus, changeful God !<sup>1</sup>

A flower-entangled Arbor I would seem  
To shield my Love from Noontide's sultry beam :

Or bloom a Myrtle, from whose odorous boughs

My Love might weave gay garlands for her brows.

When Twilight stole across the fading vale,

To fan my Love I'd be the Evening Gale ;

Mourn in the soft folds of her swelling vest,

And flutter my faint pinions on her breast !

On Seraph wing I'd float a Dream by night,

To soothe my Love with shadows of delight :—

Or soar aloft to be the Spangled Skies,  
And gaze upon her with a thousand eyes !

As when the Savage, who his drowsy frame

Had basked beneath the Sun's unclouded flame,

Awakes amid the troubles of the air,  
The skiey deluge, and white lightning's glare—

Aghast he scours before the tempest's sweep,

And sad recalls the sunny hour of sleep :—

So tossed by storms along Life's wildering way,

Mine eye reverted views that cloudless day,

When by my native brook I wont to rove,

While Hope with kisses nursed the Infant Love.

Dear native brook ! like Peace, so placidly

Smoothing through fertile fields thy current meek !

Dear native brook ! where first young Poesy

Stared wildly-eager in her noontide dream !

Where blameless pleasures dimple Quiet's cheek.

<sup>1</sup> I entreat the Public's pardon for having carelessly suffered to be printed such intolerable stuff as this and the thirteen following lines. They have not the merit even of originality : as every thought is to be found in the Greek Epigrams (From Coleridge's note in the *Poems*, 1796.)

As water-lilies ripple thy slow stream !  
 Dear native haunts ! where Virtue still  
     is gay,  
 Where Friendship's fixed star sheds a  
     mellowed ray,  
 Where Love a crown of thornless Roses  
     wears,  
 Where soften'd Sorrow smiles within her  
     tears ;  
 And Memory, with a Vestal's chaste  
     employ,  
 Unceasing feeds the lambent flame of  
     joy !  
 No more your sky-larks melting from the  
     sight  
 Shall thrill the attuned heart-string with  
     delight—  
 No more shall deck your pensive Pleas-  
     ures sweet  
 With wreaths of sober hue my evening  
     seat.  
 Yet dear to Fancy's eye your varied  
     scene  
 Of wood, hill, dale, and sparkling brook  
     between !  
 Yet sweet to Fancy's ear the warbled  
     song,  
 That soars on Morning's wing your vales  
     among.

Scenes of my Hope ! the aching eye ye  
     leave  
 Like yon bright hues that paint the  
     clouds of eve !  
 Tearful and saddening with the saddened  
     blaze  
 Mine eye the gleam pursues with wistful  
     gaze :  
 Sees shades on shades with deeper tint  
     impend,  
 Till chill and damp the moonless night  
     descend.                      1793. 1796.

## LEWTI

## OR THE CIRCASSIAN LOVE-CHANT

At midnight by the stream I roved,  
 To forget the form I loved.  
 Image of Lewti ! from my mind  
 Depart ; for Lewti is not kind.

The Moon was high, the moonlight  
     gleam  
 And the shadow of a star  
 Heaved upon Tamaha's stream :  
 But the rock shone brighter far,  
 The rock half sheltered from my view  
 By pendent boughs of tressy yew,—

So shines my Lewti's forehead fair,  
 Gleaning through her sable hair,  
 Image of Lewti ! from my mind  
 Depart ; for Lewti is not kind.

I saw a cloud of palest hue,  
 Onward to the moon it passed ;  
 Still brighter and more bright it grew,  
 With floating colors not a few,  
 Till it reach'd the moon at last :  
 Then the cloud was wholly bright,  
 With a rich and amber light !  
 And so with many a hope I seek  
 And with such joy I find my Lewti ;  
 And even so my pale wan cheek  
 Drinks in as deep a flush of beauty !  
 Nay, treacherous image ! leave my  
     mind,  
 If Lewti never will be kind.

The little cloud—it floats away,  
 Away it goes ; away so soon ?  
 Alas ! it has no power to stay :  
 Its hues are dim, its hues are gray  
 Away it passes from the moon !  
 How mournfully it seems to fly,  
 Ever fading more and more,  
 To joyless regions of the sky—  
 And now 'tis whiter than before !  
 As white as my poor cheek will be,  
 When, Lewti ! on my couch I lie,  
 A dying man for love of thee.  
 Nay, treacherous image ! leave my  
     mind—  
 And yet, thou didst not look unkind.

I saw a vapor in the sky.  
 Thin, and white, and very high ;  
 I ne'er beheld so thin a cloud :  
 Perhaps the breezes that can fly  
 Now below and now above,  
 Have snatched aloft the lawny shroud  
 Of Lady fair—that died for love.  
 For maids, as well as youths, have  
     perished  
 From fruitless love too fondly cherished.  
 Nay, treacherous image ! leave my  
     mind—  
 For Lewti never will be kind.

Hush ! my heedless feet from under  
 Slip the crumbling banks for ever :  
 Like echoes to a distant thunder,  
 They plunge into the gentle river.  
 The river-swans have heard my tread,  
 And startle from their reedy bed.  
 O beauteous birds ! methinks ye measure  
 Your movements to some heavenly  
     tune !



O beauteous birds ! 'tis such a pleasure  
To see you move beneath the moon,  
I would it were your true delight  
To sleep by day and wake all night.

I know the place where Lewti lies  
When silent night has closed her eyes :  
It is a breezy jasmine-bower,  
The nightingale sings o'er her head :  
Voice of the Night ! had I the power  
That leafy labyrinth to thread,  
And creep, like thee, with soundless  
tread,  
I then might view her bosom white  
Heaving lovely to my sight,  
As these two swans together heave  
On the gently-swelling wave.

Oh ! that she saw me in a dream,  
And dreamt that I had died for care ;  
All pale and wasted I would seem  
Yet fair withal, as spirits are !  
I'd die indeed, if I might see  
Her bosom heave, and heave for me !  
Soothe, gentle image ! soothe my mind !  
To-morrow Lewti may be kind.

1794. April 13, 1798.

#### LA FAYETTE

As when far off the warbled strains are  
heard  
That soar on Morning's wing the vales  
among ;  
Within his cage the imprisoned matin  
bird  
Swells the full chorus with a generous  
song :

He bathes no pinion in the dewy light,  
No Father's joy, no Lover's bliss he  
shares,

Yet still the rising radiance cheers  
his sight—  
His fellows' freedom soothes the cap-  
tive's cares !

Thou, FAYETTE ! who didst wake with  
startling voice  
Life's better sun from that long win-  
try night,  
Thus in thy Country's triumphs shalt  
rejoice  
And mock with raptures high the dun-  
geon's might :

For lo ! the morning struggles into day,  
And Slavery's spectres shriek and van-  
ish from the ray !

1794. December 15, 1794.

#### REFLECTIONS ON HAVING LEFT A PLACE OF RETIREMENT

Sermoni propria.—HOR.

Low was our pretty Cot : our tallest rose  
Peeped at the chamber-window. We  
could hear

At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,  
The sea's faint murmur. In the open  
air

Our myrtles blossom'd ; and across the  
porch

Thick jasmynes twined : the little land-  
scape round

Was green and woody, and refreshed  
the eye.

It was a spot which you might aptly  
call

The Valley of Seclusion ! Once I saw  
(Hallowing his Sabbath-day by quietness)  
A wealthy son of commerce saunter by,  
Bristow's citizen : methought, it calmed  
His thirst of idle gold, and made him  
muse

With wiser feelings : for he paused, and  
looked

With a pleased sadness, and gazed all  
around,

Then eyed our Cottage, and gazed round  
again.

And sighed, and said, it was a Blessed  
Place.

And we *were* blessed. Oft with patient  
ear

Long-listening to the viewless sky-lark's  
note

(Viewless, or haply for a moment seen  
Gleaming on sunny wings) in whispered  
tones

I've said to my beloved, "Such, sweet  
girl !

The inobtrusive song of Happiness,  
Unearthly minstrelsy ! then only heard  
When the soul seeks to hear ; when all  
is hushed,

And the heart listens !"

But the time, when first  
From that low dell, steep up the stony  
mount

I climbed with perilous toil and reached  
the top,

Oh ! what a goodly scene ! *Here* the  
bleak mount,

The bare bleak mountain speckled thin  
with sheep ;

Gray clouds, that shadowing spot the  
sunny fields :

And river, now with bushy rocks o'er-  
browed,

Now winding bright and full, with naked  
banks :  
And seats, and lawns, the abbey and the  
wood,  
And cots, and hamlets, and faint city-  
spire ;  
The Channel *there*, the Islands and white  
sails,  
Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills and  
shoreless Ocean—  
It seem'd like Omnipresence ! God, me-  
thought,  
Had built him there a Temple : the  
whole World  
Seemed imaged in its vast circumfer-  
ence :  
No *wish* profaned my overwhelmed heart.  
Blest hour ! It was a luxury,—to be !

Ah ! quiet dell ! dear cot, and mount  
sublime !  
I was constrained to quit you. Was it  
right,  
While my unnumbered brethren toiled  
and bled,  
That I should dream away the entrusted  
hours  
On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward  
heart  
With feelings all too delicate for use ?  
Sweet is the tear that from some How-  
ard's eye  
Drops on the cheek of one he lifts from  
earth :  
And he that works me good with un-  
moved face,  
Does it but half : he chills me while he  
aids,  
My benefactor, not my brother man !  
Yet even this, this cold beneficence  
Praise, praise it, O my Soul ! oft as thou  
scann'st  
The sluggard Pity's vision-weaving tribe !  
Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun  
the wretched.  
Nursing in some delicious solitude  
Their slothful loves and dainty sym-  
pathies !  
I therefore go, and join head, heart, and  
hand,  
Active and firm, to fight the bloodless  
fight  
Of science, freedom, and the truth in  
Christ.

Yet oft when after honorable toil  
Rests the tired mind, and waking loves  
to dream,  
My spirit shall revisit thee, dear Cot !

Thy jasmine and thy window-peeping  
rose,  
And myrtles fearless of the mild sea-air.  
And I shall sigh fond wishes—sweet  
abode !  
Ah !—had none greater ! And that all  
had such !  
It might be so—but the time is not yet.  
Speed it, O Father ! Let thy Kingdom  
come ! 1795. October, 1796.

## TIME REAL AND IMAGINARY

### AN ALLEGORY

ON the wide level of a mountain's head,  
(I knew not where, but 'twas some  
faery place)  
Their pinions, ostrich-like, for sails out-  
spread,  
Two lovely children run an endless race,  
A sister and a brother !  
This far outstript the other ;  
Yet ever runs she with reverted face,  
And looks and listens for the boy be-  
hind :  
For he, alas ! is blind !  
O'er rough and smooth with even step he  
passed,  
And knows not whether he be first or  
last. 21. . . 1817.

## THIS LIME-TREE BOWER MY PRISON

ADDRESSED TO CHARLES LAMB, OF THE  
INDIA HOUSE, LONDON

In the June of 1797 some long-expected friends  
paid a visit to the author's cottage ; and on the  
morning of their arrival, he met with an acci-  
dent, which disabled him from walking during  
the whole time of their stay. One evening,  
when they had left him for a few hours, he  
composed the following lines in the garden-  
bower. (*Coleridge*.)

WELL, they are gone, and here must I  
remain,  
This lime-tree bower my prison ! I have  
lost  
Beauties and feelings, such as would  
have been  
Most sweet to my remembrance even  
when age

<sup>1</sup>Included by Coleridge among his "Juvenile Poems." There is no other evidence to indicate at what date it was written. See, however, a manuscript note of 1811 on the same subject, given in *Anima Poetae* at the beginning of Chapter VIII.



Had dimmed mine eyes to blindness!  
 They, meanwhile,  
 Friends, whom I never more may meet  
 again,  
 On springy heath, along the hill-top  
 edge,  
 Wander in gladness, and wind down,  
 perchance,  
 To that still roaring dell, of which I told;  
 The roaring dell, o'erwooded, narrow,  
 deep,  
 And only speckled by the mid-day sun;  
 Where its slim trunk the ash from rock  
 to rock  
 Flings arching like a bridge;—that  
 branchless ash,  
 Unsunned and damp, whose few poor  
 yellow leaves  
 Ne'er tremble in the gale, yet tremble  
 still,  
 Fanned by the water-fall! and there my  
 friends  
 Behold the dark green file of long lank  
 weeds.  
 That all at once (a most fantastic sight!)  
 Still nod and drip beneath the dripping  
 edge  
 Of the blue clay-stone.

Now, my friends emerge  
 Beneath the wide wide Heaven—and  
 view again  
 The many-steepled tract magnificent  
 Of hilly fields and meadows, and the  
 sea,  
 With some fair bark, perhaps, whose  
 sails light up  
 The slip of smooth clear blue betwixt  
 two Isles  
 Of purple shadow! Yes! they wander  
 on  
 In gladness all; but thou, methinks,  
 most glad,  
 My gentle-hearted Charles! for thou hast  
 pined  
 And hungered after Nature, many a  
 year.  
 In the great City pent, winning thy way  
 With sad yet patient soul, through evil  
 and pain  
 And strange calamity! Ah! slowly sink  
 Behind the western ridge, thou glorious  
 Sun!  
 Shine in the slant beams of the sinking  
 orb,  
 Ye purple heath-flowers! richlier burn,  
 ye clouds!  
 Live in the yellow light, ye distant  
 groves!

And kindle, thou blue Ocean! So my  
 friend  
 Struck with deep joy may stand, as I  
 have stood,  
 Silent with swimming sense; yea, gazing  
 round  
 On the wide landscape, gaze till all doth  
 seem  
 Less gross than bodily; and of such  
 hues  
 As veil the Almighty Spirit, when yet  
 he makes  
 Spirits perceive his presence.

A delight  
 Comes sudden on my heart, and I am  
 glad  
 As I myself were there! Nor in this  
 bower,  
 This little lime-tree bower, have I not  
 marked  
 Much that has soothed me. Pale beneath  
 the blaze  
 Hung the transparent foliage; and I  
 watched  
 Some broad and sunny leaf, and loved to  
 see  
 The shadow of the leaf and stem above,  
 Dappling its sunshine! And that wal-  
 nut-tree  
 Was richly tinged, and a deep radiance  
 lay  
 Full on the ancient ivy, which usurps  
 Those fronting elms, and now, with  
 blackest mass  
 Makes their dark branches gleam a lighter  
 hue  
 Through the late twilight: and though  
 now the bat  
 Wheels silent by, and not a swallow  
 twitters,  
 Yet still the solitary humble-bee  
 Sings in the bean-flower! Henceforth I  
 shall know  
 That Nature ne'er deserts the wise and  
 pure;  
 No plot so narrow, be but Nature there.  
 No waste so vacant, but may well  
 employ  
 Each faculty of sense, and keep the  
 heart  
 Awake to Love and Beauty! and some-  
 times  
 'Tis well to be bereft of promised good,  
 That we may lift the soul, and contem-  
 plate  
 With lively joy the joys we cannot  
 share.  
 My gentle-hearted Charles! when the  
 last rook

Beat its straight path along the dusky  
air  
Homewards, I blest it! deeming, its  
black wing  
(Now a dim speck, now vanishing in  
light)  
Had cross'd the mighty orb's dilated  
glory,  
While thou stood'st gazing; or when all  
was still,  
Flew creaking o'er thy head, and had a  
charm  
For thee, my gentle-hearted Charles, to  
whom  
No sound is dissonant which tells of  
Life. 1797. 1800.

## KUBLA KHAN

In the summer of the year 1797, the Author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farmhouse between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effects of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment that he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in Purchas's "Pilgrimage": "Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto. And thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall." The Author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence, that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as *things*, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room, found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away, like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone has been cast, but, alas! without the after restoration of the latter.

Then all the charm  
Is broken—all that phantom-world so fair  
Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,  
And each mis-shapes the other. Stay awhile,  
Poor youth! who scarcely dar'st lift up thine  
eyes—

The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon  
The visions will return! And lo, he stays.  
And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms  
Come trembling back, unite, and now once  
more

The pool becomes a mirror.

(From *The Picture*; or, *the Lover's Resolution*)

Yet from the still surviving recollections in his

mind, the Author has frequently purposed to finish for himself what had been originally, as it were, given to him. *Αὔριον ἄδιον ἄσω*, but the to-morrow is yet to come. (*Coleridge's note, 1816.*)

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree:  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea.  
So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled  
round:  
And here were gardens bright with  
sinuous rills,  
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing  
tree;  
And here were forests ancient as the  
hills,  
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.  
But oh! that deep romantic chasm  
which slanted  
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn  
cover!  
A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was  
haunted  
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!  
And from this chasm, with ceaseless  
turmoil seething,  
As if this earth in fast thick pants were  
breathing,  
A mighty fountain momentarily was  
forced:  
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst  
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding  
hail,  
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's  
flail:  
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once  
and ever  
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.  
Five miles meandering with a mazy  
motion  
Through wood and dale the sacred river  
ran,  
Then reached the caverns measureless to  
man,  
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:  
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from  
far  
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
Floated midway on the waves;  
Where was heard the mingled  
measure

From the fountain and the caves.  
It was a miracle of rare device,  
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!



A damsel with a dulcimer  
 In a vision once I saw :  
 It was an Abyssinian maid,  
 And on her dulcimer she played,  
 Singing of Mount Abora.  
 Could I revive within me  
 Her symphony and song,  
 To such a deep delight 'twould win  
 me,  
 That with music loud and long,  
 I would build that dome in air,  
 That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !  
 And all who heard should see them  
 there,  
 And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !  
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair !  
 Weave a circle round him thrice,  
 And close your eyes with holy dread,  
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

1797. 1816.

## SONG FROM OSORIO

HEAR, sweet spirit, hear the spell,  
 Lest a blacker charm compel !  
 So shall the midnight breezes swell  
 With thy deep long-linging knell.

And at evening evermore,  
 In a Chapel on the shore,  
 Shall the Chaunters sad and saintly,  
 Yellow tapers burning faintly,  
 Doleful Masses chaunt for thee,  
*Miserere Domine !*

Hark ! the cadence dies away  
 On the quiet moonlight sea :  
 The boatmen rest their oars and say.  
*Miserere Domine !* 1797. 1813.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT  
MARINER<sup>1</sup>

## IN SEVEN PARTS

Facile credo, plures esse Naturas invisibiles  
 quam visibiles in rerum universitate. Sed horum  
 omnium familiam quis nobis enarrabit ? et gra-  
 dus et cognationes et discrimina et singulorum  
 munera ? Quid agunt ? quæ loca habitant ?  
 Harum rerum notitiam semper ambivit ingenium  
 humanum, nunquam attigit. Juvat, interea,  
 non diffiteor, quandoque in animo, tanquam in  
 tabulâ, majoris et melioris mundi imaginem  
 contemplari : ne mens assuefacta hodiernæ vitæ  
 minutiis se contrahat nimis, et tota subsidat in

pusillas cogitationes. Sed veritati interea invi-  
 gilandum est, modusque servandus, ut certa ab  
 incertis, diem a nocte, distinguamus. T. BURNET  
*Archæol. Phil.* p. 63.

ARGUMENT<sup>1</sup>

How a Ship having passed the Line was driven  
 by storms to the cold Country towards the South  
 Pole ; and how from thence she made her course  
 to the tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific  
 Ocean ; and of the strange things that befell ;  
 and in what manner the Ancyent Marinere came  
 back to his own Country.

## PART I

<sup>2</sup> It is an ancient Mariner,  
 And he stoppeth one of three.  
 " By thy long gray beard and glittering  
 eye,  
 Now wherefore stopp'st thou me ?

The Bridegroom's doors are opened  
 wide,  
 And I am next of kin ;  
 The guests are met, the feast is set :  
 May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,  
 " There was a ship," quoth he.  
 " Hold off ! unhand me, gray-beard  
 loon !"  
 Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

<sup>3</sup> He holds him with his glittering eye—  
 The Wedding-Guest stood still,  
 And listens like a three years' child :  
 The Mariner hath his will.

third stanza, for instance, the original text has  
 the two following :

But still he holds the wedding-guest—  
 " There was a Ship," quoth he—  
 " Nay, if thou'st got a laughsome tale,  
 Marinere ! come with me."

He holds him with his skinny hand,  
 Quoth he, " There was a Ship—"  
 " Now get thee hence, thou gray-beard Loon !  
 Or my Staff shall make thee skip."

For a full study of the different texts, see  
 Prof. F. H. Sykes' *Select Poems of Coleridge  
 and Wordsworth*, edited from Authors' Editions,  
 Toronto, 1899. On the origin of the poem, see  
*Biographia Literaria*, Chap. XIV, and Words-  
 worth's account of it, quoted and discussed in  
 H. D. Traill's *Life of Coleridge*, pp. 47-50.

<sup>1</sup> In the editions of 1798 and 1800 only.

<sup>2</sup> An ancient Mariner meeteth three Gallants  
 bidden to a wedding-feast, and detaineth one.  
 [This and the following notes, except those in  
 brackets, are Coleridge's running Summary of  
 the story, first printed in *Sybilline Leaves*, 1817.]

<sup>3</sup> The Wedding-Guest is spell-bound by the  
 eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained  
 to hear his tale.

<sup>1</sup> The poem is here given in the text of 1829  
 which is Coleridge's final version, the result of  
 several revisions, most of which are improve-  
 ments over the first text of 1798. Instead of the

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone :  
He cannot choose but hear ;  
And thus spake on that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner.

“The ship was cheered, the harbor  
cleared,  
Merrily did we drop  
Below the kirk, below the hill,  
Below the lighthouse top.

<sup>1</sup> The sun came up upon the left,  
Out of the sea came he !  
And he shone bright, and on the right  
Went down into the sea:

Higher and higher every day,  
Till over the mast at noon—  
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,  
For he heard the loud bassoon.

<sup>2</sup> The bride hath paced into the hall,  
Red as a rose is she ;  
Nodding their heads before her goes  
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,  
Yet he cannot choose but hear ;  
And thus spake on that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner.

<sup>3</sup> “And now the Storm-blast came, and  
he  
Was tyrannous and strong :  
He struck with his o’ertaking wings,  
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,  
As who pursued with yell and blow  
Still treads the shadow of his foe,  
And forward bends his head,  
The ship drove fast, loud roared the  
blast,  
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and  
snow,  
And it grew wondrous cold :  
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,  
As green as emerald.

<sup>1</sup> The Mariner tells how the ship sailed south-  
ward with a good wind and fair weather, till it  
reached the line.

<sup>2</sup> The Wedding Guest heareth the bridal  
music ; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

<sup>3</sup> The ship drawn by a storm toward the south  
pole.

<sup>4</sup> The land of ice, and of fearful sounds, where  
no living thing was to be seen.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts  
Did send a dismal sheen :  
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—  
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around :  
It cracked and growled, and roared and  
howled,  
Like voices in a swoond !

<sup>1</sup> At length did cross an Albatross,  
Thorough the fog it came ;  
As if it had been a Christian soul,  
We hailed it in God’s name.

It ate the food it ne’er had eat,  
And round and round it flew.  
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;  
The helmsman steered us through !

<sup>2</sup> And a good south wind sprung up be-  
hind ;  
The Albatross did follow,  
And every day, for food or play,  
Came to the mariner’s hollo !

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,  
It perched for vespers nine ;  
While all the night, through fog-smoke  
white,  
Glimmered the white moon-shine.”

<sup>3</sup> “God save thee, ancient Mariner !  
From the fiends, that plague thee  
thus !—  
Why look’st thou so ?” —“ With my  
cross-bow  
I shot the Albatross.

## PART II

“The Sun now rose upon the right :  
Out of the sea came he,  
Still hid in mist, and on the left  
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew be-  
hind,  
But no sweet bird did follow,  
Nor any day for food or play  
Came to the mariners’ hollo !

<sup>1</sup> Till a great sea bird, called the Albatross,  
came through the snow-fog, and was received  
with great joy and hospitality.

<sup>2</sup> And lo ! the Albatross proveth a bird of good  
omen, and followeth the ship as it returned  
northward through fog and floating ice.

<sup>3</sup> The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the  
pious bird of good omen.



<sup>1</sup> And I had done an hellish thing,  
And it would work 'em woe :  
For all averred, I had killed the bird,  
That made the breeze to blow.  
Ah wretch ! said they, the bird to slay,  
That made the breeze to blow !

<sup>2</sup> Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,  
The glorious Sun uprist :  
Then all averred, I had killed the bird  
That brought the fog and mist.  
'Twas right, said they, such birds to  
slay,  
That bring the fog and mist.

<sup>3</sup> The fair breeze blew, the white foam  
flew,  
The furrow followed free ;  
We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.

<sup>4</sup> Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt  
down,  
'Twas sad as sad could be ;  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea !

All in a hot and copper sky,  
The bloody Sun, at noon,  
Right up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

<sup>5</sup> Water, water, everywhere,  
And all the boards did shrink ;  
Water, water, everywhere  
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot : O Christ !  
That ever this should be !  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout  
The death-fires danced at night ;  
The water, like a witch's oils,  
Burnt green, and blue and white.

<sup>1</sup> His shipmates cry out against the ancient Mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.

<sup>2</sup> But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.

<sup>3</sup> The fair breeze continues ; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails northward, even till it reaches the Line.

<sup>4</sup> The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

<sup>5</sup> And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

<sup>1</sup> And some in dreams assured were  
Of the Spirit that plagued us so ;  
Nine fathom deep he had followed us  
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter  
drought,  
Was withered at the root ;  
We could not speak, no more than if  
We had been choked with soot.

<sup>2</sup> Ah ! well a-day ! what evil looks  
Had I from old and young !  
Instead of the cross, the Albatross  
About my neck was hung.

### PART III

"There passed a weary time. Each  
throat  
Was parched, and glazed each eye.  
A weary time ! a weary time !  
How glazed each weary eye !—  
<sup>3</sup> When looking westward, I beheld  
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,  
And then it seemed a mist ;  
It moved and moved, and took at last  
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !  
And still it neared and neared :  
As if it dodged a water-sprite,  
It plunged and tacked and veered.

<sup>4</sup> With throats unslaked, with black lips  
baked,  
We could nor laugh nor wail ;  
Through utter drought all dumb we  
stood !  
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,  
And cried, A sail ! a sail !

With throats unslaked, with black lips  
baked,  
Agape they heard me call :

<sup>1</sup> A Spirit had followed them ; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels ; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

<sup>2</sup> The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner : in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

<sup>3</sup> The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

<sup>4</sup> At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship : and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

<sup>1</sup> Gramercy ! they for joy did grin.  
And all at once their breath drew in,  
As they were drinking all.

<sup>2</sup> 'See ! see !' (I cried) 'she tacks no  
more !

Hither to work us weal,  
Without a breeze, without a tide,  
She steadies with upright keel !'

The western wave was all aflame.  
The day was well-nigh done !  
Almost upon the western wave  
Rested the broad bright Sun ;  
When that strange shape drove suddenly  
Betwixt us and the Sun.

<sup>3</sup> And straight the Sun was flecked with  
bars,  
(Heaven's Mother send us grace !)  
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered  
With broad and burning face.

Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat  
loud)  
How fast she nears and nears !  
Are those her sails that glance in the  
Sun,  
Like restless gossameres ?

<sup>4</sup> Are those her ribs though which the Sun  
Did peer, as through a grate ?  
And is that Woman all her crew ?  
Is that a Death ? and are there two ?  
<sup>5</sup> Is Death that woman's mate ?

<sup>6</sup> Her lips were red, her looks were free,  
Her locks were yellow as gold :  
Her skin was as white as leprosy,  
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,  
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

<sup>7</sup> The naked hulk alongside came,  
And the twain were casting dice ;  
'The game is done ! I've won ! I've won !'  
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

<sup>1</sup> A flash of joy.

<sup>2</sup> And horror follows. For can it be a ship that  
comes onward without wind or tide ?

<sup>3</sup> It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

<sup>4</sup> And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of  
the setting Sun.

<sup>5</sup> The Spectre-Woman and her Death-mate,  
and no other on board the skeleton-ship.

<sup>6</sup> Like vessel, like crew !

<sup>7</sup> Death and Life-in-Death have dined for the  
ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the  
ancient Mariner.

<sup>1</sup> The Sun's rim dips ; the stars rush out.  
At one stride comes the dark ;  
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,  
Off shot the spectre-bark.

<sup>2</sup> We listened and looked sideways up !  
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,  
My life-blood seemed to sip !  
The stars were dim, and thick the night.  
The steersman's face by his lamp  
gleamed white :

From the sails the dew did drip—  
Till clomb above the eastern bar  
The horned Moon, with one bright star  
Within the nether tip.

<sup>3</sup> One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,  
Too quick for groan or sigh,  
Each turned his face with a ghastly  
pang.

And cursed me with his eye.

<sup>4</sup> Four times fifty living men,  
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)  
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,  
They dropped down one by one.

<sup>5</sup> The souls did from their bodies fly,—  
They fled to bliss or woe !  
And every soul, it passed me by,  
Like the whizz of my cross-bow !"—

#### PART IV

<sup>6</sup> "I fear thee, ancient Mariner !  
I fear thy skinny hand  
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,  
As is the ribbed sea-sand."<sup>7</sup>

I fear thee and thy glittering eye.  
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—

<sup>8</sup> "Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-  
Guest !

This body dropt not down.

<sup>1</sup> No twilight within the courts of the Sun.

<sup>2</sup> At the rising of the Moon,

<sup>3</sup> One after another

<sup>4</sup> His shipmates drop down dead.

<sup>5</sup> But Life-in-Death begins her work on the  
ancient Mariner.

<sup>6</sup> The Wedding-Guest feareth that a Spirit is  
talking to him.

<sup>7</sup> [For the last two lines of this stanza, I am in-  
debted to Mr. Wordsworth. It was on a delight-  
ful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, with  
him and his sister, in the autumn of 1797, that  
this poem was planned, and in part composed.  
(Note of Coleridge, first printed in *Sibylline  
Leaves*, 1817) ]

<sup>8</sup> But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his  
bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible  
penance.



Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide wide sea!  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony.

<sup>1</sup> The many men, so beautiful!  
And they all dead did lie:  
And a thousand thousand slimy things  
Lived on; and so did I.

<sup>2</sup> I looked upon the rotting sea,  
And drew my eyes away;  
I looked upon the rotting deck,  
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;  
But or ever a prayer had gusht,  
A wicked whisper came, and made  
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,  
And the balls like pulses beat;  
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and  
the sky  
Lay like a load on my weary eye,  
And the dead were at my feet.

<sup>3</sup> The cold sweat melted from their  
limbs,  
Nor rot nor reek did they:  
The look with which they looked on me  
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell  
A spirit from on high;  
But oh! more horrible than that  
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!  
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that  
curse,  
And yet I could not die.

<sup>4</sup> The moving Moon went up the sky,  
And nowhere did abide:  
Softly she was going up,  
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,  
Like April hoar-frost spread;  
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,  
The charmed water burnt alway  
A still and awful red.

<sup>1</sup> Beyond the shadow of the ship,  
I watched the water-snakes:  
They moved in tracks of shining white,  
And when they reared, the elfish light  
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship  
I watched their rich attire:  
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
They coiled and swam; and every track  
Was a flash of golden fire.

<sup>2</sup> O happy livings things! no tongue  
Their beauty might declare:  
A spring of love gushed from my heart,  
<sup>3</sup> And I blessed them unaware:  
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
And I blessed them unaware.

<sup>4</sup> The selfsame moment I could pray;  
And from my neck so free  
The Albatross fell off, and sank  
Like lead into the sea.

## PART V

"Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole!  
To Mary Queen the praise be given!  
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,  
That slid into my soul.

<sup>5</sup> The silly buckets on the deck,  
That had so long remained.  
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;  
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,  
My garments all were dank;  
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,  
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:  
I was so light—almost  
I thought that I had died in sleep,  
And was a blessed ghost.

<sup>1</sup> By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's  
creatures of the great calm.

<sup>2</sup> Their beauty and their happiness.

<sup>3</sup> He blesseth them in his heart.

<sup>4</sup> The spell begins to break.

<sup>5</sup> By grace of the holy Mother, the ancient  
Mariner is refreshed with rain.

<sup>1</sup> He despiseth the creatures of the calm.

<sup>2</sup> And envieth that they should live, and so many lie dead.

<sup>3</sup> But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men.

<sup>4</sup> In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

<sup>1</sup> And soon I heard a roaring wind :  
It did not come anear :  
But with its sound it shook the sails,  
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life !  
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,  
To and fro they were hurried about !  
And to and fro, and in and out,  
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more  
loud,  
And the sails did sigh like sedge ;  
And the rain poured down from one  
black cloud ;  
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still  
The Moon was at its side :  
Like waters shot from some high crag,  
The lightning fell with never a jag,  
A river steep and wide.

<sup>2</sup> The loud wind never reached the  
ship,  
Yet now the ship moved on !  
Beneath the lightning and the Moon  
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all up-  
rose,  
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;  
It had been strange, even in a dream,  
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved  
on ;  
Yet never a breeze up blew :  
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,  
Where they were wont to do ;  
They raised their limbs like lifeless  
tools—  
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son  
Stood by me, knee to knee :  
The body and I pulled at one rope  
But he said nought to me."—

<sup>3</sup> "I fear thee, ancient Mariner !" —  
"Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest !

<sup>1</sup> He heareth sounds and seeth strange sights  
and commotions in the sky and the element.

<sup>2</sup> The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired,  
and the ship moves on ;

<sup>3</sup> But not by the souls of the men, nor by  
demons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed  
troop of angelic spirits, sent down by the invo-  
cation of the guardian saint.

'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,  
Which to their corses came again,  
But a troop of spirits blest :

For when it dawned—they dropped their  
arms,  
And clustered round the mast ;  
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their  
mouths,  
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,  
Then darted to the Sun ;  
Slowly the sounds came back again,  
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky  
I heard the sky-lark sing ;  
Sometimes all little birds that are,  
How they seemed to fill the sea and air  
With their sweet jargoning !

And now 'twas like all instruments,  
Now like a lonely flute ;  
And now it is an angel's song,  
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on  
A pleasant noise till noon,  
A noise like of a hidden brook  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,  
Yet never a breeze did breathe :  
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,  
Moved onward from beneath.

<sup>1</sup> Under the keel nine fathom deep,  
From the land of mist and snow,  
The spirit slid : and it was he  
That made the ship to go.  
The sails at noon left off their tune,  
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,  
Had fixed her to the ocean :  
But in a minute she 'gan stir,  
With a short uneasy motion—  
Backwards and forwards half her length  
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,  
She made a sudden bound :  
It flung the blood into my head,  
And I fell down in a swoond.

<sup>1</sup> The lonesome Spirit from the south-pole  
carries on the ship as far as the Line, in obedi-  
ence to the angelic troop, but still requireth  
vengeance.



<sup>1</sup> How long in that same fit I lay,  
I have not to declare ;  
But ere my living life returned,  
I heard and in my soul discerned  
Two voices in the air.

‘Is it he?’ quoth one, ‘Is this the man?  
By him who died on cross.  
With his cruel bow he laid full low  
The harmless Albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself  
In the land of mist and snow,  
He loved the bird that loved the man  
Who shot him with his bow.’

The other was a softer voice,  
As soft as honey-dew :  
Quoth he, ‘The man hath penance  
done,  
And penance more will do.’

## PART VI

## FIRST VOICE

‘‘But tell me, tell me! speak again,  
Thy soft response renewing—  
What makes that ship drive on so fast?  
What is the ocean doing?

## SECOND VOICE

‘Still as a slave before his lord,  
The ocean hath no blast;  
His great bright eye most silently  
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;  
For she guides him smooth or grim.  
See, brother, see! how graciously  
She looketh down on him.’

## FIRST VOICE

<sup>2</sup> ‘But why drives on that ship so fast,  
Without or wave or wind?’

## SECOND VOICE

‘The air is cut away before,  
And closes from behind.

<sup>1</sup> The Polar Spirit’s fellow-demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

<sup>2</sup> The Mariner hath been cast into a trance; for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!  
Or we shall be belated:  
For slow and slow that ship will go,  
When the Mariner’s trance is abated.’

<sup>1</sup> I woke, and we were sailing on  
As in a gentle weather:  
‘Twas night, calm night, the Moon was  
high,  
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,  
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:  
All fixed on me their stony eyes,  
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they  
died,  
Had never passed away:  
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,  
Nor turn them up to pray.

<sup>2</sup> And now this spell was snapt: once  
more

I viewed the ocean green,  
And looked far forth, yet little saw  
Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And having once turned round walks  
on,

And turns no more his head;  
Because he knows, a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,  
Nor sound nor motion made:  
Its path was not upon the sea,  
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek  
Like a meadow-gale of spring—  
It mingled strangely with my fears,  
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,  
Yet she sailed softly too:  
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—  
On me alone it blew.

<sup>3</sup> Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed  
The light-house top I see?  
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?  
Is this mine own countree?

<sup>1</sup> The supernatural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

<sup>2</sup> The curse is finally expiated.

<sup>3</sup> And the ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.

We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,  
And I with sobs did pray—  
'O let me be awake, my God!  
Or let me sleep alway.'

The harbor-bay was clear as glass,  
So smoothly it was strewn!  
And on the bay the moonlight lay,  
And the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,  
That stands above the rock:  
The moonlight steeped in silentness  
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light  
Till rising from the same,  
Full many shapes, that shadows were,  
In crimson colors came.

<sup>2</sup> A little distance from the prow  
Those crimson shadows were:  
I turned my eyes upon the deck—  
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,  
And, by the holy rood!  
A man all light, a seraph-man,  
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:  
It was a heavenly sight!  
They stood as signals to the land,  
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,  
No voice did they impart—  
No voice; but oh! the silence sank  
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,  
I heard the Pilot's cheer:  
My head was turned perforce away,  
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,  
I heard them coming fast:  
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy  
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:  
It is the Hermit good!  
He singeth loud his godly hymns  
That he makes in the wood.  
He'll shrive my soul, he'll wash away  
The Albatross's blood.

<sup>1</sup> The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies,

<sup>2</sup> And appear in their own forms of light.

## PART VII

<sup>1</sup> "This Hermit good lives in that wood  
Which slopes down to the sea.  
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!  
He loves to talk with marineres  
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—  
He hath a cushion plump:  
It is the moss that wholly hides  
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them  
talk,  
'Why, this is strange, I trow!  
Where are those lights so many and  
fair,  
That signal made but now?'

<sup>2</sup> 'Strange, by my faith!' the Hermit  
said—  
'And they answered not our cheer!  
The planks look warped! and see those  
sails,  
How thin they are and sere!  
I never saw aught like to them,  
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag  
My forest-brook along;  
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,  
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,  
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look'—  
(The Pilot made reply)  
'I am a-feared.'—'Push on, push on!'  
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,  
But I nor spake nor stirred;  
The boat came close beneath the ship,  
And straight a sound was heard.

<sup>3</sup> Under the water it rumbled on,  
Still louder and more dread:  
It reached the ship, it split the bay;  
The ship went down like lead.

<sup>4</sup> Stunned by that loud and dreadful  
sound,  
Which sky and ocean smote,

<sup>1</sup> The Hermit of the Wood,

<sup>2</sup> Approacheth the ship with wonder.

<sup>3</sup> The ship suddenly sinketh.

<sup>4</sup> The ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot's  
boat.



Like one that hath been seven days  
drowned  
My body lay afloat ;  
But swift as dreams, myself I found  
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,  
The boat spun round and round ;  
And all was still, save that the hill  
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked  
And fell down in a fit ;  
The Holy Hermit raised his eyes,  
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars : The Pilot's boy  
Who now doth crazy go  
Laughed loud and long, and all the while  
His eyes went to and fro.  
'Ha ! ha !' quoth he, 'full plain I see,  
The Devil knows how to row.'

And now, all in my own countree,  
I stood on the firm land !  
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,  
And scarcely he could stand.

<sup>1</sup> 'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man !'  
The Hermit crossed his brow.  
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—  
What manner of man art thou ?'

Forthwith this frame of mine was  
wrenched  
With a woful agony,  
Which forced me to begin my tale ;  
And then it left me free.

<sup>2</sup> Since then, at an uncertain hour,  
That agony returns :  
And till my ghastly tale is told,  
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land ;  
I have strange power of speech ;  
That moment that his face I see,  
I know the man that must hear me :  
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door !  
The wedding-guests are there :  
But in the garden-bower the bride  
And bride-maids singing are :  
And hark the little vesper bell,  
Which biddeth me to prayer !

<sup>1</sup> The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrieve him ; and the penance of life falls on him.

<sup>2</sup> And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land,

O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been  
Alone on a wide wide sea :  
So lonely, 'twas, that God himself  
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,  
'Tis sweeter far to me,  
To walk together to the kirk,  
With a goodly company !—

To walk together to the kirk,  
And all together pray.  
While each to his great Father bends,  
Old men, and babes, and loving friends  
And youths and maidens gay !

<sup>1</sup> Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell  
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest !  
He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small ;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,  
Whose beard with age is hoar,  
Is gone ; and now the Wedding-Guest  
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been  
stunned,

And is of sense forlorn :  
A sadder and a wiser man,  
He rose the morrow morn.

1797-1798. 1798.

### CHRISTABEL

The first part of the following poem was written in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven, at Stowey, in the county of Somerset. The second part, after my return from Germany, in the year one thousand eight hundred, at Keswick, Cumberland. Since the latter date, my poetic powers have been, till very lately, in a state of suspended animation. But as, in my very first conception of the tale, I had the whole present to my mind, with the wholeness, no less than with the liveliness of a vision ; I trust that I shall be able to embody in verse the three parts yet to come, in the course of the present year. . . .

I have only to add, that the metre of the Christabel is not, properly speaking, irregular, though it may seem so from its being founded on a new principle: namely, that of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found

<sup>1</sup> And to teach, by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.

to be only four. Nevertheless this occasional variation in number of syllables is not introduced wantonly, or for the mere ends of convenience, but in correspondence with some transition in the nature of the imagery or passion. (From Coleridge's *Preface* to the first edition.)

## PART THE FIRST

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,

And the owls have awakened the crowing cock,

Tu—whit!—Tu—whoo!

And hark, again! the crowing cock,  
How drowsily it crew.

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,  
Hath a toothless mastiff, which  
From her kennel beneath the rock  
Maketh answer to the clock,  
Four for the quarters, and twelve for  
the hour;  
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,  
Sixteen short howls, not over loud;  
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark?  
The night is chilly, but not dark.  
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,  
It covers but not hides the sky.  
The moon is behind, and at the full;  
And yet she looks both small and dull.  
The night is chill, the cloud is gray:  
'Tis a month before the month of May.  
And the Spring comes slowly up this  
way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,  
Whom her father loves so well,  
What makes her in the woods so late,  
A furlong from the castle gate?  
She had dreams all yesternight  
Of her own betrothed knight;  
And she in the midnight wood will pray  
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,  
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,  
And naught was green upon the oak  
But moss and rarest misletoe:  
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,  
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,  
The lovely lady, Christabel!  
It moaned as near, as near can be,  
But what it is she cannot tell.—  
On the other side it seems to be,  
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak  
tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;  
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?  
There is not wind enough in the air  
To move away the ringlet curl  
From the lovely lady's cheek—  
There is not wind enough to twirl  
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,  
That dances as often as dance it can,  
Hanging so light, and hanging so high.  
On the topmost twig that looks up at  
the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!  
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!  
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,  
And stole to the other side of the oak.  
What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,  
Drest in a silken robe of white,  
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:  
The neck that made the white robe  
wan,  
Her stately neck, and arms were bare;  
Her blue-veined feet unsandal'd were,  
And wildly glittered here and there  
The gems entangled in her hair.  
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see  
A lady so richly clad as she—  
Beautiful exceedingly!

Mary mother, save me now!  
(Said Christabel,) And who art thou?

The lady strange made answer meet,  
And her voice was faint and sweet:—  
Have pity on my sore distress,  
I scarce can speak for weariness:  
Stretch forth thy hand, and have no  
fear!  
Said Christabel, How camest thou here?  
And the lady, whose voice was faint and  
sweet,  
Did thus pursue her answer meet:

My sire is of a noble line,  
And my name is Geraldine:  
Five warriors seized me yesternorn,  
Me, even me, a maid forlorn:  
They choked my cries with force and  
fright,  
And tied me on a palfrey white.  
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,  
And they rode furiously behind.  
They spurred amain, their steeds were  
white:  
And once we crossed the shade of night.  
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,  
I have no thought what men they be;  
Nor do I know how long it is



(For I have lain entranced I wis)  
 Since one, the tallest of the five,  
 Took me from the palfrey's back,  
 A weary woman, scarce alive.  
 Some muttered words his comrades  
 spoke :

He placed me underneath this oak ;  
 He swore they would return with haste ;  
 Whither they went I cannot tell—  
 I thought I heard, some minutes past,  
 Sounds as of a castle bell.  
 Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she),  
 And help a wretched maid to flee.

Then Christabel stretched forth her  
 hand,  
 And comforted fair Geraldine :  
 O well, bright dame ! may you command  
 The service of Sir Leoline ;  
 And gladly our stout chivalry  
 Will he send forth and friends withal  
 To guide and guard you safe and free  
 Home to your noble father's hall.

She rose : and forth with steps they  
 passed  
 That strove to be, and were not, fast.  
 Her gracious stars the lady blest,  
 And thus spake on sweet Christabel :  
 All our household are at rest  
 The hall as silent as the cell ;  
 Sir Leoline is weak in health,  
 And may not well awakened be,  
 But we will move as if in stealth,  
 And I beseech your courtesey,  
 This night, to share your couch with me.

They crossed the moat, and Christabel  
 Took the key that fitted well ;  
 A little door she opened straight,  
 All in the middle of the gate ;  
 The gate that was ironed within and  
 without,

Where an army in battle array had  
 marched out.  
 The lady sank, belike through pain,  
 And Christabel with might and main  
 Lifted her up, a weary weight,  
 Over the threshold of the gate :  
 Then the lady rose again,  
 And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear,  
 They crossed the court ; right glad they  
 were.

And Christabel devoutly cried  
 To the lady by her side,  
 Praise we the Virgin all divine  
 Who hath rescued thee from thy dis-  
 tress !

Alas, alas ! said Geraldine,  
 I cannot speak for weariness.  
 So free from danger, free from fear,  
 They crossed the court : right glad they  
 were.

Outside her kennel, the mastiff old  
 Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.  
 The mastiff old did not awake,  
 Yet she an angry moan did make !  
 And what can ail the mastiff bitch ?  
 Never till now she uttered yell  
 Beneath the eye of Christabel.  
 Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch :  
 For what can ail the mastiff bitch ?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,  
 Pass as lightly as you will !  
 The brands were flat, the brands were  
 dying,

Amid their own white ashes lying ;  
 But when the lady passed, there came  
 A tongue of light, a fit of flame ;  
 And Christabel saw the lady's eye,  
 And nothing else saw she thereby,  
 Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline  
 tall,

Which hung in a murky old niche in the  
 wall.

O softly tread, said Christabel,  
 My father seldom sleepeth well.

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,  
 And jealous of the listening air  
 They steal their way from stair to stair  
 Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,  
 And now they pass the Baron's room,  
 As still as death, with stifled breath !  
 And now have reached her chamber  
 door ;

And now doth Geraldine press down  
 The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,  
 And not a moonbeam enters here.  
 But they without its light can see  
 The chamber carved so curiously,  
 Carved with figures strange and sweet,  
 All made out of the carver's brain,  
 For a lady's chamber meet ;  
 The lamp with twofold silver chain  
 Is fastened to an angel's feet.

The silver lamp burns dead and dim ;  
 But Christabel the lamp will trim.  
 She trimmed the lamp, and made it  
 bright,

And left it swinging to and fro,  
 While Geraldine, in wretched plight,  
 Sank down upon the floor below.

O weary lady, Geraldine,  
I pray you, drink this cordial wine!  
It is a wine of virtuous powers;  
My mother made it of wild flowers.

And will your mother pity me,  
Who am a maiden most forlorn?  
Christabel answered—Woe is me!  
She died the hour that I was born.  
I have heard the gray-haired friar tell  
How on her death-bed she did say,  
That she should hear the castle-bell  
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.  
O mother dear! that thou wert here!  
I would, said Geraldine, she were!

But soon with altered voice, said she—  
“Off, wandering mother! Peak and  
pine!

I have power to bid thee flee.”  
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?  
Why stares she with unsettled eye?  
Can she the bodiless dead espy?  
And why with hollow voice cries she,  
“Off, woman, off! this hour is mine—  
Though thou her guardian spirit be,  
Off, woman, off! ’tis given to me.”

Then Christabel knelt by the lady’s side,  
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue—  
“Alas!” said she, “this ghastly ride—  
Dear lady! it hath wildered you!”  
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,  
And faintly said, “’tis over now!”

Again the wild-flower wine she drank:  
Her fair large eyes ’gan glitter bright,  
And from the floor whereon she sank,  
The lofty lady stood upright:  
She was most beautiful to see,  
Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake—  
“All they who live in the upper sky,  
Do love you, holy Christabel!  
And you love them, and for their sake  
And for the good which me befel,  
Even I in my degree will try,  
Fair maiden, to requite you well.  
But now unrobe yourself; for I  
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie.”

Quoth Christabel, So let it be!  
And as the lady bade, did she.  
Her gentle limbs did she undress,  
And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and woe  
So many thoughts moved to and fro,

That vain it were her lids to close;  
So half-way from the bed she rose,  
And on her elbow did recline  
To look at the lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,  
And slowly rolled her eyes around,  
Then drawing in her breath aloud,  
Like one that shuddered, she unbowed.  
The cincture from beneath her breast  
Her silken robe, and inner vest,  
Dropt to her feet, and full in view  
Behold! her bosom and half  
side—

A sight to dream of, not to tell!  
O shield her! shield sweet Christabel!

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs  
Ah! what a stricken look was hers!  
Deep from within she seems half-dead,  
To lift some weight with sick assailed  
And eyes the maid and seeks delay  
Then suddenly, as one defied,  
Collects herself in scorn and pride,  
And lay down by the Maiden’s side  
And in her arms the maid she took  
Ah wel-a-day!

And with low voice and doleful look  
These words did say:

“In the touch of this bosom  
worketh a spell,  
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!

Thou knowest to-night, and wilt  
to-morrow,

This mark of my shame, this seal  
sorrow;

But vainly thou warrest,  
For this is alone in

Thy power to declare,

That in the dim forest  
Thou heard’st a low moan

And found’st a bright lady, surpassing  
fair;

And didst bring her home with thee  
love and in charity,

To shield her and shelter her from  
damp air.”

#### THE CONCLUSION TO PART THE FIRST

It was a lovely sight to see  
The lady Christabel, when she  
Was praying at the old oak tree.  
Amid the jagged shadows  
Of mossy leafless boughs,  
Kneeling in the moonlight,  
To make her gentle vows;



Her slender palms together prest,  
 Heaving sometimes on her breast;  
 Her face resigned to bliss or bale—  
 Her face, oh call it fair not pale.  
 And both blue eyes more bright than  
     clear,  
 Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah woe is me!)  
 Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,  
 Fearfully dreaming, yet, I wis,  
 Dreaming that alone, which is—  
 O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,  
 The lady, who knelt at the old oak  
     tree?

And lo! the worker of these harms,  
 That holds the maiden in her arms,  
 Seems to slumber still and mild,  
 As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,  
 O Geraldine! since arms of thine  
 Have been the lovely lady's prison.  
 O Geraldine! one hour was thine—  
 Thou'st had thy will! By tairn and  
     rill,  
 The night-birds all that hour were still,  
 But now they are jubilant anew,  
 From cliff and tower, tu—whoo! tu—  
     whoo!  
 Tu—whoo! tu—whoo! from wood and  
     fell!

And see! the lady Christabel  
 Gathers herself from out her trance;  
 Her limbs relax, her countenance  
 Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin  
     lids  
 Close o'er her eyes! and tears she sheds—  
 Large tears that leave the lashes bright!  
 And oft the while she seems to smile  
 As infants at a sudden light!

Yea, she doth smile, and she doth  
     weep,  
 Like a youthful hermitess,  
 Beauteous in a wilderness,  
 Who, praying always, prays in sleep.  
 And, if she move unquietly,  
 Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free  
 Comes back and tingles in her feet.  
 No doubt, she hath a vision sweet.  
 What if her guardian spirit 'twere,  
 What if she knew her mother near?  
 But this she knows, in joys and woes,  
 That saints will aid if men will call:  
 For the blue sky bends over all!

1797. 1816.

#### PART THE SECOND

Each matin bell, the Baron saith,  
 Knells us back to a world of death.  
 These words Sir Leoline first said,  
 When he rose and found his lady dead:  
 These words Sir Leoline will say  
 Many a morn to his dying day!

And hence the custom and law began  
 That still at dawn the sacristan,  
 Who duly pulls the heavy bell,  
 Five and forty beads must tell  
 Between each stroke—a warning knell,  
 Which not a soul can choose but hear  
 From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.

Saith Bracy the bard, So let it knell!  
 And let the drowsy sacristan  
 Still count as slowly as he can!  
 There is no lack of such, I ween,  
 As well fill up the space between.  
 In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair,  
 And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,  
 With ropes of rock and bells of air  
 Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,  
 Who all give back, one after t'other,  
 The death-note to their living brother;  
 And oft too, by the knell offended,  
 Just as their one! two! three! is ended  
 The devil mocks the doleful tale  
 With a merry peal from Borrowdale.

The air is still! through mist and cloud  
 That merry peal comes ringing loud;  
 And Geraldine shakes off her dread,  
 And rises lightly from the bed;  
 Puts on her silken vestments white,  
 And tricks her hair in lovely plight,  
 And nothing doubting of her spell  
 Awakens the lady Christabel.  
 "Sleep you, sweet lady Christabel?  
 I trust that you have rested well."

And Christabel awoke and spied  
 The same who lay down by her side—  
 O rather say, the same whom she  
 Raised up beneath the old oak tree!  
 Nay, fairer yet! and yet more fair!  
 For she belike hath drunken deep  
 Of all the blessedness of sleep!  
 And while she spake, her looks, her air,  
 Such gentle thankfulness declare,  
 That (so it seemed) her girded vests  
 Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts.  
 "Sure I have sinn'd!" said Christabel,  
 "Now heaven be praised if all be well!"  
 And in long faltering tones, yet sweet,  
 Did she the lofty lady greet

With such perplexity of mind  
As dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly arrayed  
Her maiden limbs, and having prayed  
That He, who on the cross did groan,  
Might wash away her sins unknown,  
She forthwith led fair Geraldine  
To meet her sire, Sir Leoline.

The lovely maid and the lady tall  
Are pacing both into the hall,  
And pacing on through page and groom,  
Enter the Baron's presence-room.

The Baron rose, and while he prest  
His gentle daughter to his breast,  
With cheerful wonder in his eyes  
The lady Geraldine espies,  
And gave such welcome to the same,  
As might beseem so bright a dame !

But when he heard the lady's tale,  
And when she told her father's name,  
Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale,  
Murmuring o'er the name again,  
Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine ?

Alas ! they had been friends in youth ;  
But whispering tongues can poison  
truth ;

And constancy lives in realms above ;  
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;  
And to be wroth with one we love  
Doth work like madness in the brain.  
And thus it chanced, as I divine,  
With Roland and Sir Leoline.

Each spake words of high disdain  
And insult to his heart's best brother :  
They parted—ne'er to meet again !  
But never either found another  
To free the hollow heart from pain—  
ing—

They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;  
A dreary sea now flows between.  
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
The marks of that which once hath been.

Sir Leoline, a moment's space,  
Stood gazing on the damsel's face ;  
And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine  
Came back upon his heart again.

O then the Baron forgot his age,  
His noble heart swelled high with rage ;  
He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side  
He would proclaim it far and wide,

With trump and solemn herald  
That they, who thus had wronged  
dame

Were base as spotted infamy !  
“ And if they dare deny the same,  
My herald shall appoint a week,  
And let the recreant traitors see  
My tourney court—that there  
I may dislodge their reptile souls  
From the bodies and forms of men  
He spake : his eye in lightning  
For the lady was ruthlessly seized  
he kenned

In the beautiful lady the child  
friend !

And now the tears were on his face  
And fondly in his arms he took  
Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace  
Prolonging it with joyous look.  
Which when she viewed, a vision  
Upon the soul of Christabel,  
The vision of fear, the touch of pain  
She shrunk and shuddered, and  
again—

(Ah, woe is me ! Was it for thee  
Thou gentle maid ! such sights  
Again she saw that bosom old,  
Again she felt that bosom cold,  
And drew in her breath with a  
sound :

Whereat the Knight turned  
round,  
And nothing saw, but his own  
maid

With eyes upraised, as one that

The touch, the sight, had passed  
And in its stead that vision blessed  
Which comforted her after-rest,  
While in the lady's arms she lay  
Had put a rapture in her breast,  
And on her lips and o'er her eyes  
Spread smiles like light !

With new surprise  
“ What ails then my beloved child ?  
The Baron said.—His daughter now  
Made answer, “ All will yet be well  
I ween, she had no power to tell  
Aught else : so mighty was the spell

Yet he, who saw this Geraldine,  
Had deemed her sure a thing divine  
Such sorrow with such grace  
blended,

As if she feared she had offended  
Sweet Christabel, that gentle maid  
And with such lowly tones she prayed  
She might be sent without delay



Home to her father's mansion.

"Nay!

Nay, by my soul!" said Leoline.

"Ho! Bracy the bard, the charge be thine!

Go thou, with music sweet and loud,  
And take two steeds with trappings proud,

And take the youth whom thou lov'st best  
To bear thy harp, and learn thy song,  
And clothe you both in solemn vest,  
And over the mountains haste along,  
Lest wandering folk, that are abroad,  
Detain you on the valley road.

"And when he has crossed the Irthing flood,

My merry bard! he hastes, he hastes  
Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth Wood,

And reaches soon that castle good  
Which stands and threatens Scotland's wastes.

Bard Bracy! bard Bracy! your horses are fleet,

Ye must ride up the hall, your music so sweet,

More loud than your horses' echoing feet!

And loud and loud to Lord Roland call,

Thy daughter is safe in Langdale hall!

Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free—

Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me.

He bids thee come without delay

With all thy numerous array;

and take thy lovely daughter home:

And he will meet thee on the way

With all his numerous array

White with their panting palfreys' foam:

And, by mine honor! I will say,

That I repent me of the day

When I spake words of fierce disdain

To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine!—

—For since that evil hour hath flown,

Many a summer's sun hath shone;

Yet ne'er found I a friend again

Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine."

The lady fell, and clasped his knees,

Her face upraised, her eyes o'erflowing;

And Bracy replied, with faltering voice,

His gracious hail on all bestowing;

"Thy words, thou sire of Christabel,

Are sweeter than my harp can tell;

Yet might I gain a boon of thee,

This day my journey should not be,

So strange a dream hath come to me:

That I had vowed with music loud

To clear yon wood from thing unblest,

Warn'd by a vision in my rest!

For in my sleep I saw that dove,  
That gentle bird, whom thou dost love,  
And call'st by thy own daughter's name—

Sir Leoline! I saw the same,  
Fluttering, and uttering fearful moan,  
Among the green herbs in the forest alone.

Which when I saw and when I heard,  
I wonder'd what might ail the bird;  
For nothing near it could I see,  
Save the grass and green herbs underneath the old tree.

"And in my dream, methought, I went  
To search out what might there be found;  
And what the sweet bird's trouble meant,  
That thus lay fluttering on the ground.

I went and peered, and could descry  
No cause for her distressful cry;

But yet for her dear lady's sake

I stooped, methought, the dove to take,

When lo! I saw a bright green snake

Coiled around its wings and neck.

Green as the herbs on which it couched,

Close by the dove's its head it crouched:

And with the dove it heaves and stirs,

Swelling its neck as she swelled hers!

I woke; it was the midnight hour,

The clock was echoing in the tower;

But though my slumber was gone by,

This dream it would not pass away—

It seems to live upon my eye!

And thence I vowed this self-same day

With music strong and saintly song

To wander through the forest bare,

Lest aught unholy loiter there."

Thus Bracy said: the Baron, the while,

Half-listening heard him with a smile;

Then turned to Lady Geraldine,

His eyes made up of wonder and love;

And said in courtly accents fine,

"Sweet maid, Lord Roland's beauteous

dove,

With arms more strong than harp of

song,

Thy sire and I will crush the snake!"

He kissed her forehead as he spake,

And Geraldine in maiden wise

Casting down her large bright eyes,

With blushing cheek and courtesy fine

She turned her from Sir Leoline;

Softly gathering up her train,

That o'er her right arm fell again;

And folded her arms across her chest,

And couched her head upon her breast,

And looked askance at Christabel—

Jesu, Maria, shield her well!

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,  
And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her  
head,

Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,  
And with somewhat of malice, and more  
of dread,

At Christabel she look'd askance!—  
One moment—and the sight was fled!  
But Christabel in dizzy trance  
Stumbling on the unsteady ground  
Shuddered aloud, with a hissing sound;  
And Geraldine again turned round,  
And like a thing, that sought relief,  
Full of wonder and full of grief,  
She rolled her large bright eyes divine  
Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas! her thoughts are gone,  
She nothing sees—no sight but one!  
The maid, devoid of guile and sin,  
I know not how, in fearful wise,  
So deeply had she drunken in  
That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,  
That all her features were resigned  
To this sole image in her mind:  
And passively did imitate  
That look of dull and treacherous hate!  
And thus she stood, in dizzy trance,  
Still picturing that look askance  
With forced unconscious sympathy  
Full before her father's view——  
As far as such a look could be  
In eyes so innocent and blue!

And when the trance was o'er, the maid  
Paused awhile, and inly prayed:  
Then falling at the Baron's feet,  
“By my mother's soul do I entreat  
That thou this woman send away!”  
She said: and more she could not say:  
For what she knew she could not tell,  
O'er mastered by the mighty spell.

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,  
Sir Leoline? Thy only child  
Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,  
So fair, so innocent, so mild;  
The same, for whom thy lady died!  
O, by the pangs of her dear mother,  
Think thou no evil of thy child!  
For her, and thee, and for no other.  
She prayed the moment ere she died:  
Prayed that the babe for whom she died  
Might prove her dear lord's joy and  
pride!

That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,  
Sir Leoline!

And wouldst thou wrong thy only  
child,  
Her child and thine?

Within the Baron's heart and brain  
If thoughts, like these, had any  
They only swelled his rage and pain  
And did but work confusion there  
His heart was cleft with pain and  
His cheeks they quivered, his eyes  
wild,

Dishonor'd thus in his old age;  
Dishonor'd by his only child,  
And all his hospitality  
To the insulted daughter of his  
By more than woman's jealousy  
Brought thus to a disgraceful end  
He rolled his eye with stern regard  
Upon the gentle minstrel bard,  
And said in tones abrupt, austere  
“Why, Bracy! dost thou loiter here?  
I bade thee hence!” The bard  
And turning from his own sweet  
The aged knight, Sir Leoline,  
Led forth the lady Geraldine!

1800.

## THE CONCLUSION TO PART THE SECOND

A little child, a limber elf,  
Singing, dancing to itself,  
A fairy thing with red round cheeks  
That always finds, and never sees  
Makes such a vision to the sight  
As fills a father's eyes with light  
And pleasures flow in so thick and fast  
Upon his heart, that he at last  
Must needs express his love's excess  
With words of unmeant bitterness  
Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together  
Thoughts so all unlike each other  
To mutter and mock a broken charm  
To dally with wrong that does no harm  
Perhaps 'tis tender too and pretty  
At each wild word to feel within  
A sweet recoil of love and pity.  
And what, if in a world of sin  
(O sorrow and shame should  
true!)

Such giddiness of heart and brain  
Comes seldom save from rage and pain  
So talks as it's most used to do.

? 1801

## FRANCE: AN ODE

## I

YE Clouds! that far above me float  
pause,  
Whose pathless march no mortal  
control!  
Ye Ocean Waves! that, when ye  
roll,



Yield homage only to eternal laws!  
 Ye Woods! that listen to the night-  
   bird's singing,  
   Midway the smooth and perilous slope  
   reclined,  
 Save when your own imperious branches  
   swinging,  
   Have made a solemn music of the  
   wind!  
 Where, like a man beloved of God,  
 Through glooms, which never woodman  
   trod,  
   How oft, pursuing fancies holy,  
 My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds  
   I wound,  
   Inspired beyond the guess of folly,  
 By each rude shape and wild unconquer-  
   able sound!  
 O ye loud Waves! and O ye Forests  
   high!  
   And O ye Clouds that far above me  
   soared!  
 Thou rising sun! thou blue rejoicing  
   Sky!  
   Yea, every thing that is and will be  
   free!  
   Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye  
   be,  
   With what deep worship I have still  
   adored  
   The spirit of divinest Liberty.

## II

When France in wrath her giant-limbs  
   upreared,  
   And with that oath which smote air,  
   earth and sea,  
   Stamped her strong foot and said she  
   would be free,  
 Bear witness for me, how I hoped and  
   feared!  
 With what a joy my lofty gratulation  
   Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band:  
 And when to whelm the disenchanted  
   nation,  
   Like fiends embattled by a wizard's  
   wand,  
   The Monarchs marched in evil day,  
   And Britain join'd the dire array;  
   Though dear her shores and circling  
   ocean,  
 Though many friendships, many youth-  
   ful loves  
   Had swoln the patriot emotion  
 And flung a magic light o'er all her hills  
   and groves;  
 Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang  
   defeat

To all that braved the tyrant-quelling  
   lance,  
 And shame too long delay'd and vain  
   retreat!  
 For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim  
 I dimmed thy light or damped thy holy  
   flame;  
   But blessed the pæans of delivered  
   France,  
 And hung my head and wept at Britain's  
   name.

## III

"And what," I said, "though Blas-  
   phemy's loud scream  
   With that sweet music of deliverance  
   strove!  
   Though all the fierce and drunken  
   passions wove  
 A dance more wild than e'er was  
   maniac's dream!  
   Ye storms, that round the dawning  
   east assembled,  
 The Sun was rising, though ye hid his  
   light!  
   And when to soothe my soul, that  
   hoped and trembled,  
 The dissonance ceased, and all seemed  
   calm and bright;  
   When France her front deep-scarr'd  
   and gory  
   Concealed with clustering wreaths of  
   glory;  
   When insupportably advancing,  
   Her arm made mockery of the war-  
   rior's ramp;  
   While timid looks of fury glancing,  
   Domestic treason, crushed beneath her  
   fatal stamp,  
 Writhed like a wounded dragon in his  
   gore;  
   Then I reproached my fears that  
   would not flee;  
 "And soon," I said, "shall Wisdom  
   teach her lore  
 In the low huts of them that toil and  
   groan;  
 And, conquering by her happiness  
   alone,  
   Shall France compel the nations to be  
   free,  
 Till Love and Joy look round, and call  
   the earth their own."

## IV

Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive those  
   dreams!  
   I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud  
   lament.

From bleak Helvetia's icy caverns  
sent—  
I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained  
streams!  
Heroes, that for your peaceful country  
perished,  
And ye, that fleeing, spot your moun-  
tain snows  
With bleeding wounds; forgive me,  
that I cherished  
One thought that ever blessed your cruel  
foes!  
To scatter rage and traitorous guilt  
Where Peace her jealous home had  
built;  
A patriot-race to disinherit  
Of all that made their stormy wilds so  
dear;  
And with inexpiable spirit  
To taint the bloodless freedom of the  
mountaineer—  
O France, that mockest Heaven, adul-  
terous, blind,  
And patriot only in pernicious toils!  
Are these thy boasts, Champion of human  
kind?  
To mix with Kings in the low lust of  
sway.  
Yell in the hunt, and share the murder-  
ous prey;  
To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils  
From freemen torn; to tempt and to  
betray?

## v

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in  
vain,  
Slaves by their own compulsion! In  
mad game  
They burst their manacles and wear  
the name  
Of Freedom, graven on a heavier  
chain!  
O Liberty! with profitless endeavor  
Have I pursued thee, many a weary  
hour;  
But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain  
nor ever  
Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human  
power.  
Alike from all, howe'er they praise  
thee,  
(Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays  
thee)  
Alike from Priestcraft's harpy  
minions,  
And factious Blasphemy's obscener  
slaves,

Thou speedest on thy subtle p  
The guide of homeless winds, and  
mate of the waves!  
And then I felt thee!—on that sea-  
verge.  
Whose pines, scarce travelled  
breeze above,  
Had made one murmur with the o  
surge!  
Yes, while I stood and gazed, my t  
bare,  
And shot my being through ear  
and air,  
Possessing all things with int  
love.  
O Liberty! my spirit felt thee  
*February, 1798. April 16,*

## FROST AT MIDNIGHT

THE Frost performs its secret mi  
Unhelped by any wind. The o  
cry  
Came loud—and hark, again! lo  
before.  
The inmates of my cottage, all a  
Have left me to that solitude,  
suits  
Abstruser musings: save that a  
side  
My cradled infant slumbers peace  
'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that  
turbs  
And vexes meditation with its s  
And extreme silentness. Sea, hi  
wood,  
This populous village! Sea, and hi  
wood,  
With all the numberless goings-  
life,  
Inaudible as dreams! the thin  
flame  
Lies on my low-burnt fire, and q  
not;  
Only that film, which fluttered o  
grate,  
Still flutters there, the sole un  
thing.  
Methinks, its motion in this hu  
nature  
Gives it dim sympathies with me  
live,  
Making it a companionable form,  
Whose puny flaps and freaks the  
Spirit  
By its own moods interprets, every  
Echo or mirror seeking of itself,  
And makes a toy of Thought.



But O! how oft,  
 How oft, at school, with most believing  
 mind,  
 Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,  
 To watch that fluttering *stranger*! and  
 as oft  
 With unclosed lids, already had I  
 dreamt  
 Of my sweet birth-place, and the old  
 church-tower,  
 Whose bells the poor man's only music  
 rang  
 From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-  
 day,  
 So sweetly, that they stirred and  
 haunted me  
 With a wild pleasure, falling on mine  
 ear  
 Most like articulate sounds of things to  
 come!  
 So gazed I, till the soothing things, I  
 dreamt,  
 Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged  
 my dreams!  
 And so I boded all the following morn,  
 Awed by the stern preceptor's face,  
 mine eye  
 Fixed with mock study on my swim-  
 ming book:  
 Save if the door half opened, and I  
 snatched  
 A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped  
 up.  
 For still I hoped to see the *stranger*'s  
 face,  
 Townsman, or aunt, or sister more be-  
 loved,  
 My play-mate when we both were  
 clothed alike!  
 Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by  
 my side,  
 Whose gentle breathings, heard in this  
 deep calm,  
 Fill up the interspersed vacancies  
 And momentary pauses of the thought!  
 My babe so beautiful! it thrills my  
 heart  
 With tender gladness, thus to look at  
 thee,  
 And think that thou shalt learn far  
 other lore,  
 And in far other scenes! For I was  
 reared  
 In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters  
 dim,  
 And saw nought lovely but the sky and  
 stars.  
 But *thou*, my babe! shalt wander like a  
 breeze

By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the  
 crags  
 Of ancient mountain, and beneath the  
 clouds,  
 Which image in their bulk both lakes  
 and shores  
 And mountain crags: so shalt thou see  
 and hear  
 The lovely shapes and sounds intelligi-  
 ble  
 Of that eternal language, which thy  
 God  
 Utters, who from eternity doth teach  
 Himself in all, and all things in himself.  
 Great universal Teacher! he shall mould  
 Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.  
 Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to  
 thee,  
 Whether the summer clothe the general  
 earth  
 With greenness, or the redbreast sit and  
 sing  
 Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare  
 branch  
 Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh  
 thatch  
 Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the  
 eave-drops fall  
 Heard only in the trances of the blast,  
 Or if the secret ministry of frost  
 Shall hang them up in silent icicles,  
 Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.  
*February, 1798. 1798.*

## LOVE

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
 All are but ministers of Love,  
 And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I  
 Live o'er again that happy hour,  
 When midway on the mount I lay,  
 Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene  
 Had blended with the lights of eve:  
 And she was there, my hope, my joy  
 My own dear Genevieve!

She leant against the armed man,  
 The statue of the armed knight;  
 She stood and listened to my lay,  
 Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,  
 My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!  
 She loves me best, whene'er I sing  
 The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,  
I sang an old and moving story—  
An old rude song, that suited well  
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,  
With downcast eyes and modest grace;  
For well she knew, I could not choose  
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore  
Upon his shield a burning brand;  
And that for ten long years he wooed  
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined: and ah!  
The deep, the low, the pleading tone  
With which I sang another's love,  
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,  
With downcast eyes, and modest grace  
And she forgave me, that I gazed  
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn  
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,  
And that he crossed the mountain-  
woods,  
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,  
And sometimes from the darksome shade  
And sometimes starting up at once  
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face  
An angel beautiful and bright;  
And that he knew it was a Fiend,  
This miserable Knight!

And that unknowing what he did,  
He leaped amid a murderous band,  
And saved from outrage worse than  
death  
The Lady of the Land!

And how she wept, and clasped his  
knees;  
And how she tended him in vain—  
And ever strove to expiate  
The scorn that crazed his brain;—

And that she nursed him in a cave;  
And how his madness went away,  
When on the yellow forest-leaves  
A dying man he lay;—

His dying words—but when I reached  
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,  
My faltering voice and pausing harp  
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense  
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve,  
The music and the doleful tale,  
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle  
An undistinguishable throng,  
And gentle wishes long subdued,  
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,  
She blushed with love, and  
shame;  
And like the murmur of a dream  
I heard her breathe my name

Her bosom heaved—she stepped a  
As conscious of my look she stepped  
Then suddenly, with timorous eye  
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arm;  
She pressed me with a meek emb  
And bending back her head, look  
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,  
And partly 'twas a bashful art,  
That I might rather feel, than see  
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,  
And told her love with virgin pride,  
And so I won my Genevieve,  
My bright and beauteous Bride.  
1798-1799. December 21,

## THE BALLAD OF THE DARK LADIE

### A FRAGMENT

BENEATH yon birch with silver bark  
And boughs so pendulous and fair  
The brook falls scatter'd down the  
And all is mossy there!

And there upon the moss she sits,  
The Dark Ladié in silent pain;  
The heavy tear is in her eye,  
And drops and swells again.

Three times she sends her little part  
Up the castled mountain's breast,  
If he might find the Knight that  
The Griffin for his crest.

The sun was sloping down the sky,  
And she had linger'd there all day,  
Counting moments, dreaming fears,  
Oh wherefore can he stay?



She hears a rustling o'er the brook,  
 She sees far off a swinging bough!  
 "Tis He! 'Tis my betrothed Knight!  
 Lord Falkland, it is Thou!"

She springs, she clasps him round the  
 neck,  
 She sobs a thousand hopes and fears,  
 Her kisses glowing on his cheeks  
 She quenches with her tears.

\* \* \* \*

"My friends with rude ungentle words  
 They scoff and bid me fly to thee!  
 O give me shelter in thy breast!  
 O shield and shelter me!"

"My Henry, I have given thee much,  
 I gave what I can ne'er recall.  
 I gave my heart, I gave my peace,  
 O Heaven! I gave thee all."

The Knight made answer to the Maid,  
 While to his heart he held her hand,  
 "Nine castles hath my noble sire,  
 None statelier in the land.

"The fairest one shall be my love's,  
 The fairest castle of the nine!  
 Wait only till the stars peep out,  
 The fairest shall be thine:

"Wait only till the hand of eve  
 Hath wholly closed yon western bars,  
 And through the dark we two will steal  
 Beneath the twinkling stars!"—

"The dark? the dark? No! not the  
 dark!  
 The twinkling stars? How, Henry?  
 How?

O God! 'twas in the eye of noon  
 He pledged his sacred vow!

"And in the eye of noon my love  
 Shall lead me from my mother's door.  
 Sweet boys and girls all clothed in white  
 Strewing flowers before:

"But first the nodding minstrels go  
 With music meet for lordly bowers,  
 The children next in snow-white vests,  
 Strewing buds and flowers!

"And then my love and I shall pace,  
 My jet black hair in pearly braids,  
 Between our comely bachelors  
 And blushing bridal maids."

\* \* \* \*

1798. 1834.

## LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM AT ELBINGERODE,  
 IN THE HARTZ FOREST

I STOOD on Brocken's sovran height, and  
 saw  
 Woods crowding upon woods, hills over  
 hills,

A surging scene, and only limited  
 By the blue distance. Heavily my way  
 Downward I dragged through fir groves  
 evermore,

Where bright green moss heaves in  
 sepulchral forms

Speckled with sunshine; and, but sel-  
 dom heard,

The sweet bird's song became an hollow  
 sound:

And the breeze, murmuring indivisibly,  
 Preserved its solemn murmur most dis-  
 tinct

From many a note of many a waterfall,  
 And the brook's chatter; 'mid whose  
 islet-stones

The dingy kidling with its tinkling bell  
 Leaped frolicsome, or old romantic goat  
 Sat, his white beard slow waving. I  
 moved on

In low and languid mood: for I had  
 found

That outward forms, the loftiest, still  
 receive

Their finer influence from the Life  
 within;—

Fair cyphers else: fair, but of import  
 vague

Or unconcerning, where the heart not  
 finds

History or prophecy of friend, or child,  
 Or gentle maid, our first and early love,  
 Or father, or the venerable name

Of our adored country! O thou Queen,  
 Thou delegated Deity of Earth,

O dear, dear England! how my longing  
 eye

Turned westward, shaping in the steady  
 clouds

Thy sands and high white cliffs!

My native Land!

Filled with the thought of thee this  
 heart was proud,

Yea, mine eye swam with tears: that  
 all the view

From sovran Brocken, woods and woody  
 hills,

Floated away, like a departing dream,

Feeble and dim! Stranger, these im-  
pulses  
Blame thou not lightly; nor will I pro-  
fane,  
With hasty judgment or injurious  
doubt,  
That man's sublimer spirit, who can feel  
That God is everywhere! the God who  
framed  
Mankind to be one mighty family,  
Himself our Father, and the World our  
Home.

May 17, 1799. September 17, 1799.

### ODE TO TRANQUILLITY

TRANQUILLITY! thou better name  
Than all the family of Fame!  
Thou ne'er wilt leave my riper age  
To low intrigue, or factious rage;  
For oh! dear child of thoughtful  
Truth,  
To thee I gave my early youth,  
And left the bark, and blest the stead-  
fast shore,  
Ere yet the tempest rose and scared me  
with its roar.

Who late and lingering seeks thy  
shrine,  
On him but seldom, Power divine,  
Thy spirit rests! Satiety  
And Sloth, poor counterfeits of thee,  
Mock the tired worldling. Idle Hope  
And dire Remembrance interlope,  
To vex the feverish slumbers of the  
mind:  
The bubble floats before, the spectre  
stalks behind.

But me thy gentle hand will lead  
At morning through the accustomed  
mead:  
And in the sultry summer's heat  
Will build me up a mossy seat;  
And when the gust of Autumn  
crowds,  
And breaks the busy moonlight  
clouds,  
Thou best the thought canst raise, the  
heart attune,  
Light as the busy clouds, calm as the  
gliding moon.

The feeling heart, the searching  
soul,  
To thee I dedicate the whole!  
And while within myself I trace,  
The greatness of some future race,  
Aloof with hermit-eye I scan

The present works of present m  
A wild and dream-like trade of  
and guile,  
Too foolish for a tear, too wicked  
smile! 1801. December 4,

### DEJECTION: AN ODE<sup>1</sup>

Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon  
With the old Moon in her arms;  
And I fear, I fear, my master dear!  
We shall have a deadly storm.

*Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence*

#### I

WELL! If the Bard was weather-  
who made  
The grand old ballad of Sir Pa  
Spence,  
This night, so tranquil now, will  
go hence  
Unroused by winds, that ply a b  
trade  
Than those which mould yon clou  
lazy flakes,  
Or the dull sobbing draft, that m  
and rakes  
Upon the strings of this *Æ*  
lute,  
Which better far were mute.  
For lo! the New-moon winter-bri  
And overspread with phantom lig  
(With swimming phantom light  
spread  
But rimmed and circled by a s  
thread)  
I see the old Moon in her lap, forete  
The coming-on of rain and squ  
blast,  
And oh! that even now the gust  
swelling,  
And the slant night-shower dri  
loud and fast!  
Those sounds which oft have raised  
whilst they awed,  
And sent my soul abroad,  
Might now perhaps their wonted imp  
give,  
Might startle this dull pain, and ma  
move and live!

<sup>1</sup> This Ode was originally written to W. Wordsworth, who was addressed as "Edmund" in the poem when first printed, on the day of Wordsworth's marriage, October 4, 1802. In the copy, the name "Edmund" occurs at every place where "Lady" is found in the later version, also where the name "Otway" occurs, in the seventh stanza; there is a corresponding change of the personal pronouns, and some slight differences of text, the most important of which is in the conclusion, as noted below.



## II

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,  
 Astifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,  
 Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,

In word, or sigh, or tear—  
 O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,  
 To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd,

All this long eve, so balmy and serene,  
 Have I been gazing on the western sky,  
 And its peculiar tint of yellow green :  
 And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye !

And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,

That give away their motion to the stars :  
 Those stars, that glide behind them or between,

Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen ;

Yon crescent Moon, as fixed as if it grew  
 In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue ;  
 I see them all so excellently fair,  
 I see, not feel, how beautiful they are !

## III

My genial spirits fail ;  
 And what can these avail  
 To lift the smothering weight from off my breast ?

It were a vain endeavor,  
 Though I should gaze for ever  
 On that green light that lingers in the west ;

I may not hope from outward forms to win

The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

## IV

O Lady! we receive but what we give,  
 And in our life alone does Nature live ;  
 Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud !

And would we aught behold, of higher worth,

Than that inanimate cold world allowed  
 To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,

Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth

A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud  
 Enveloping the Earth—

And from the soul itself must there be sent

A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,

Of all sweet sounds the life and element !

## V

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask  
 of me

What this strong music in the soul may be !

What, and wherein it doth exist,  
 This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,

This beautiful and beauty-making power.

Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was given,

Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,

Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,

Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,  
 Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower,

A new Earth and new Heaven,  
 Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—

Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—

We in ourselves rejoice !  
 And thence flows all that charms our ear or sight,

All melodies the echoes of that voice,  
 All colors a suffusion from that light.

## VI

There was a time when, though my path was rough,

This joy within me dallied with distress,

And all misfortunes were but as the stuff  
 Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness :

For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,

And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.

But now afflictions bow me down to earth :

Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth ;

But oh! each visitation  
 Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,

My shaping spirit of Imagination.

For not to think of what I needs must feel,

But to be still and patient, all I can ;  
 And haply by abstruse research to steal

From my own nature all the natural man—

This was my sole resource, my only plan ;

Till that which suits a part infects the  
whole,  
And now is almost grown the habit of  
my soul.

## VII

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around  
my mind,  
Reality's dark dream !  
I turn from you, and listen to the wind,  
Which long has raved unnoticed.  
What a scream  
Of agony by torture lengthened out  
That lute sent forth ! Thou Wind, that  
rav'st without,  
Bare crag, or mountain-tairn, or  
blasted tree,  
Or pine-grove whither woodman never  
clomb,  
Or lonely house, long held the witches'  
home,  
Methinks were fitter instruments for  
thee,  
Mad Lutanist ! who in this month of  
showers,  
Of dark-brown gardens, and of peeping  
flowers,  
Mak'st Devils' yule, with worse than  
wintry song,  
The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves  
among.  
Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic  
sounds !  
Thou mighty Poet, even to frenzy bold !  
What tell'st thou now about ?  
'Tis of the rushing of an host in rout,  
With groans of trampled men, with  
smarting wounds—  
At once they groan with pain, and  
shudder with the cold !  
But hush ! there is a pause of deepest  
silence !  
And all that noise, as of a rushing  
crowd,  
With groans, and tremulous shudderings  
—all is over—  
It tells another tale, with sounds less  
deep and loud !  
A tale of less affright,  
And tempered with delight,  
As Otway's<sup>1</sup> self had framed the tender  
lay.

<sup>1</sup> In the first printed copy, "*Edmund's*," referring to Wordsworth. The following lines are evidently an allusion to Wordsworth's *Lucy Gray*. The conclusion is as follows in the first printed copy :

With light heart may he rise,  
Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,  
And sing his lofty song, and teach me to rejoice !

'Tis of a little child  
Upon a lonesome wild,  
Not far from home, but she hath lost  
way ;  
And now moans low in bitter grief  
fear,  
And now screams loud, and hopes  
make her mother hear.

## VIII

'Tis midnight, but small thoughts h  
I of sleep :  
Full seldom may my friend such vi  
keep !  
Visit her, gentle Sleep ! with wings  
healing,  
And may this storm be but a mo  
tain-birth,  
May all the stars hang bright above  
dwelling,  
Silent as though they watched  
sleeping Earth !  
With light heart may she rise,  
Gay fancy, cheerful eyes.  
Joy lift her spirit, joy attune  
voice ;  
To her may all things live, from pole  
pole,  
Their life the eddying of her living so  
O simple spirit, guided from above  
Dear Lady ! friend devoutest of  
choice,  
Thus mayest thou ever, evermore  
joice.

April 4, 1802. October 4, 1802

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE  
VALE OF CHAMOUNI

Besides the Rivers Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot of Mont Blanc, conspicuous torrents rush down its sides ; within a few paces of the glaciers the Gentian Major grows in immense numbers, with "flowers of loveliest blue." (*Coleridge*.)

HAST thou a charm to stay the mornin  
star  
In his steep course ? So long he see  
to pause

O EDMUND, friend of my devoutest choice,  
O rais'd from anxious dread and busy care,  
By the immenseness of the good and fair  
Which thou see'st everywhere,  
Joy lifts thy spirit, joy attunes thy voice,  
To thee do all things live from pole to pole,  
Their life the eddying of thy living soul !  
O simple spirit, guided from above,  
O lofty Poet, full of life and love,  
Brother and friend of my devoutest choice,  
Thus may'st Thou ever, evermore rejoice !



On thy bald awful head, O sovran  
BLANC!

The Arve and Arveiron at thy base  
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful  
Form!

Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,  
How silently! Around thee and above  
Deep is the air and dark, substantial,  
black,

An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest  
it,

As with a wedge! But when I look  
again,

It is thine own calm home, thy crystal  
shrine,

Thy habitation from eternity!

O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon  
thee,

Till thou, still present to the bodily  
sense,

Didst vanish from my thought: en-  
tranced in prayer

I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,  
So sweet, we know not we are listening  
to it,

Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending  
with my Thought,

Yea, with my Life and Life's own secret  
joy:

Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,  
Into the mighty vision passing--there  
As in her natural form, swelled vast to  
Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive  
praise

Thou owest! not alone these swelling  
tears,

Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,  
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart,  
awake!

Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my  
Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of  
the Vale!

O struggling with the darkness all the  
night,

And visited all night by troops of stars,  
Or when they climb the sky or when  
they sink:

Companion of the morning-star at dawn,  
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the  
dawn

Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter  
praise!

Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in  
Earth?

Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy  
light?

Who made thee parent of perpetual  
streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely  
glad!

Who called you forth from night and  
utter death,

From dark and icy caverns called you  
forth,

Down those precipitous, black, jagged  
rocks,

For ever shattered and the same for  
ever?

Who gave you your invulnerable life,  
Your strength, your speed, your fury,  
and your joy,

Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?  
And who commanded (and the silence  
came),

Here let the billows stiffen, and have  
rest?

Ye Ice-falls! ye that from the moun-  
tain's brow

Adown enormous ravines slope amain--  
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty

voice,  
And stopped at once amid their maddest  
plunge!

Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!  
Who made you glorious as the Gates of  
Heaven

Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade  
the sun

Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with  
living flowers

Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at  
your feet?--

GOD! let the torrents, like a shout of  
nations,

Answer! and let the ice-plains echo,  
God!

GOD! sing ye meadow-streams with  
gladsome voice!

Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-  
like sounds!

And they too have a voice, yon piles of  
snow,

And in their perilous fall shall thunder,  
God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal  
frost!

Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's  
nest!

Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain-  
storm!

Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !

Ye signs and wonders of the element !  
Utter forth GOD, and fill the hills with praise !

Thou too, hoar Mount ! with thy sky-pointing peaks,  
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,  
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene  
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast—  
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain ! thou  
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low  
In adoration, upward from thy base  
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,  
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,  
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,  
Rise like a cloud of incense from the Earth !  
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,  
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,  
Great Hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,  
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun  
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises GOD.

1802. September 11, 1802.

#### THE GOOD, GREAT MAN

“How seldom, friend ! a good great man inherits  
Honor or wealth with all his worth and pains !  
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits  
If any man obtain that which he merits  
Or any merit that which he obtains.”

#### REPLY TO THE ABOVE

FOR shame, dear friend, renounce this canting strain !  
What would'st thou have a good great man obtain ?  
Place ? titles ? salary ? a gilded chain ?  
Or throne of corpses which his sword had slain ?  
Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends !

Hath he not always treasures, always friends,

The good great man ? *three* treasures, LOVE, and LIGHT,

And CALM THOUGHTS, regular as infant's breath :

And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,

HIMSELF, his MAKER, and the ANGEL DEATH !

1802. September 23, 1802.

#### THE PAINS OF SLEEP

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,  
It hath not been my use to pray  
With moving lips or bended knees ;  
But silently, by slow degrees,  
My spirit I to Love compose,  
In humble trust mine eyelids close,  
With reverential resignation.  
No wish conceived, no thought exprest,  
Only a *sense* of supplication ;  
A sense o'er all my soul imprest  
That I am weak, yet not unblest,  
Since in me, round me, everywhere  
Eternal Strength and Wisdom are.

But yester-night I pray'd aloud  
In anguish and in agony,  
Up-starting from the fiendish crowd  
Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me :

A lurid light, a trampling throng,  
Sense of intolerable wrong,  
And whom I scorned, those only strong !  
Thirst of revenge, the powerless will  
Still baffled, and yet burning still !  
Desire with loathing strangely mixed  
On wild or hateful objects fixed.  
Fantastic passions ! maddening brawl !  
And shame and terror over all !  
Deeds to be hid which were not hid,  
Which all confused I could not know  
Whether I suffered, or I did :  
For all seem'd guilt, remorse or woe,  
My own or others still the same  
Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame !

So two nights passed : the night's dismay

Saddened and stunned the coming day.  
Sleep, the wide blessing, seemed to me  
Distemper's worst calmity.

The third night, when my own loud scream

Had waked me from the fiendish dream,  
O'ercome with sufferings strange and wild,



I wept as I had been a child :  
 And having thus by tears subdued  
 My anguish to a milder mood,  
 Such punishments, I said, were due  
 To natures deepliest stained with sin :  
 For aye entempesting anew  
 The unfathomable hell within  
 The horror of their deeds to view,  
 To know and loathe, yet wish and do !  
 Such griefs with such men well agree,  
 But wherefore, wherefore fall on me ?  
 To be beloved is all I need,  
 And whom I love, I love indeed.

1803. 1816.

### TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

COMPOSED ON THE NIGHT AFTER HIS RE-  
 CITATION OF A POEM ON THE GROWTH  
 OF AN INDIVIDUAL MIND

FRIEND of the wise ! and Teacher of the  
 Good !  
 Into my heart have I received that Lay  
 More than historic, that prophetic Lay  
 Wherein (high theme by thee first sung  
 aright)  
 Of the foundations and the building up  
 Of a Human Spirit thou hast dared to  
 tell  
 What may be told, to the understanding  
 mind  
 Revealable ; and what within the mind  
 By vital breathings secret as the soul  
 Of vernal growth, oft quickens in the  
 heart  
 Thoughts all too deep for words !—  
 Theme hard as high !  
 Of smiles spontaneous, and mysterious  
 fears  
 (The first-born they of Reason and twin-  
 birth),  
 Of tides obedient to external force,  
 And currents self-determined, as might  
 seem,  
 Or by some inner Power ; of moments  
 awful,  
 Now in thy inner life, and now abroad,  
 When power streamed from thee, and  
 thy soul received  
 The light reflected, as a light bestowed—  
 Of fancies fair, and milder hours of  
 youth,  
 Hyblean murmurs of poetic thought  
 Industrious in its joy, in vales and glens  
 Native or outland, lakes and famous  
 hills !  
 Or on the lonely high-road, when the  
 stars

Were rising : or by secret mountain-  
 streams,  
 The guides and the companions of thy  
 way !

Of more than Fancy, of the Social Sense  
 Distending wide, and man beloved as  
 man,  
 Where France in all her towns lay vi-  
 brating  
 Like some becalmed bark beneath the  
 burst  
 Of Heaven's immediate thunder, when  
 no cloud  
 Is visible, or shadow on the main.  
 For thou wert there, thine own brows  
 garlanded,  
 Amid the tremor of a realm aglow,  
 Amid a mighty nation jubilant,  
 When from the general heart of human-  
 kind  
 Hope sprang forth like a full-born  
 Deity !  
 —Of that dear Hope afflicted and  
 struck down,  
 So summoned homeward, thenceforth  
 calm and sure  
 From the dread watch-tower of man's  
 absolute self  
 With light unwaning on her eyes, to  
 look  
 Far on—herself a glory to behold,  
 The angel of the vision ! Then (last  
 strain)  
 Of Duty, chosen Laws controlling choice,  
 Action and joy !—An orphic song in-  
 deed,  
 A song divine of high and passionate  
 thoughts  
 To their own music chanted !

O great Bard !  
 Ere yet that last strain dying awed the  
 air,  
 With steadfast eye I viewed thee in the  
 choir  
 Of ever-enduring men. The truly great  
 Have all one age, and from one visible  
 space  
 Shed influence ! They, both in power  
 and act,  
 Are permanent, and Time is not with  
 them,  
 Save as it worketh *for* them, they *in* it.  
 Nor less a sacred Roll than those of old,  
 And to be placed, as they, with gradual  
 fame  
 Among the archives of mankind, thy  
 work

Makes audible a linked lay of Truth,  
Of Truth profound a sweet continuous  
lay,  
Not learnt, but native, her own natural  
notes!

<sup>1</sup> Ah! as I listen'd with a heart forlorn,  
The pulses of my being beat anew:  
And even as life returns upon the  
drowned,

Life's joy rekindling roused a throng of  
pains—

Keen pangs of Love, awakening as a  
babe

Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart;  
And fears self-willed, that shunned the  
eye of hope;

And hope that scarce would know itself  
from fear;

Sense of past youth, and manhood come  
in vain,

And genius given, and knowledge won  
in vain;

And all which I had culled in wood-  
walks wide,

And all which patient toil had reared,  
and all

Commune with *thee* had opened out—  
but flowers

Strewed on my corse, and borne upon  
my bier,

In the same coffin, for the self-same  
grave!

That way no more! and ill beseems  
it me,

Who came a welcomer in herald's guise,  
Singing of glory, and futurity,

To wander back on such unhealthful  
road,

Plucking the poisons of self-harm! And  
ill

Such intertwine beseems triumphal  
wreaths

<sup>1</sup> In place of this line and the next, there stood  
in the manuscript copy of January 1807 the  
following lines:

Dear shall it be to every human heart,  
To me how more than dearest! me, on whom  
Comfort from thee, and utterance of thy love,  
Came with such heights and depths of harmony.  
Such sense of wings unlifting, that its might  
Scatter'd and quell'd me, till my thoughts be-  
came

A bodily tumult; and thy faithful hopes,  
Thy hopes of me, dear Friend, by me unfelt!  
Were troublous to me, almost as a voice,  
Familiar once, and more than musical;  
As a dear woman's voice to one cast forth,  
A wanderer with a worn-out heart forlorn,  
Mid strangers pining with untended wounds.  
O Friend, too well thou know'st, of what sad  
years

The long suppression had benumb'd my soul. . . .

Strew'd before *thy* advancing!

Nor do thou,  
Sage Bard! impair the memory of that  
hour

Of thy communion with my nobler  
mind

By pity or grief, already felt too long!  
Nor let my words import more blame  
than needs.

The tumult rose and ceased: for Peace  
is nigh

Where wisdom's voice has found a  
listening heart.

Amid the howl of more than wintry  
storms,

The halcyon hears the voice of vernal  
hours

Already on the wing.

Eve following eve,  
Dear tranquil time, when the sweet sense  
of Home

Is sweetest! moments for their own sake  
hailed

And more desired, more precious, for  
thy song,

In silence listening, like a devout  
child,

My soul lay passive, by thy various  
strain

Driven as in surges now beneath the  
stars,

With momentary stars of my own  
birth,

Fair constellated foam, still darting off  
Into the darkness; now a tranquil  
sea,

Outspread and bright, yet swelling to  
the moon.

And when—O Friend! my comforter  
and guide!

Strong in thyself, and powerful to give  
strength!—

Thy long sustained Song finally closed,  
And thy deep voice had ceased—yet  
thou thyself

Wert still before my eyes, and round us  
both

That happy vision of beloved faces—  
Scarce conscious, and yet conscious of  
its close

I sate, my being blended in one thought  
(Thought was it? or aspiration? or re-  
solve?)

Absorbed, yet hanging still upon the  
sound—

And when I rose, I found myself in  
prayer.

January, 1807. 1817.



## SONG FROM ZAPOLYA

A SUNNY shaft did I behold,  
 From sky to earth it slanted :  
 And poised therein a bird so bold—  
 Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted !

He sunk, he rose, he twinkled, he trolled  
 Within that shaft of sunny mist ;  
 His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,  
 All else of amethyst !

And thus he sang : Adieu ! adieu !  
 Love's dreams prove seldom true.  
 The blossoms they make no delay ;  
 The sparkling dew-drops will not stay.  
 Sweet month of May,  
 We must away ;  
 Far far away !  
 To-day ! to-day ! 1815. 1817.

## YOUTH AND AGE

VERSE, a breeze mid blossoms straying,  
 Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—  
 Both were mine ! Life went a-maying  
 With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,

When I was young !  
 When I was young ?—Ah, woeful When !  
 Ah ! for the change 'twixt Now and  
 Then !

This breathing house not built with  
 hands,

This body that does me grievous wrong,  
 O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands,  
 How lightly *then* it flashed along :—  
 Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,  
 On winding lakes and rivers wide,  
 That ask no aid of sail or oar,  
 That fear no spite of wind or tide !  
 Nought cared this body for wind or  
 weather

When Youth and I lived in't together.  
 Flowers are lovely ; Love is flower-like ;  
 Friendship is a sheltering tree ;  
 O ! the joys, that came down shower-like,  
 Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,  
 Ere I was old !

Ere I was old ? Ah woeful Ere,  
 Which tells me, Youth's no longer here !  
 O. Youth ! for years so many and sweet,  
 'Tis known, that Thou and I were one,  
 I'll think it but a fond conceit—  
 It cannot be that Thou art gone !  
 Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd :—  
 And thou wert aye a masker bold !  
 What strange disguise hast now put on,  
 To *make believe*, that thou art gone ?  
 I see these locks in silvery slips,

This drooping gait, this altered size :  
 But Spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,  
 And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !  
 Life is but thought : so think I will  
 That Youth and I are house-mates still.  
 Dew-drops are the gems of morning,  
 But the tears of mournful eve !

Where no hope is, life 's a warning  
 That only serves to make us grieve,  
 When we are old :

That only serves to make us grieve  
 With oft and tedious taking-leave  
 Like some poor nigh-related guest,  
 That may not rudely be dismiss ;  
 Yet hath out-stay'd his welcome while,  
 And tells the jest without the smile.

1823—April, 1832. 1828—June, 1832.

## WORK WITHOUT HOPE

ALL Nature seems at work. Slugs leave  
 their lair—

The bees are stirring—birds are on the  
 wing—

And Winter slumbering in the open air,  
 Wears on his smiling face a dream of  
 Spring !

And I the while, the sole unbusy thing,  
 Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build,  
 nor sing.

Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,  
 Have traced the fount whence streams  
 of nectar flow.

Bloom, O ye amaranths ! bloom for  
 whom ye may,

For me ye bloom not ! Glide, rich  
 streams, away !

With lips unbrightened, wreathless  
 brow, I stroll :

And would you learn the spells that  
 drowse my soul ?

Work without Hope draws nectar in a  
 sieve,

And Hope without an object cannot live.  
*February, 1827. 1828.*

## THE GARDEN OF BOCCACCIO

OF late, in one of those most weary  
 hours,

When life seems emptied of all genial  
 powers.

A dreary mood, which he who ne'er has  
 known

May bless his happy lot, I sate alone ;  
 And, from the numbing spell to win re-  
 lief, [grief.

Call'd on the Past for thought of glee or

In vain ! bereft alike of grief and glee,  
 I sate and cower'd o'er my own vacancy !  
 And as I watched the dull continuous  
     ache,  
 Which, all else slumbering, seem'd alone  
     to wake ;  
 O Friend ! long wont to notice yet conceal,  
 And soothe by silence what words cannot heal,  
 I but half saw that quiet hand of thine  
 Place on my desk this exquisite design,  
 Boccaccio's Garden and its faery,  
 The love, the joyaunce, and the gal-  
     lantry !  
 An Idyll, with Boccaccio's spirit warm,  
 Framed in the silent poesy of form.  
 Like flocks a-down a newly-bathed steep  
     Emerging from a mist : or like a stream  
 Of music soft, that not dispels the sleep,  
     But casts in happier moulds the  
     slumberer's dream,  
 Gazed by an idle eye with silent might  
 The picture stole upon my inward  
     sight.  
 A tremulous warmth crept gradual o'er  
     my chest,  
 As though an infant's finger touch'd my  
     breast.  
 And one by one (I know not whence)  
     were brought  
 All spirits of power that most had stirr'd  
     my thought  
 In selfless boyhood, on a new world tost  
 Of wonder, and in its own fancies lost ;  
 Or charm'd my youth, that, kindled from  
     above,  
 Loved ere it loved, and sought a form  
     for love ;  
 Or lent a lustre to the earnest scan  
 Of manhood, musing what and whence  
     is man !  
 Wild strain of Scalds, that in the sea-  
     worn caves  
 Rehearsed their war-spell to the winds  
     and waves ;  
 Or fateful hymn of those prophetic  
     maids,  
 That call'd on Hertha in deep forest  
     glades ;  
 Or minstrel lay, that cheer'd the baron's  
     feast ;  
 Or rhyme of city pomp, of monk and  
     priest,  
 Judge, mayor, and many a guild in long  
     array,  
 To high-church pacing on the great  
     saint's day.  
 And many a verse which to myself I sang,

That woke the tear yet stole away the  
     pang.  
 Of hopes which in lamenting I renew'd.  
 And last, a matron now, of sober mien,  
 Yet radiant still and with no earthly  
     sheen,  
 Whom as a faery child my childhood  
     woo'd  
 Even in my dawn of thought—Philos-  
     ophy ;  
 Though then unconscious of herself,  
     pardie,  
 She bore no other name than Poesy ;  
 And, like a gift from heaven, in life-  
     ful  
     glee,  
 That had but newly left a mother's knee.  
 Prattled and play'd with bird and flower,  
     and stone,  
 As if with elfin playfellows well known,  
 And life reveal'd to innocence alone.

Thanks, gentle artist ! now I can descry  
 Thy fair creation with a mastering eye,  
 And *all* awake ! And now in fix'd gaze  
     stand,  
 Now wander through the Eden of thy  
     hand ;  
 Praise the green arches, on the fountain  
     clear  
 See fragment shadows of the crossing  
     deer ;  
 And with that serviceable nymph I stoop  
 The crystal from its restless pool to  
     scoop.  
 I see no longer ! I myself am there,  
 Sit on the ground-sward, and the  
     banquet share.  
 'Tis I, that sweep that lute's love-echo-  
     ing strings,  
 And gaze upon the maid who gazing  
     sings ;  
 Or pause and listen to the tinkling bells  
 Frow the high tower, and think that  
     there she dwells.  
 With old Boccaccio's soul I stand possest,  
 And breathe an air like life, that swells  
     my chest.

The brightness of the world, O thou  
     once free,  
 And always fair, rare land of courtesy !  
 O Florence ! with the Tuscan fields and  
     hills  
 And famous Arno, fed with all their  
     rills ;  
 Thou brightest star of star-bright Italy !  
 Rich, ornate, populous, all treasures  
     thine,  
 The golden corn, the olive, and the vine,



Fair cities, gallant mansions, castles old,  
 And forests, where beside his leafy hold  
 The sullen boar hath heard the distant  
   horn,  
 And whets his tusks against the gnarled  
   thorn;  
 Palladian palace with its storied halls;  
 Fountains, where Love lies listening to  
   their falls;  
 Gardens, where flings the bridge its airy  
   span,  
 And Nature makes her happy home  
   with man:  
 Where many a gorgeous flower is duly  
   fed  
 With its own rill, on its own spangled  
   bed,  
 And wreathes the marble urn, or leans  
   its head,  
 A mimic mourner, that with veil with-  
   drawn  
 Weeps liquid gems, the presents of the  
   dawn;—  
 Thine all delights, and every muse is  
   thine;  
 And more than all, the embrace and  
   intertwine  
 Of all with all in gay and twinkling  
   dance!

Mid gods of Greece and warriors of  
   romance,  
 See! Boccace sits, unfolding on his  
   knees  
 The new found roll of old Mæonides;  
 But from his mantle's fold, and near the  
   heart,  
 Peers Ovid's Holy Book of Love's sweet  
   smart!<sup>1</sup>

O all-enjoying and all-blending sage,  
 Long be it mine to con thy mazy page,  
 Where half conceal'd, the eye of fancy  
   views  
 Fauns, nymphs, and winged saints, all  
   gracious to thy muse!

<sup>1</sup> I know few more striking or more interesting proofs of the overwhelming influence which the study of the Greek and Roman classics exercised on the judgments, feelings, and imaginations of the literati of Europe at the commencement of the restoration of literature, than the passage in the Filocopo of Boccaccio, where the sage instructor, Racheo, as soon as the young prince and the beautiful girl Biancofiore had learned their letters, sets them to study the Holy Book, Ovid's Art of Love. "Incominciò Racheo a mettere il suo officio in esecuzione con intera sollecitudine. E loro, in breve tempo, insegnato a conoscer le lettere, fece leggere il santo libro d'Ovidio, nel quale il sommo poeta mostra, come i santi fuochi di Venere si debbano ne' freddi cuori accendere." — (Coleridge.)

Still in thy garden let me watch their  
   pranks,  
 And see in Dian's vest between the  
   ranks  
 Of the trim vines, some maid that half  
   believes  
 The *vestal* fires, of which her lover  
   grieves,  
 With that sly satyr peeping through the  
   leaves!                   1828. 1829.

### PHANTOM OR FACT

#### A DIALOGUE IN VERSE

#### AUTHOR

A LOVELY form there sate beside my  
   bed,  
 And such a feeling calm its presence  
   shed,  
 A tender love so pure from earthly  
   heaven,  
 That I unnethe the fancy might con-  
   trol,  
 'Twas my own spirit newly come from  
   heaven,  
 Wooing its gentle way into my soul!  
 But ah! the change—It had not stirr'd,  
   and yet—  
 Alas! that change how fain would I  
   forget!  
 That shrinking back, like one that had  
   mistook!  
 That weary, wandering, disavowing  
   look!  
 'Twas all another, feature, look, and  
   frame,  
 And still, methought, I knew, it was  
   the same!

#### FRIEND

This riddling tale, to what does it be-  
   long?  
 Is't history? vision? or an idle song?  
 Or rather say at once, within what  
   space  
 Of time this wild disastrous change took  
   place?

#### AUTHOR

Call it a *moment's* work (and such it  
   seems)  
 This tale's a fragment from the life of  
   dreams;  
 But say, that years matur'd the silent  
   strife,  
 And 'tis a record from the dream of life.  
                                   1830. 1834.

# SCOTT

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## SCOTT

### WILLIAM AND HELEN

Imitated from Bürger's *Lenore*. See Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, Volume I, Chap. 7.

FROM heavy dreams fair Helen rose,  
And eyed the dawning red :  
"Alas, my love, thou tarriest long !  
O art thou false or dead ?"

With gallant Frederick's princely power  
He sought the bold crusade,  
But not a word from Judah's wars  
Told Helen how he sped.

With Paynim and with Saracen  
At length a truce was made,  
And every knight returned to dry  
The tears his love had shed.

Our gallant host was homeward bound  
With many a song of joy ;  
Green waved the laurel in each plume,  
The badge of victory.

And old and young, and sire and son,  
To meet them crowd the way,  
With shouts and mirth and melody,  
The debt of love to pay.

Full many a maid her true-love met,  
And sobbed in his embrace.  
And fluttering joy in tears and smiles  
Arrayed full many a face.

Nor joy nor smile for Helen sad,  
She sought the host in vain ;  
For none could tell her William's fate,  
If faithless or if slain.

The martial band is past and gone ;  
She rends her raven hair,  
And in distraction's bitter mood  
She weeps with wild despair.

"O, rise, my child," her mother said,  
"Nor sorrow thus in vain ;  
A perjured lover's fleeting heart  
No tears recall again."

"O, Mother, what is gone is gone,  
What's lost forever lorn :  
Death, death alone can comfort me ;  
O had I ne'er been born !

"O, break, my heart, O, break at once !  
Drink my life-blood, Despair !  
No joy remains on earth for me,  
For me in heaven no share."

"O, enter not in judgment, Lord !"  
The pious mother prays ;  
"Impute not guilt to thy frail child !  
She knows not what she says.

"O, say thy pater-noster, child !  
O, turn to God and grace !  
His will, that turned thy bliss to bale,  
Can change thy bale to bliss."

"O mother, mother, what is bliss ?  
O mother, what is bale ?  
My William's love was heaven on earth,  
Without it earth is hell.

"Why should I pray to ruthless Heaven,  
Since my loved William's slain ?  
I only prayed for William's sake,  
And all my prayers were vain."

"O, take the sacrament, my child.  
And check these tears that flow ;  
By resignation's humble prayer,  
O, hallowed be thy woe !"

"No sacrament can quench this fire,  
Or slake this scorching pain ;  
No sacrament can bid the dead  
Arise and live again.

"O, break, my heart, O, break at once !  
Be thou my god, Despair !  
Heaven's heaviest blow has fallen on me,  
And vain each fruitless prayer."

"O, enter not in judgment, Lord,  
With thy frail child of clay !  
She knows not what her tongue has  
spoke ;  
Impute it not, I pray !

"Forbear, my child, this desperate woe,  
And turn to God and grace;  
Well can devotion's heavenly glow  
Convert thy bale to bliss."

"O mother, mother, what is bliss?  
O mother, what is bale?  
Without my William what were heaven,  
Or with him what were hell?"

Wild she arraigns the eternal doom,  
Upbraids each sacred power,  
Till, spent, she sought her silent room,  
All in the lonely tower.

She beat her breast, she wrung her hands,  
Till sun and day were o'er,  
And through the glimmering lattice shone  
The twinkling of the star.

Then, crash! the heavy drawbridge fell  
That o'er the moat was hung;  
And, clatter! clatter! on its boards  
The hoof of courser rung.

The clank of echoing steel was heard  
As off the rider bounded;  
And slowly on the winding stair  
A heavy footstep sounded.

And hark! and hark! a knock—tap!  
tap!  
A rustling stifled noise;—  
Door-latch and tinkling staples ring;—  
At length a whispering voice.

"Awake, awake, arise, my love!  
How, Helen, dost thou fare?  
Wak'st thou, or sleep'st! laugh'st thou,  
or weep'st?  
Hast thought on me, my fair?"

"My love! my love!—so late by night!—  
I waked, I wept for thee;  
Much have I borne since dawn of morn;  
Where, William, couldst thou be?"

"We saddle late—from Hungary  
I rode since darkness fell;  
And to its bourne we both return  
Before the matin-bell."

"O, rest this night within my arms,  
And warm thee in their fold!  
Chill howls through hawthorn bush the  
wind:—  
My love is deadly cold."

"Let the wind howl through hawthorn  
bush!  
This night we must away;  
The steed is wight, the spur is bright;  
I cannot stay till day."

"Busk, busk, and boune! Thou mount'st  
behind  
Upon my black barb steed:  
O'er stock and stile, a hundred miles,  
We haste to bridal bed."

"To-night—to-night a hundred miles!—  
O dearest William, stay!  
The bell strikes twelve—dark, dismal  
hour!  
O, wait, my love, till day!"

"Look here, look here—the moon shines  
clear—  
Full fast I ween we ride:  
Mount and away! for ere the day  
We reach our bridal bed.

"The black barb snorts, the bridle  
rings;  
Haste, busk, and boune, and seat thee!  
The feast is made, the chamber spread,  
The bridal guests await thee."

Strong love prevailed: she busks, she  
bounes,  
She mounts the barb behind,  
And round her darling William's waist  
Her lily arms she twined.

And, hurry! hurry! off they rode,  
As fast as fast might be;  
Spurned from the courser's thundering  
heels  
The flashing pebbles flee.

And on the right and on the left,  
Ere they could snatch a view,  
Fast, fast each mountain, mead, and  
plain,  
And cot and castle flew.

"Sit fast—dost fear?—The moon shines  
clear—  
Fleet goes my barb—keep hold!  
Fear'st thou?"—"O no!" she faintly  
said;  
"But why so stern and cold?"

"What yonder rings? what yonder  
sings?  
Why shrieks the owlet gray?"  
"Tis death-bell's clang, 'tis funeral  
song,  
The body to the clay."



"With song and clang at morrow's dawn

Ye may inter the dead :  
To-night I ride with my young bride  
To deck our bridal bed.

"Come with thy choir, thou confined guest,

To swell our nuptial song !  
Come, priest, to bless our marriage feast !  
Come all, come all along ! "

Ceased clang and song ; down sunk the bier ;

The shrouded corpse arose :  
And hurry ! hurry ! all the train  
The thundering steed pursues.

And forward ! forward ! on they go ;  
High snorts the straining steed ;  
Thick pants the rider's laboring breath,  
As headlong on they speed.

"O William, why this savage haste !  
And where thy bridal bed ?"  
" 'Tis distant far, low, damp, and chill,  
And narrow, trustless maid."

"No room for me ?"—"Enough for both ;—

Speed, speed, my barb, thy course !"  
O'er thundering bridge, through boiling surge,  
He drove the furious horse.

Tramp ! tramp ! along the land they rode,

Splash ! splash ! along the sea ;  
The scourge is wight, the spur is bright,  
The flashing pebbles flee.

Fled past on right and left how fast  
Each forest, grove, and bower !  
On right and left fled past how fast  
Each city, town, and tower !

"Dost fear ? dost fear ? The moon shines clear,

Dost fear to ride with me ?—  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! the dead can ride !"—  
"O William, let them be !—

"See there, see there ! What yonder swings

And creaks, mid whistling rain ?"—  
"Gibbet and steel, the accursed wheel ;  
A murderer in his chain.—

"Hollo ! thou felon, follow here :  
To bridal bed we ride ;  
And thou shalt prance a fetter dance  
Before me and my bride."

And, hurry ! hurry ! clash, clash, clash !  
The wasted form descends ;  
And fleet as wind through hazel bush  
The wild career attends.

Tramp ! tramp ! along the land they rode,

Splash ! splash ! along the sea ;  
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,  
The flashing pebbles flee.

How fled what moonshine faintly showed !

How fled what darkness hid !  
How fled the earth beneath their feet,  
The Heaven above their head !

"Dost fear ? dost fear ? The moon shines clear,

And well the dead can ride ;  
Dost, faithful Helen, fear for them ?"—  
"O leave in peace the dead !"—

"Barb ! Barb ! methinks I hear the cock,  
The sand will soon be run :  
Barb ! Barb ! I smell the morning air ;  
The race is well-nigh done."

Tramp ! tramp ! along the land they rode,

Splash ! splash ! along the sea ;  
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,  
The flashing pebbles flee.

"Hurrah ! hurrah ! well ride the dead ;  
The bride, the bride is come ;  
And soon we reach the bridal bed,  
For, Helen, here's my home."

Reluctant on its rusty hinge  
Revolved an iron door,  
And by the pale moon's setting beam  
Were seen a church and tower.

With many a shriek and cry whiz round  
The birds of midnight scared ;  
And rustling like autumnal leaves  
Unhallowed ghosts were heard.

O'er many a tomb and tombstone pale  
He spurred the fiery horse,  
Till suddenly at an open grave  
He checked the wondrous course.

The falling gauntlet quits the rein,  
Down drops the casque of steel,  
The cuirass leaves his shrinking side,  
The spur his gory heel.

The eyes desert the naked skull,  
The mouldering flesh the bone,  
Till Helen's lily arms entwine  
A ghastly skeleton.

The furious barb snorts fire and foam,  
And with a fearful bound  
Dissolves at once in empty air,  
And leaves her on the ground.

Half seen by fits, by fits half heard,  
Pale spectres flit along,  
Wheel round the maid in dismal dance,  
And howl the funeral song;

"E'en when the heart's with anguish  
cleft  
Revere the doom of Heaven,  
Her soul is from her body reft;  
Her spirit be forgiven!"

1795. 1796.

#### THE VIOLET

See Lockhart's life of Scott, Vol I, Chapter  
8, and the Century Magazine, July, 1899.

THE violet in her green-wood bower,  
Where birchen boughs with hazels  
mingle,  
May boast itself the fairest flower  
In glen or copse or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,  
Beneath the dewdrop's weight reclin-  
ing;  
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,  
More sweet through watery lustre  
shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry  
Ere yet the day be past its morrow,  
Nor longer in my false love's eye  
Remained the tear of parting sorrow.

1797. 1810.

#### TO A LADY

WITH FLOWERS FROM A ROMAN WALL

TAKE these flowers which, purple wav-  
ing,  
On the ruined rampart grew,  
Where, the sons of freedom braving,  
Rome's imperial standards flew.

Warriors from the breach of da  
Pluck no longer laurels there  
They but yield the passing stra  
Wild-flower wreaths for  
hair.

#### THE EVE OF SAINT JOHN

THE Baron of Smaylho'me r  
day,  
He spurred his courser on,  
Without stop or stay, down t  
way,  
That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Bu  
His banner broad to rear;  
He went not 'gainst the Englis  
To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack was braced  
helmet was laced,  
And his vaunt-brace of proof  
At his saddle-gerthe was a g  
sperthe,  
Full ten pound weight and m

The baron returned in three da  
And his looks were sad and s  
And weary was his courser's p  
As he reached his rocky towe

He came not from where Angra  
Ran red with English blood;  
Where the Douglas true and  
Buccleuch  
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood

Yet was his helmet hacked and  
His acton pierced and tore,  
His axe and his dagger with b  
brued,—  
But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,  
He held him close and still;  
And he whistled thrice for l  
foot-page,  
His name was English Will.

"Come thou hither, my little f  
Come hither to my knee;  
Though thou art young and t  
age,  
I think thou art true to me.

"Come, tell me all that thou ha  
And look thou tell me true!  
Since I from Smaylho'me to  
been,  
What did thy lady do?"



“My lady, each night, sought the lonely  
light  
That burns on the wild Watchfold;  
For from height to height the beacons  
bright  
Of the English foemen told.

“The bittern clamored from the moss,  
The wind blew loud and shrill;  
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross  
To the eiry Beacon Hill.

“I watched her steps, and silent came  
Where she sat her on a stone;—  
No watchman stood by the dreary  
flame,  
It burnèd all alone.

“The second night I kept her in sight  
Till to the fire she came,  
And, by Mary’s might! an armed  
knight  
Stood by the lonely flame.

“And many a word that warlike lord  
Did speak to my lady there;  
But the rain fell fast and loud blew the  
blast,  
And I heard not what they were.

“The third night there the sky was fair,  
And the mountain-blast was still,  
As again I watched the secret pair  
On the lonesome Beacon Hill.

“And I heard her name the midnight  
hour,  
And name this holy eve;  
And say, ‘Come this night to thy  
lady’s bower;  
Ask no bold baron’s leave.

“‘He lifts his spear with the bold Buc-  
cleuch;  
His lady is all alone;  
The door she ’ll undo to her knight so  
true  
On the eve of good Saint John.’

“‘I cannot come; I must not come;  
I dare not come to thee:  
On the eve of Saint John I must wan-  
der alone:  
In thy bower I may not be.’

“‘Now, out on thee, faint-hearted  
knight!  
Thou shouldst not say me nay;  
For the eve is sweet, and when lovers  
meet  
Is worth the whole summer’s day.

“‘And I’ll chain the blood-hound, and  
the warder shall not sound,  
And rushes shall be strewed on the  
stair;  
So, by the black rood-stone and by  
holy Saint John,  
I conjure thee, my love, to be there!’

“‘Though the blood-hound be mute and  
the rush beneath my foot,  
And the warder his bugle should not  
blow,  
Yet there sleepeth a priest in the  
chamber to the east,  
And my footstep he would know.’

“‘O, fear not the priest who sleepeth to  
the east,  
For to Dryburgh the way he has ta’en;  
And there to say mass, till three days do  
pass,  
For the soul of a knight that is  
slayne.’

“He turned him around and grimly he  
frowned  
Then he laughed right scornfully—  
‘He who says the mass-rite for the soul  
of that knight  
May as well say mass for me:

“‘At the lone midnight hour when bad  
spirits have power  
In thy chamber will I be.—’  
With that he was gone and my lady left  
alone,  
And no more did I see.”

Then changed, I trow, was that bold  
baron’s brow  
From the dark to the blood-red high;  
“Now, tell me the mien of the knight  
thou hast seen,  
For, by Mary, he shall die!”

“His arms shone full bright in the  
beacon’s red light;  
His plume it was scarlet and blue;  
On his shield was a hound in a silver  
leash bound,  
And his crest was a branch of the  
yew.”

“Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-  
page,  
Loud dost thou lie to me!  
For that knight is cold and low laid in  
mould,  
All under the Eildon-tree.”

"Yet hear but my word, my noble lord !  
For I heard her name his name ;  
And that lady bright, she called the  
knight  
Sir Richard of Coldinghame."

The bold baron's brow then changed, I  
trow,  
From high blood-red to pale—  
"The grave is deep and dark—and the  
corpse is stiff and stark—  
So I may not trust thy tale.

"Where fair Tweed flows round holy  
Melrose,  
And Eildon slopes to the plain,  
Full three nights ago by some secret foe  
That gay gallant was slain.

"The varying light deceived thy sight,  
And the wild winds drowned the  
name ;  
For the Dryburgh bells ring and the  
white monks do sing  
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame !"

He passed the court-gate and he oped the  
tower-gate,  
And he mounted the narrow stair  
To the bartizan-seat where, with maids  
that on her wait,  
He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood ;  
Looked over hill and vale ;  
Over Tweed's fair flood and Mertoun's  
wood,  
And all down Teviotdale.

"Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright !"  
"Now hail, thou baron true !  
What news, what news, from Ancram  
fight ?  
What news from the bold Buccleuch !"

"The Ancram moor is red with gore,  
For many a Southern fell ;  
And Buccleuch has charged us evermore  
To watch our beacons well."

The lady blushed red, but nothing she  
said :  
Nor added the baron a word :  
Then she stepped down the stair to her  
chamber fair,  
And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourned, and the baron  
tossed and turned,  
And oft to himself he said,—

"The worms around him creep, and his  
bloody grave is deep—  
It cannot give up the dead !"

It was near the ringing of matin-bell,  
The night was well-nigh done,  
When a heavy sleep on that baron fell,  
On the eve of good Saint John.

The lady looked through the chamber  
fair,  
By the light of a dying flame ;  
And she was aware of a knight stood  
there—  
Sir Richard of Coldinghame !

"Alas ! away, away !" she cried,  
"For the holy Virgin's sake !"  
"Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side ;  
But, lady, he will not awake.

"By Eildon-tree for long nights three  
In bloody grave have I lain ;  
The mass and the death-prayer are said  
for me,  
But, lady, they are said in vain.

"By the baron's brand, near Tweed's fair  
strand,  
Most foully slain I fell ;  
And my restless sprite on the beacon's  
height  
For a space is doomed to dwell.

"At our trysting-place, for a certain  
space,  
I must wander to and fro ;  
But I had not had power to come to thy  
bower  
Hadst thou not conjured me so."

Love mastered fear—her brow she  
crossed ;  
"How, Richard, hast thou sped ?  
And art thou saved or art thou lost ?"  
The vision shook his head !

"Who spilleth life shall forfeit life ;  
So bid thy lord believe :  
That lawless love is guilt above,  
This awful sign receive."

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam,  
His right upon her hand ;  
The lady shrunk and fainting sunk,  
For it scorched like a fiery brand.

The sable score of fingers four  
Remains on that board impressed ;  
And forevermore that lady wore  
A covering on her wrist.



There is a nun in Dryburgh bower  
 Ne'er looks upon the sun ;  
 There is a monk in Melrose tower  
 He speaketh word to none.

That nun who ne'er beholds the day,  
 That monk who speaks to none—  
 That nun was Smaylho'me's lady gay,  
 That monk the bold baron.  
 1799. 1801.

### CADYOW CASTLE

WHEN princely Hamilton's abode  
 Ennobled Cadyow's Gothic towers,  
 The song went round, the goblet flowed,  
 And revel sped the laughing hours.

Then, thrilling to the harp's gay sound,  
 So sweetly rung each vaulted wall,  
 And echoed light the dancer's bound,  
 As mirth and music cheered the hall.

But Cadyow's towers in ruins laid,  
 And vaults by ivy mantled o'er,  
 Thrill to the music of the shade,  
 Or echo Evan's hoarser roar.

Yet still of Cadyow's faded fame  
 You bid me tell a minstrel tale,  
 And tune my harp of Border frame  
 On the wild banks of Evandale.

For thou, from scenes of courtly pride,  
 From pleasure's lighter scenes, canst  
 turn,  
 To draw oblivion's pall aside  
 And mark the long-forgotten urn.

Then, noble maid ! at thy command  
 Again the crumbled halls shall rise ;  
 Lo ! as on Evan's banks we stand,  
 The past returns—the present flies.

Where with the rock's wood-covered side  
 Were blended late the ruins green,  
 Rise turrets in fantastic pride  
 And feudal banners flaunt between :

Where the rude torrent's brawling course  
 Was shagged with thorn and tangling  
 sloe,  
 The ashler buttress braves its force  
 And ramparts frown in battled row.

'Tis night—the shade of keep and spire  
 Obscurely dance on Evan's stream ;  
 And on the wave the warder's fire  
 Is checkering the moonlight beam.

Fades slow their light ; the east is gray ;  
 The weary warder leaves his tower ;  
 Steeds snort, uncoupled stag-hounds bay,  
 And merry hunters quit the bower.

The drawbridge falls—they hurry out—  
 Clatters each plank and swinging  
 chain,  
 As, dashing o'er, the jovial rout  
 Urge the shy steed and slack the rein.

First of his troop, the chief rode on ;  
 His shouting merry-men throng be-  
 hind ;  
 The steed of princely Hamilton  
 Was fleetier than the mountain wind.

From the thick copse the roebucks  
 bound,  
 The startled red-deer scuds the plain,  
 For the hoarse bugle's warrior-sound  
 Has roused their mountain haunts  
 again.

Through the huge oaks of Evandale,  
 Whose limbs a thousand years have  
 worn,  
 What sullen roar comes down the gale  
 And drowns the hunter's pealing  
 horn ?

Mightiest of all the beasts of chase  
 That roam in woody Caledon,  
 Crashing the forest in his race,  
 The Mountain Bull comes thundering  
 on.

Fierce on the hunter's quivered band  
 He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow,  
 Spurs with black hoof and horn the  
 sand,  
 And tosses high his mane of snow.

Aimed well the chieftain's lance has  
 flown ;  
 Struggling in blood the savage lies ;  
 His roar is sunk in hollow groan—  
 Sound, merry huntsmen ! sound the  
 pryse !

'Tis noon—against the knotted oak  
 The hunters rest the idle spear ;  
 Curls through the trees the slender  
 smoke,  
 Where yeomen dight the woodland  
 cheer.

Proudly the chieftain marked his clan,  
 On greenwood lap all careless thrown,

Yet missed his eye the boldest man  
That bore the name of Hamilton.

"Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,  
Still wont our weal and woe to share?  
Why comes he not our sport to grace?  
Why shares he not our hunter's fare?"

Stern Claud replied with darkening  
face—  
Gray Paisley's haughty lord was he—  
"At merry feast or buxom chase  
No more the warrior wilt thou see.

"Few suns have set since Woodhouselee  
Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets  
foam,  
When to his hearths in social glee  
The war-worn soldier turned him  
home.

"There, wan from her maternal throes,  
His Margaret, beautiful and mild,  
Sate in her bower, a pallid rose,  
And peaceful nursed her new-born  
child.

"O change accursed! past are those days;  
False Murray's ruthless spoilers came,  
And, for the hearth's domestic blaze,  
Ascends destruction's volumed flame.

"What sheeted phantom wanders wild  
Where mountain Eske through wood-  
land flows,  
Her arms enfold a shadowy child—  
O! is it she, the pallid rose?

"The wildered traveller sees her glide,  
And hears her feeble voice with awe—  
'Revenge,' she cries, 'on Murray's  
pride!  
And woe for injured Bothwell-  
haugh!'"

He ceased—and cries of rage and grief  
Burst mingling from the kindred band,  
And half arose the kindling chief,  
And half unsheathed his Arran brand.

But who o'er bush, o'er stream and rock,  
Rides headlong with resistless speed,  
Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke  
Drives to the leap his jaded steed;

Whose cheek is pale, whose eyeballs  
glare,  
As one some visioned sight that saw,

Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair?—  
'Tis he! 'tis he! 'tis Bothwellhaugh.

From gory selle and reeling steed  
Sprung the fierce horseman with a  
bound,  
And, reeking from the recent deed,  
He dashed his carbine on the ground.

Sternly he spoke—" 'Tis sweet to hear  
In good greenwood the bugle blown,  
But sweeter to Revenge's ear  
To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

"Your slaughtered quarry proudly trode  
At dawning morn o'er dale and down,  
But prouder base-born Murray rode  
Through old Linlithgow's crowded  
town.

"From the wild Border's humbled side,  
In haughty triumph marched he,  
While Knox relaxed his bigot pride  
And smiled the traitorous pomp to see

"But can stern Power, with all his vaunt,  
Or Pomp, with all her courtly glare,  
The settled heart of Vengeance daunt,  
Or change the purpose of Despair?

"With hackbut bent, my secret stand,  
Dark as the purposed deed, I chose,  
And marked where mingling in his band  
Trooped Scottish pipes and English  
bows.

"Dark Morton, girt with many a spear,  
Murder's foul minion, led the van;  
And clashed their broadswords in the  
rear  
The wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan.

"Glencairn and stout Parkhead were  
nigh,  
Obsequious at their Regent's rein,  
And haggard Lindesay's iron eye,  
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

"Mid pennoned spears, a steely grove,  
Proud Murray's plumage floated  
high;  
Scarce could his trampling charger move,  
So close the minions crowded nigh.

"From the raised vizor's shade his eye,  
Dark-rolling, glanced the ranks along,  
And his steel truncheon, waved on high,  
Seemed marshalling the iron throng.



"But yet his saddened brow confessed  
A passing shade of doubt and awe;  
Some fiend was whispering in his breast,  
"Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh!"

"The death-shot parts! the charger  
springs;  
Wild rises tumult's startling roar!  
And Murray's plummy helmet rings—  
Rings on the ground to rise no more.

"What joy the raptured youth can feel,  
To hear her love the loved one tell—  
Or he who broaches on his steel  
The wolf by whom his infant fell.

"But dearer to my injured eye  
To see in dust proud Murray roll;  
And mine was ten times trebled joy  
To hear him groan his felon soul.

"My Margaret's spectre glided near.  
With pride her bleeding victim saw,  
And shrieked in his death-deafened ear,  
"Remember injured Bothwellhaugh!"

"Then speed thee, noble Chatlerault!  
Spread to the wind thy bannered tree!  
Each warrior bend his Clydesdale bow—  
Murray is fallen and Scotland free!"

Vaults every warrior to his steed;  
Loud bugles join their wild acclaim—  
"Murray is fallen and Scotland freed!  
Couch, Arran, couch thy spear of  
flame!"

But see! the minstrel vision fails—  
The glimmering spears are seen no  
more;  
The shouts of war die on the gales,  
Or sink in Evan's lonely roar.

For the loud bugle pealing high,  
The blackbird whistles down the vale,  
And sunk in ivied ruins lie  
The bannered towers of Evandale.

For chiefs intent on bloody deed,  
And Vengeance shouting o'er the slain,  
Lo! high-born Beauty rules the steed,  
Or graceful guides the silken rein.

And long may Peace and Pleasure own  
The maids who list the minstrel's tale;  
Nor e'er a ruder guest be known  
On the fair banks of Evandale!

1801. 1803.

### THE MAID OF NEIDPATH

O, LOVERS' eyes are sharp to see,  
And lovers' ears in hearing;  
And love in life's extremity  
Can lend an hour of cheering.  
Disease had been in Mary's bower,  
And slow decay from mourning,  
Though now she sits on Neidpath's  
tower  
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,  
Her form decayed by pining,  
Till through her wasted hand at night  
You saw the taper shining;  
By fits, a sultry hectic hue  
Across her cheek was flying;  
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,  
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear  
Seemed in her frame residing;  
Before the watch-dog pricked his ear,  
She heard her lover's riding;  
Ere scarce a distant form was kenned,  
She knew, and waved to greet him;  
And o'er the battlement did bend,  
As on the wing to meet him.

He came—he passed—an heedless gaze,  
As o'er some stranger glancing;  
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,  
Lost in his courser's prancing—  
The castle arch, whose hollow tone  
Returns each whisper spoken,  
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan  
Which told her heart was broken.

1806.

### HUNTING SONG

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,  
On the mountain dawns the day,  
All the jolly chase is here,  
With hawk and horse and hunting  
spear!

Hounds are in their couples yelling,  
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,  
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,  
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
The mist has left the mountain gray,  
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,  
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming;  
And foresters have busy been  
To track the buck in thicket green;  
Now we come to chant our lay,  
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
To the green-wood haste away ;  
We can show you where he lies,  
Fleet of foot and tall of size ;  
We can show the marks he made,  
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed ;  
You shall see him brought to bay,  
" Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay,  
Waken, lords and ladies gay !  
Tell them youth and mirth and glee  
Run a course as well as we ;  
Time, stern huntsman, who can balk,  
Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk ?  
Think of this and rise with day,  
Gentle lords and ladies gay. 1808.

## MARMION

### A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD

See Lockhart's Life of Scott, Vol. III, Chap. 16.

#### CANTO FIRST

##### THE CASTLE

DAY set on Norham's castled steep,  
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,  
And Cheviot's mountains lone ;  
The battled towers, the donjon keep,  
The loophole grates where captives weep,

The flanking walls that round it sweep,  
In yellow lustre shone.

The warriors on the turrets high,  
Moving athwart the evening sky,  
Seemed forms of giant height ;  
Their armor, as it caught the rays,  
Flashed back again the western blaze,  
In lines of dazzling light.

Saint George's banner, broad and gay,  
Now faded, as the fading ray  
Less bright, and less, was flung ;  
The evening gale had scarce the power  
To wave it on the donjon tower,  
So heavily it hung.

The scouts had parted on their search,  
The castle gates were barred ;  
Above the gloomy portal arch,  
Timing his footsteps to a march,  
The warder kept his guard,  
Low humming, as he paced along,  
Some ancient Border gathering song.

A distant trampling sound he hears ;  
He looks abroad, and soon appears,  
O'er Horncliff-hill, a plump of spears  
Beneath a pennon gay ;  
A horseman, darting from the crowd  
Like lightning from a summer cloud,  
Spurs on his mettled courser proud,  
Before the dark array.

Beneath the sable palisade  
That closed the castle barricade,  
His bugle-horn he blew ;  
The warder hasted from the wall,  
And warned the captain in the hall,  
For well the blast he knew ;  
And joyfully that knight did call  
To sewer, squire, and seneschal.

" Now broach ye a pipe of Malvoisie,  
Bring pasties of the doe,  
And quickly make the entrance free,  
And bid my heralds ready be,  
And every minstrel sound his glee,  
And all our trumpets blow ;  
And, from the platform, spare ye not  
To fire a noble salvo-shot ;  
Lord Marmion waits below !"  
Then to the castle's lower ward  
Sped forty yeomen tall,  
The iron-studded gates unbarred,  
Raised the portcullis' ponderous guard,  
The lofty palisade unsparred,  
And let the drawbridge fall.

Along the bridge Lord Marmion rode,  
Proudly his red-roan charger trode,  
His helm hung at the saddle bow ;  
Well by his visage you might know  
He was a stalworth knight and keen,  
And had in many a battle been ;  
The scar on his brown cheek revealed  
A token true of Bosworth field ;  
His eyebrow dark and eye of fire  
Showed spirit proud and prompt to ire,  
Yet lines of thought upon his cheek  
Did deep design and counsel speak.  
His forehead, by his casque worn bare,  
His thick moustache and curly hair,  
Coal-black, and grizzled here and there,  
But more through toil than age,



His square-turned joints and strength of limb,

Showed him no carpet knight so trim,  
But in close fight a champion grim,  
In camps a leader sage.

Well was he armed from head to heel,  
In mail and plate of Milan steel;  
But his strong helm, of mighty cost,  
Was all with burnished gold embossed.  
Amid the plumage of the crest  
A falcon hovered on her nest.  
With wings outspread and forward breast;

E'en such a falcon, on his shield,  
Soared sable in an azure field:  
The golden legend bore aright,  
"Who checks at me, to death is dight."  
Blue was the charger's broided rein;  
Blue ribbons decked his arching mane;  
The knightly housing's ample fold  
Was velvet blue and trapped with gold.

Behind him rode two gallant squires,  
Of noble name and knightly sires:  
They burned the gilded spurs to claim,  
For well could each a war-horse tame,  
Could draw the bow, the sword could sway,

And lightly bear the ring away;  
Nor less with courteous precepts stored,  
Could dance in hall, and carve at board,  
And frame love-ditties passing rare,  
And sing them to a lady fair.

Four men-at-arms came at their backs,  
With halbert, bill, and battle-axe;  
They bore Lord Marmion's lance so strong

And led his sumpter-mules along,  
And ambling palfrey, when at need  
Him listed ease his battle-steed.  
The last and trustiest of the four  
On high his forked pennon bore;  
Like swallow's tail in shape and hue,  
Fluttered the streamer glossy blue,  
Where, blazoned sable, as before,  
The towering falcon seemed to soar.  
Last, twenty yeomen, two and two  
In hosen black and jerkins blue,  
With falcons broided on each breast,  
Attended on their lord's behest.  
Each, chosen for an archer good,  
Knew hunting-craft by lake or wood;  
Each one a six-foot bow could bend,  
And far a cloth-yard shaft could send;  
Each held a boar-spear tough and strong,  
And at their belts their quivers rung.  
Their dusty palfreys and array  
Showed they had marched a weary way.

'Tis meet that I should tell you now,  
How fairly armed, and ordered how,  
The soldiers of the guard,  
With musket, pike, and morion,  
To welcome noble Marmion,  
Stood in the castle-yard;  
Minstrels and trumpeters were there,  
The gunner held his linstock yare,  
For welcome-shot prepared:  
Entered the train, and such a clang  
As then through all his turrets rang  
Old Norham never heard.

The guards their morrice-pikes advanced,  
The trumpets flourished brave,  
The cannon from the ramparts glanced,  
And thundering welcome gave.  
A blithe salute, in martial sort,  
The minstrels well might sound,  
For, as Lord Marmion crossed the court,  
He scattered angels round.  
"Welcome to Norham, Marmion!  
Stout heart and open hand!  
Well dost thou brook thy gallant roan,  
Thou flower of English land!"

Two pursuivants, whom tabards deck,  
With silver scutcheon round their neck,  
Stood on the steps of stone  
By which you reach the donjon gate,  
And there, with herald pomp and state,  
They hailed Lord Marmion:  
They hailed him Lord of Fontenaye,  
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye,  
Of Tamworth tower and town;  
And he, their courtesy to requite,  
Gave them a chain of twelve marks weight,  
All as he lighted down.  
"Now, largesse, largesse, Lord Marmion,  
Knight of the crest of gold!  
A blazoned shield, in battle won,  
Ne'er guarded heart so bold."

They marshalled him to the castle-hall,  
Where the guests stood all aside,  
And loudly flourished the trumpet-call,  
And the heralds loudly cried,—  
"Room, lordlings, room for Lord Marmion,  
With the crest and helm of gold!  
Full well we know the trophies won  
In the lists at Cottiswold:  
There, vainly Ralph de Wilton strove  
'Gainst Marmion's force to stand;  
To him he lost his lady-love,  
And to the king his land.  
Ourselves beheld the listed field,  
A sight both sad and fair;

We saw Lord Marmion pierce his shield,  
 And saw his saddle bare;  
 We saw the victor win the crest  
 He wears with worthy pride,  
 And on the gibbet-tree, reversed,  
 His foeman's scutcheon tied.  
 Place, nobles, for the Falcon-Knight!  
 Room, room, ye gentles gay.  
 For him who conquered in the right,  
 Marmion of Fontenaye!"

Then stepped, to meet that noble lord,  
 Sir Hugh the Heron bold,  
 Baron of Twisell and of Ford,  
 And Captain of the Hold;  
 He led Lord Marmion to the deas,  
 Raised o'er the pavement high,  
 And placed him in the upper place—  
 They feasted full and high:  
 The whiles a Northern harper rude  
 Chanted a rhyme of deadly feud,  
 "How the fierce Thirwalls, and Rid-  
 leys all,  
 Stout Willimondswick,  
 And Hardriding Dick,  
 And Hughie of Hawdon, and Will o'  
 the Wall,  
 Have set on Sir Albany Featherston-  
 haugh,  
 And taken his life at the Dead-man's-  
 shaw."

Scantly Lord Marmion's ear could  
 brook  
 The harper's barbarous lay,  
 Yet much he praised the pains he took,  
 And well those pains did pay;  
 For lady's suit and minstrel's strain  
 By knight should ne'er be heard in vain.

"Now good Lord Marmion," Heron says,  
 "Of your fair courtesy,  
 I pray you bide some little space  
 In this poor tower with me.  
 Here may you keep your arms from rust,  
 May breathe your war-horse well;  
 Seldom hath passed a week but joust  
 Or feat of arms befell.  
 The Scots can rein a mettled steed,  
 And love to couch a spear;—  
 Saint George! a stirring life they lead  
 That have such neighbors near!  
 Then stay with us a little space,  
 Our Northern wars to learn;  
 I pray you for your lady's grace!"  
 Lord Marmion's brow grew stern.

The Captain marked his altered look,  
 And gave the squire the sign;  
 A mighty wassail-bowl he took,

And crowned it high with wine.  
 "Now pledge me here, Lord Marmion;  
 But first I pray thee fair,  
 Where hast thou left that page of thine  
 That used to serve thy cup of wine,  
 Whose beauty was so rare?  
 When last in Raby-towers we met,  
 The boy I closely eyed,  
 And often marked his cheeks were wet  
 With tears he fain would hide.  
 His was no rugged horse-boy's hand,  
 To burnish shield or sharpen brand,  
 Or saddle battle-steed,  
 But meeter seemed for lady fair,  
 To fan her cheek, or curl her hair,  
 Or through embroidery, rich and rare,  
 The slender silk to lead;  
 His skin was fair, his ringlets gold,  
 His bosom—when he sighed,  
 The russet doublet's rugged fold  
 Could scarce repel its pride!  
 Say, hast thou given that lovely youth  
 To serve in lady's bower?  
 Or was the gentle page, in sooth,  
 A gentle paramour?"

Lord Marmion ill could brook such jest;  
 He rolled his kindling eye,  
 With pain his rising wrath suppressed,  
 Yet made a calm reply;  
 "That boy thou thought so goodly fair,  
 He might not brook the Northern air.  
 More of his fate if thou wouldst learn,  
 I left him sick in Lindisfarne.  
 Enough of him.—But, Heron, say,  
 Why does thy lovely lady gay  
 Disdain to grace the hall to-day?  
 Or has that dame, so fair and sage,  
 Gone on some pious pilgrimage?"—  
 He spoke in covert scorn, for fame  
 Whispered light tales of Heron's dame.

Unmarked, at least unrecked, the taunt,  
 Careless the knight replied:  
 "No bird whose feathers gaily flaunt  
 Delights in cage to bide;  
 Norham is grim and grated close,  
 Hemmed in by battlement and fosse,  
 And many a darksome tower,  
 And better loves my lady bright  
 To sit in liberty and light  
 In fair Queen Margaret's bower.  
 We hold our greyhound in our hand.  
 Our falcon on our glove,  
 But where shall we find leash or band  
 For dame that loves to rove?  
 Let the wild falcon soar her swing,  
 She'll stoop when she has tried her  
 wing."—



“Nay, if with Royal James’s bride  
The lovely Lady Heron bide,  
Behold me here a messenger,  
Your tender greetings prompt to bear ;  
For, to the Scottish court addressed,  
I journey at our king’s behest,  
And pray you, of your grace, provide  
For me and mine a trusty guide.  
I have not ridden in Scotland since  
James backed the cause of that mock  
prince,  
Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,  
Who on the gibbet paid the cheat.  
Then did I march with Surrey’s power,  
What time we razed old Ayton tower.”—

“For such-like need, my lord, I trow,  
Norham can find you guides enow ;  
For here be some have pricked as far  
On Scottish grounds as to Dunbar,  
Have drunk the monks of Saint  
Bethan’s ale,  
And driven the beeves of Lauderdale,  
Harried the wives of Greenlaw’s goods,  
And given them light to set their  
hoods.”

“Now, in good sooth,” Lord Marmion  
cried,

“Were I in warlike-wise to ride,  
A better guard I would not lack  
Than your stout forayers at my back ;  
But as in form of peace I go,  
A friendly messenger, to know,  
Why, through all Scotland, near and  
far,  
Their king is mustering troops for war,  
The sight of plundering Border spears  
Might justify suspicious fears,  
And deadly feud or thirst of spoil  
Break out in some unseemly broil.  
A herald were my fitting guide ;  
Or friar, sworn in peace to bide ;  
Or pardoner, or travelling priest,  
Or strolling pilgrim, at the least.”

The Captain mused a little space,  
And passed his hand across his face.—  
“Fain would I find the guide you want,  
But ill may spare a pursuivant,  
The only men that safe can ride  
Mine errands on the Scottish side :  
And though a bishop built this fort,  
Few holy brethren here resort ;  
Even our good chaplain, as I ween,  
Since our last siege we have not seen,  
The mass he might not sing or say  
Upon one stinted meal a day ;  
So, safe he sat in Durham aisle,

And prayed for our success the while.  
Our Norham vicar, woe betide,  
Is all too well in case to ride ;  
The priest of Shoreswood—he could rein  
The wildest war-horse in your train,  
But then no spearman in the hall  
Will sooner swear, or stab, or brawl.  
Friar John of Tillmouth were the man ;  
A blithesome brother at the can,  
A welcome guest in hall and bower,  
He knows each castle, town, and tower,  
In which the wine and ale is good,  
’Twixt Newcastle and Holy-Rood.  
But that good man, as ill befalls,  
Hath seldom left our castle walls,  
Since, on the vigil of Saint Bede,  
In evil hour he crossed the Tweed,  
To teach Dame Alison her creed.  
Old Bughtrig found him with his wife,  
And John, an enemy to strife,  
Sans frock and hood, fled for his life.  
The jealous churl hath deeply sworn  
That, if again he venture o’er  
He shall shrieve penitent no more.  
Little he loves such risks, I know,  
Yet in your guard perchance will go.”

Young Selby, at the fair hall-board,  
Carved to his uncle and that lord,  
And reverently took up the word :  
“Kind uncle, woe were we each one,  
If harm should hap to brother John.  
He is a man of mirthful speech,  
Can many a game and gambol teach ;  
Full well at tables can he play,  
And sweep at bowls the stake away.  
None can a lustier carol bawl,  
The needfullest among us all,  
When time hangs heavy in the hall,  
And snow comes thick at Christmas  
tide,

And we can neither hunt nor ride  
A foray on the Scottish side.  
The vowed revenge of Bughtrig rude  
May end in worse than loss of hood,  
Let friar John in safety still  
In chimney-corner snore his fill,  
Roast hissing crabs, or flagons swill ;  
Last night, to Norham there came one  
Will better guide Lord Marmion.”—  
“Nephew,” quoth Heron, “by my fay,  
Well hast thou spoke ; say forth thy  
say.”—

“Here is a holy Palmer come,  
From Salem first, and last from Rome ;  
One that hath kissed the blessed tomb,  
And visited each holy shrine  
In Araby and Palestine ;



On hills of Armenie hath been,  
Where Noah's ark may yet be seen;  
By that Red Sea, too, hath he trod,  
Which parted at the Prophet's rod;  
In Sinai's wilderness he saw  
The Mount where Israel heard the law,  
Mid thunder-dint, and flashing levin,  
And shadows, mists, and darkness,  
given.

He shows Saint James's cockle-shell,  
Of fair Montserrat, too, can tell;  
And of that Grot where Olives nod,  
Where, darling of each heart and eye,  
From all the youth of Sicily,  
Saint Rosalie retired to God.

"To stout Saint George of Norwich  
merry,  
Saint Thomas, too, of Canterbury,  
Cuthbert of Durham and Saint Bede,  
For his sins' pardon hath he prayed.  
He knows the passes of the North,  
And seeks far shrines beyond the Forth;  
Little he eats, and long will wake,  
And drinks but of the stream or lake.  
This were a guide o'er moor and dale;  
But when our John hath quaffed his ale,  
As little as the wind that blows,  
And warms itself against his nose,  
Kens he, or cares, which way he goes."—

"Gramercy!" quoth Lord Marmion,  
"Full loath were I that Friar John,  
That venerable man, for me  
Were placed in fear or jeopardy:  
If this same Palmer will me lead  
From hence to Holy-Rood,  
Like his good saint, I'll pay his meed,  
Instead of cockle-shell or bead,  
With angels fair and good.  
I love such holy rambles; still  
They know to charm a weary hill  
With song, romance, or lay:  
Some jovial tale, or glee, or jest,  
Some lying legend, at the least,  
They bring to cheer the way."—

"Ah! noble sir," young Selby said,  
And finger on his lip he laid,  
"This man knows much, perchance e'en  
more  
Than he could learn by holy lore.  
Still to himself he's muttering,  
And shrinks as at some unseen thing.  
Last night we listened at his cell;  
Strange sounds we heard, and, sooth to  
tell,  
He murmured on till morn, howe'er  
No living mortal could be near.

Sometimes I thought I heard it plain,  
As other voices spoke again.  
I cannot tell—I like it not—  
Friar John hath told us it is wrote,  
No conscience clear and void of wrong  
Can rest awake and pray so long.  
Himself still sleeps before his beads  
Have marked ten aves and two  
creeds."—

"Let pass," quoth Marmion; "by my  
fay,  
This man shall guide me on my way,  
Although the great arch-fiend and he  
Had sworn themselves of company.  
So please you, gentle youth, to call  
This Palmer to the castle-hall."  
The summoned Palmer came in place:  
His sable cowl o'erhung his face;  
In his black mantle was he clad,  
With Peter's keys, in cloth of red,  
On his broad shoulders wrought;  
The scallop shell his cap did deck;  
The crucifix around his neck  
Was from Loretto brought;  
His sandals were with travel tore.  
Staff, budget, bottle, scrip, he wore;  
The faded palm-branch in his hand  
Showed pilgrim from the Holy Land.

When as the Palmer came in hall,  
Nor lord nor knight was there more tall,  
Or had a statelier step withal,  
Or looked more high and keen;  
For no saluting did he wait,  
But strode across the hall of state,  
And fronted Marmion where he sate,  
As he his peer had been.  
But his gaunt frame was worn with  
toil;  
His cheek was sunk, alas the while!  
And when he struggled at a smile  
His eye looked haggard wild:  
Poor wretch, the mother that him bare,  
If she had been in presence there,  
In his wan face and sunburnt hair  
She had not known her child.  
Danger, long travel, want, or woe,  
Soon change the form that best we  
know—  
For deadly fear can time outgo,  
And blanch at once the hair;  
Hard toil can roughen form and face,  
And want can quench the eye's bright  
grace,  
Nor does old age a wrinkle trace  
More deeply than despair.  
Happy whom none of these befall,  
But this poor Palmer knew them all.



Lord Marmion then his boon did ask ;  
 The Palmer took on him the task,  
 So he would march with morning tide,  
 To Scottish court to be his guide.  
 " But I have solemn vows to pay,  
 And may not linger by the way,  
 To fair Saint Andrew's bound,  
 Within the ocean-cave to pray,  
 Where good Saint Rule his holy lay,  
 From midnight to the dawn of day,  
 Sung to the billows' sound ;  
 Thence to Saint Fillan's blessed well,  
 Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel  
 And the crazed brain restore.  
 Saint Mary grant that cave or spring  
 Could back to peace my bosom bring,  
 Or bid it throb no more ! "

And now the midnight draught of sleep,  
 Where wine and spices richly steep,  
 In massive bowl of silver deep,  
 The page presents on knee.  
 Lord Marmion drank a fair good rest,  
 The Captain pledged his noble guest,  
 The cup went through among the rest,  
 Who drained it merrily ;  
 Alone the Palmer passed it by,  
 Though Selby pressed him courteously.  
 This was a sign the feast was o'er ;  
 It hushed the merry wassail roar,  
 The minstrels ceased to sound.  
 Soon in the castle nought was heard  
 But the slow footstep of the guard  
 Pacing his sober round.

With early dawn Lord Marmion rose :  
 And first the chapel doors unclosed ;  
 Then, after morning rites were done—  
 A hasty mass from Friar John—  
 And knight and squire had broke their  
 fast  
 On rich substantial repast,  
 Lord Marmion's bugle blew to horse.  
 Then came the stirrup-cup in course :  
 Between the baron and his host,  
 No point of courtesy was lost ;  
 High thanks were by Lord Marmion paid,  
 Solemn excuse the Captain made,  
 Till, filing from the gate, had passed  
 That noble train, their lord the last.  
 Then loudly rung the trumpet call ;  
 Thundered the cannon from the wall,  
 And shook the Scottish shore ;  
 Around the castle eddied slow  
 Volumes of smoke as white as snow  
 And hid its turrets hoar,  
 Till they rolled forth upon the air,  
 And met the river breezes there,  
 Which gave again the prospect fair.

## CANTO SECOND

## THE CONVENT

THE breeze which swept away the smoke  
 Round Norham Castle rolled,  
 When all the loud artillery spoke  
 With lightning-flash and thunder-stroke,  
 As Marmion left the Hold.—  
 It curled not Tweed alone, that breeze,  
 For, far upon Northumbrian seas,  
 It freshly blew and strong,  
 Where, from high Whitby's cloistered  
 pile,  
 Bound to Saint Cuthbert's Holy Isle,  
 It bore a bark along.  
 Upon the gale she stooped her side,  
 And bounded o'er the swelling tide,  
 As she were dancing home ;  
 The merry seamen laughed to see  
 Their gallant ship so lustily  
 Furrow the green sea-foam.  
 Much joyed they in their honored  
 freight ;  
 For, on the deck, in chair of state,  
 The Abbess of Saint Hilda placed,  
 With five fair nuns, the galley graced.

" T was sweet to see these holy maids,  
 Like birds escaped to greenwood shades,  
 Their first flight from the cage,  
 How timid, and how curious too,  
 For all to them was strange and new,  
 And all the common sights they view  
 Their wonderment engage.  
 One eyed the shrouds and swelling sail,  
 With many a benedicite ;  
 One at the rippling surge grew pale,  
 And would for terror pray,  
 Then shrieked because the sea-dog nigh  
 His round black head and sparkling eye  
 Reared o'er the foaming spray ;  
 And one would still adjust her veil  
 Disordered by the summer gale,  
 Perchance lest some more worldly eye  
 Her dedicated charms might spy,  
 Perchance because such action graced  
 Her fair-turned arm and slender waist.  
 Light was each simple bosom there,  
 Save two, who ill might pleasure share,—  
 The Abbess and the Novice Clare.

The Abbess was of noble blood,  
 But early took the veil and hood,  
 Ere upon life she cast a look,  
 Or knew the world that she forsook.  
 Fair too she was, and kind had been  
 As she was fair, but ne'er had seen  
 For her a timid lover sigh,  
 Nor knew the influence of her eye.



Love to her ear was but a name,  
 Combined with vanity and shame ;  
 Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all  
 Bounded within the cloister wall ;  
 The deadliest sin her mind could reach  
 Was of monastic rule the breach,  
 And her ambition's highest aim  
 To emulate Saint Hilda's fame.  
 For this she gave her ample dower  
 To raise the convent's eastern tower ;  
 For this, with carving rare and quaint,  
 She decked the chapel of the saint,  
 And gave the relic-shrine of cost,  
 With ivory and gems embossed.  
 The poor her convent's bounty blest,  
 The pilgrim in its halls found rest.

Black was her garb, her rigid rule  
 Reformed on Benedictine school ;  
 Her cheek was pale, her form was spare ;  
 Vigils and penitence austere  
 Had early quenched the light of youth :  
 But gentle was the dame, in sooth ;  
 Though, vain of her religious sway,  
 She loved to see her maids obey,  
 Yet nothing stern was she in cell,  
 And the nuns loved their Abbess well.  
 Sad was this voyage to the dame ;  
 Summoned to Lindisfarne, she came,  
 There, with Saint Cuthbert's Abbot old  
 And Tynemouth's Prioress, to hold  
 A chapter of Saint Benedict,  
 For inquisition stern and strict  
 On two apostates from the faith,  
 And, if need were, to doom to death.

Nought say I here of Sister Clare,  
 Save this, that she was young and fair ;  
 As yet a novice unprofessed,  
 Lovely and gentle, but distressed,  
 She was betrothed to one now dead,  
 Or worse, who had dishonored fled.  
 Her kinsmen bade her give her hand  
 To one who loved her for her land ;  
 Herself, almost heart-broken now,  
 Was bent to take the vestal vow,  
 And shroud within Saint Hilda's gloom  
 Her blasted hopes and withered bloom.

She sate upon the galley's prow,  
 And seemed to mark the waves below ;  
 Nay, seemed, so fixed her look and eye,  
 To count them as they glided by :  
 She saw them not—'t was seeming all—  
 Far other scene her thoughts recall—  
 A sun-scorched desert, waste and bare ;  
 Nor waves nor breezes murmured there ;  
 There saw she where some careless hand  
 O'er a dead corpse had heaped the sand,

To hide it till the jackals come  
 To tear it from the scanty tomb.—  
 See what a woful look was given,  
 As she raised up her eyes to heaven !

Lovely, and gentle, and distressed—  
 These charms might tame the fiercest  
 breast :

Harpers have sung and poets told  
 That he, in fury uncontrolled,  
 The shaggy monarch of the wood,  
 Before a virgin, fair and good,  
 Hath pacified his savage mood.  
 But passions in the human frame  
 Oft put the lion's rage to shame ;  
 And jealousy, by dark intrigue,  
 With sordid avarice in league,  
 Had practised with their bow and knife  
 Against the mourner's harmless life.  
 This crime was charged against those  
 who lay  
 Prisoned in Cuthbert's islet gray.

And now the vessel skirts the strand  
 Of mountainous Northumberland ;  
 Towns, towers, and halls successive rise,  
 And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.  
 Monk-Wearmouth soon behind them lay,  
 And Tynemouth's priory and bay ;  
 They marked amid her trees the hall  
 Of lofty Seaton-Delaval ;  
 They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck  
 floods

Rush to the sea through sounding  
 woods ;

They passed the tower of Widderington,  
 Mother of many a valiant son ;  
 At Coquet-isle their beads they tell  
 To the good saint who owned the cell ;  
 Then did the Alne attention claim,  
 And Warkworth, proud of Percy's  
 name ;

And next they crossed themselves to  
 hear

The whitening breakers sound so near,  
 Where, boiling through the rocks, they  
 roar

On Dunstanborough's caverned shore ;  
 Thy tower, proud Bamborough, marked  
 they there,

King Ida's castle, huge and square,  
 From its tall rock look grimly down,  
 And on the swelling ocean frown ;  
 Then from the coast they bore away,  
 And reached the Holy Island's bay.

The tide did now its flood-mark gain,  
 And girdled in the Saint's domain ;  
 For, with the flow and ebb, its style



Varies from continent to isle :  
 Dry shod, o'er sands, twice every day  
 The pilgrims to the shrine find way ;  
 Twice every day the waves efface  
 Of staves and sandalled feet the trace.  
 As to the port the galley flew,  
 Higher and higher rose to view  
 The castle with its battled walls,  
 The ancient monastery's halls,  
 A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile,  
 Placed on the margin of the isle.

In Saxon strength that abbey frowned,  
 With massive arches broad and round,  
 That rose alternate, row and row,  
 On ponderous columns, short and low,  
 Built ere the art was known,  
 By pointed aisle and shafted stalk  
 The arcades of an alleyed walk  
 To emulate in stone.

On the deep walls the heathen Dane  
 Had poured his impious rage in vain ;  
 And needful was such strength to these,  
 Exposed to the tempestuous seas,  
 Scourged by the winds' eternal sway,  
 Open to rovers fierce as they,  
 Which could twelve hundred years with-  
 stand  
 Winds, waves, and northern pirates' hand.

Not but that portions of the pile,  
 Rebuilt in a later style,  
 Showed where the spoiler's hand had  
 been ;

Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen  
 Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,  
 And mouldered in his niche the saint,  
 And rounded with consuming power  
 The pointed angles of each tower ;  
 Yet still entire the abbey stood,  
 Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued.

Soon as they neared his turrets strong,  
 The maidens raised Saint Hilda's song,  
 And with the sea-wave and the wind  
 Their voices, sweetly shrill, combined  
 And made harmonious close ;

Then, answering from the sandy shore,  
 Half-drowned amid the breakers' roar,  
 According chorus rose :  
 Down to the haven of the Isle  
 The monks and nuns in order file  
 From Cuthbert's cloisters grim ;  
 Banner, and cross, and relics there,  
 To meet Saint Hilda's maids, they bare ;  
 And, as they caught the sounds on air,  
 They echoed back the hymn.  
 The islanders in joyous mood  
 Rushed emulously through the flood

To hale the bark to land ;  
 Conspicuous by her veil and hood,  
 Signing the cross, the Abbess stood,  
 And blessed them with her hand.

Suppose we now the welcome said,  
 Suppose the convent banquet made :  
 All through the holy dome,  
 Through cloister, aisle, and gallery,  
 Wherever vestal maid might pry,  
 Nor risk to meet unhallowed eye,  
 The stranger sisters roam ;  
 Till fell the evening damp with dew,  
 And the sharp sea-breeze coldly blew,  
 For there even summer night is chill.  
 Then, having strayed and gazed their fill,  
 They closed around the fire :  
 And all, in turn, essayed to paint  
 The rival merits of their saint,  
 A theme that ne'er can tire  
 A holy maid, for be it known  
 That their saint's honor is their own.

Then Whitby's nuns exulting told  
 How to their house three barons bold  
 Must menial service do,  
 While horns blow out a note of shame,  
 And monks cry, " Fie upon your name !  
 In wrath, for loss of sylvan game,  
 Saint Hilda's priest ye slew."—  
 " This, on Ascension-day, each year  
 While laboring on our harbor-pier,  
 Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear."  
 They told how in their convent-cell  
 A Saxon princess once did dwell,

The lovely Edelfled ;  
 And how, of thousand snakes, each one  
 Was changed into a coil of stone  
 When holy Hilda prayed ;  
 Themselves, within their holy bound,  
 Their stony folds had often found.  
 They told how sea-fowls' pinions fail  
 As over Whitby's towers they sail,  
 And, sinking down, with flutterings  
 faint,  
 They do their homage to the saint.

Nor did Saint Cuthbert's daughters fail  
 To vie with these in holy tale ;  
 His body's resting-place, of old,  
 How oft their patron changed, they told ;  
 How, when the rude Dane burned their  
 pile,  
 The monks fled forth from Holy Isle ;  
 O'er northern mountain, marsh, and  
 moor,  
 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,  
 Seven years Saint Cuthbert's corpse they  
 bore.

They rested them in fair Melrose ;  
 But though, alive, he loved it well,  
 Not there his relics might repose ;  
 For, wondrous tale to tell !  
 In his stone coffin forth he rides,  
 A ponderous bark for river tides,  
 Yet light as gossamer it glides  
 Downward to Tilmouth cell.  
 Nor long was his abiding there,  
 For southward did the saint repair ;  
 Chester-le-Street and Ripon saw  
 His holy corpse ere Wardilaw  
 Hailed him with joy and fear ;  
 And, after many wanderings past,  
 He chose his lordly seat at last  
 Where his cathedral, huge and vast,  
 Looks down upon the Wear.  
 There, deep in Durham's Gothic shade,  
 His relics are in secret laid ;  
 But none may know the place,  
 Save of his holiest servants three,  
 Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,  
 Who share that wondrous grace.

Who may his miracles declare?  
 Even Scotland's dauntless king and  
 heir—

Although with them they led  
 Galwegians, wild as ocean's gale,  
 And Loden's knights, all sheathed in  
 mail,

And the bold men of Teviotdale—

Before his standard fled.

'Twas he, to vindicate his reign,  
 Edged Alfred's falchion on the Dane,  
 And turned the Conqueror back again,  
 When, with his Norman bowyer band,  
 He came to waste Northumberland.

But fain Saint Hilda's nuns would learn  
 If on a rock, by Lindisfarne,  
 Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame  
 The sea-born beads that bear his name :  
 Such tales had Whitby's fishers told,  
 And said they might his shape behold,

And hear his anvil sound ;

A deadened clang,—a huge dim form,  
 Seen but, and heard, when gathering  
 storm

And night were closing round.

But this, as tale of idle fame,

The nuns of Lindisfarne disclaim.

While round the fire such legends go,  
 Far different was the scene of woe  
 Where, in a secret aisle beneath,  
 Council was held of life and death.

It was more dark and long, that vault,  
 Than the worst dungeon cell ;

Old Colwulf built it, for his fault  
 In penitence to dwell,

When he for cowl and beads laid  
 down

The Saxon battle-axe and crown.

This den, which, chilling every sense  
 Of feeling, hearing, sight,

Was called the Vault of Penitence,  
 Excluding air and light,

Was by the prelate Sexhelm made  
 A place of burial for such dead

As, having died in mortal sin,

Might not be laid the church within.

'Twas now a place of punishment ;

Whence if so loud a shriek were sent

As reached the upper air,

The hearers blessed themselves, and said

The spirits of the sinful dead

Bemoaned their torments there.

But though, in the monastic pile,

Did of this penitential pile,

Some vague tradition go,

Few only, save the Abbot, knew

Where the place lay, and still more few

Were those who had from him the clew

To that dread vault to go.

Victim and executioner

Were blindfold when transported there.

In low dark rounds the arches hung,

From the rude rock the side-walls sprung

The gravestones, rudely sculptured o'er,

Half sunk in earth, by time half wore,

Were all the pavement of the floor ;

The mildew drops fell one by one,

With tinkling splash, upon the stone.

A cresset, in an iron chain,

Which served to light this drear domain,

With damp and darkness seemed to  
 strive,

As if it scarce might keep alive ;

And yet it dimly served to show

The awful conclave met below.

There, met to doom in secrecy,

Were placed the heads of convents three,

All servants of Saint Benedict.

The statutes of whose order strict

On iron table lay ;

In long black dress, on seats of stone,

Behind were these three judges shown

By the pale crescent's ray.

The Abbess of Saint Hilda's there

Sat for a space with visage bare,

Until, to hide her bosom's swell,

And tear-drops that for pity fell,

She closely drew her veil :

Yon shrouded figure, as I guess,

By her proud mien and flowing dress,



Is Tynemouth's haughty Prioress,  
 And she with awe looks pale ;  
 And he, that ancient man, whose sight  
 Has long been quenched by age's night,  
 Upon whose wrinkled brow alone  
 Nor ruth nor mercy's trace is shown,  
 Whose look is hard and stern,—  
 Saint Cuthbert's Abbot is his style,  
 For sanctity called through the isle  
 The Saint of Lindisfarne.

Before them stood a guilty pair ;  
 But, though an equal fate they share,  
 Yet one alone deserves our care.  
 Her sex a page's dress belied ;  
 The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,  
 Obscured her charms, but could not  
 hide.

Her cap down o'er her face she drew ;  
 And, on her doublet breast,  
 She tried to hide the badge of blue,  
 Lord Marmion's falcon crest.  
 But, at the prioress' command,  
 A monk undid the silken band  
 That tied her tresses fair,  
 And raised the bonnet from her head,  
 And down her slender form they spread  
 In ringlets rich and rare.  
 Constance de Beverley they know,  
 Sister professed of Fontevraud,  
 Whom the Church numbered with the  
 dead,  
 For broken vows and convent fled.

When thus her face was given to  
 view,—  
 Although so pallid was her hue,  
 It did a ghastly contrast bear  
 To those bright ringlets glistening  
 fair,—  
 Her look composed, and steady eye,  
 Bespoke a matchless constancy ;  
 And there she stood so calm and pale  
 That, but her breathing did not fail,  
 And motion slight of eye and head,  
 And of her bosom, warranted  
 That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,  
 You might have thought a form of wax,  
 Wrought to the very life, was there ;  
 So still she was, so pale, so fair.

Her comrade was a sordid soul,  
 Such as does murder for a meed ;  
 Who, but of fear, knows no control,  
 Because his conscience, seared and foul,  
 Feels not the import of his deed :  
 One whose brute-feeling ne'er aspires  
 Beyond his own more brute desires.  
 Such tools the Tempter ever needs

To do the savagest of deeds ;  
 For them no visioned terrors daunt,  
 Their nights no fancied spectres haunt ;  
 One fear with them, of all most base,  
 The fear of death, alone finds place.  
 This wretch was clad in frock and cowl,  
 And shamed not loud to moan and howl,  
 His body on the floor to dash,  
 And crouch, like hound beneath the  
 lash ;  
 While his mute partuer, standing near,  
 Waited her doom without a tear.

Yet well the luckless wretch might  
 shriek,  
 Well might her paleness terror speak !  
 For there were seen in that dark wall  
 Two niches, narrow, deep, and tall ;—  
 Who enters at such grisly door  
 Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.  
 In each a slender meal was laid,  
 Of roots, of water, and of bread ;  
 By each, in Benedictine dress,  
 Two haggard monks stood motionless,  
 Who, holding high a blazing torch,  
 Showed the grim entrance of the porch ;  
 Reflecting back the smoky beam,  
 The dark-red walls and arches gleam.  
 Hewn stones and cement were dis-  
 played,  
 And building tools in order laid.

These executioners were chose,  
 As men who were with mankind foes,  
 And, with despite and envy fired,  
 Into the cloister had retired,  
 Or who, in desperate doubt of grace,  
 Strove by deep penance to efface  
 Of some foul crime the stain ;  
 For, as the vassals of her will,  
 Such men the Church selected still  
 As either joyed in doing ill,  
 Or thought more grace to gain  
 If in her cause they wrestled down  
 Feelings their nature strove to own.  
 By strange device were they brought  
 there,  
 They knew not how, and knew not  
 where.

And now that blind old abbot rose,  
 To speak the Chapter's doom  
 On those the wall was to enclose  
 Alive within the tomb,  
 But stopped because that woful maid,  
 Gathering her powers, to speak essayed ;  
 Twice she essayed, and twice in vain,  
 Her accents might no utterance gain ;  
 Nought but imperfect murmurs slip



From her convulsed and quivering lip;  
 'Twixt each attempt all was so still,  
 You seemed to hear a distant rill—  
 'T was ocean's swells and falls;  
 For though this vault of sin and fear  
 Was to the sounding surge so near,  
 A tempest there you scarce could hear,  
 So massive were the walls.

At length, an effort sent apart  
 The blood that curdled to her heart,  
 And light came to her eye,  
 And color dawned upon her cheek,  
 A hectic and a fluttered streak,  
 Like that left on the Cheviot peak  
 By Autumn's stormy sky:  
 And when her silence broke at length.  
 Still as she spoke she gathered strength,  
 And armed herself to bear.  
 It was a fearful sight to see  
 Such high resolve and constancy  
 In form so soft and fair.

"I speak not to implore your grace,  
 Well know I for one minute's space  
 Successless might I sue:  
 Nor do I speak your prayers to gain;  
 For if a death of lingering pain  
 To cleanse my sins be penance vain,  
 Vain are your masses too.—  
 I listened to a traitor's tale,  
 I left the convent and the veil;  
 For three long years I bowed my pride,  
 A horse-boy in his train to ride;  
 And well my folly's meed he gave,  
 Who forfeited, to be his slave,  
 All here, and all beyond the grave.  
 He saw young Clara's face more fair,  
 He knew her of broad lands the heir,  
 Forgot his vows, his faith forswore,  
 And Constance was beloved no more.  
 'T is an old tale, and often told;  
 But did my fate and wish agree,  
 Ne'er had been read, in story old,  
 Of maiden true betrayed for gold,  
 That loved, or was avenged, like me!

"The king approved his favorite's aim;  
 In vain a rival barred his claim,  
 Whose fate with Clare's was plight,  
 For he attaints that rival's fame  
 With treason's charge—and on they came  
 In mortal lists to fight.  
 Their oaths are said,  
 Their prayers are prayed,  
 Their lances in the rest are laid,  
 They meet in mortal shock;  
 And hark! the throng, with thundering  
 cry,

Shout 'Marmion, Marmion! to the sky,  
 De Wilton to the block!'  
 Say, ye who preach Heaven shall decide  
 When in the lists two champions ride,  
 Say, was Heaven's justice here?  
 When, loyal in his love and faith,  
 Wilton found overthrow or death  
 Beneath a traitor's spear?  
 How false the charge, how true he fell,  
 This guilty packet best can tell."  
 Then drew a packet from her breast.  
 Paused, gathered voice, and spoke the  
 rest.

"Still was false Marmion's bridal stayed;  
 To Whitby's convent fled the maid,  
 The hated match to shun.  
 'Ho! shifts she thus?' King Henry  
 cried,  
 'Sir Marmion, she shall be thy bride,  
 If she were sworn a nun.'  
 One way remained—the king's command  
 Sent Marmion to the Scottish land;  
 I lingered here, and rescue planned  
 For Clara and for me:  
 This caitiff monk for gold did swear  
 He would to Whitby's shrine repair,  
 And by his drugs my rival fair  
 A saint in heaven should be;  
 But ill the dastard kept his oath,  
 Whose cowardice hath undone us both.

"And now my tongue the secret tells,  
 Not that remorse my bosom swells,  
 But to assure my soul that none  
 Shall ever wed with Marmion.  
 Had fortune my last hope betrayed.  
 This packet, to the king conveyed,  
 Had given him to the headsman's stroke,  
 Although my heart that instant broke.—  
 Now, men of death, work forth your  
 will,  
 For I can suffer, and be still;  
 And come he slow, or come he fast,  
 It is but Death who comes at last.

"Yet dread me from my living tomb,  
 Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome!  
 If Marmion's late remorse should wake,  
 Full soon such vengeance will he take  
 That you shall wish the fiery Dane  
 Had rather been your guest again.  
 Behind, a darker hour ascends!  
 The altars quake, the crosier bends,  
 The ire of a despotic king  
 Rides forth upon destruction's wing;  
 Then shall these vaults, so strong and  
 deep,  
 Burst open to the sea-wind's sweep;



Some traveller then shall find my bones  
Whitening amid disjointed stones,  
And, ignorant of priests' cruelty,  
Marvel such relics here should be."

Fixed was her look and stern her air :  
Back from her shoulders streamed her  
hair ;

The locks that wont her brow to shade  
Stared up erectly from her head ;  
Her figure seemed to rise more high ;  
Her voice despair's wild energy  
Had given a tone of prophecy.

Appalled the astonished conclave sate ;  
With stupid eyes, the men of fate  
Gazed on the light inspired form,  
And listened for the avenging storm ;  
The judges felt the victim's dread ;  
No hand was moved, no word was said,

Till thus the abbot's doom was given,  
Raising his sightless balls to heaven :  
" Sister, let thy sorrows cease ;  
Sinful brother, part in peace ! "

From that dire dungeon, place of doom,  
Of execution too, and tomb,

Paced forth the judges three ;  
Sorrow it were and shame to tell  
The butcher-work that there befell.  
When they had glided from the cell  
Of sin and misery.

An hundred winding steps convey  
That conclave to the upper day ;  
But ere they breathed the fresher air  
They heard the shriekings of despair,  
And many a stifled groan.  
With speed their upward way they  
take,—

Such speed as age and fear can make,—  
And crossed themselves for terror's sake,  
As hurrying, tottering on,

Even in the vesper's heavenly tone  
They seemed to hear a dying groan,  
And bade the passing knell to toll  
For welfare of a parting soul.  
Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,  
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung ;  
To Warkworth cell the echoes rolled,  
His beads the wakeful hermit told ;  
The Bamborough peasant raised his  
head,

But slept ere half a prayer he said ;  
So far was heard the mighty knell.  
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,  
Spread his broad nostrils to the wind,  
Listed before, aside, behind,  
Then couched him down beside the hind,  
And quaked among the mountain fern,  
To hear that sound so dull and stern.

## CANTO THIRD

## THE HOSTEL, OR INN

THE livelong day Lord Marmion rode ;  
The mountain path the Palmer showed  
By glen and streamlet winded still,  
Where stunted birches hid the rill.  
They might not choose the lowland road,  
For the Merse forayers were abroad,  
Who, fired with hate and thirst of prey,  
Had scarcely failed to bar their way ;  
Oft on the trampling band from crown  
Of some tall cliff the deer looked down ;  
On wing of jet from his repose  
In the deep heath the blackcock rose ;  
Sprung from the gorse the timid roe,  
Nor waited for the bending bow ;  
And when the stony path began  
By which the naked peak they wan,  
Up flew the snowy ptarmigan.  
The noon had long been passed before  
They gained the height of Lammer-  
moor ;

Thence winding down the northern  
way,

Before them at the close of day  
Old Gifford's towers and hamlet lay.

No summons calls them to the tower,  
To spend the hospitable hour.  
To Scotland's camp the lord was gone ;  
His cautious dame, in bower alone,  
Dreaded her castle to uncloze,  
So late, to unknown friends or foes.

On through the hamlet as they paced,  
Before a porch whose front was graced,  
With bush and flagon trimly placed,  
Lord Marmion drew his rein :  
The village inn seemed large, though  
rude ;

Its cheerful fire and hearty food  
Might well relieve his train.  
Down from their seats the horsemen  
sprung,

With jingling spurs the court-yard rung ;  
They bind their horses to the stall,  
For forage, food, and firing call,  
And various clamor fills the hall :  
Weighing the labor with the cost,  
Toils everywhere the bustling host.

Soon, by the chimney's merry blaze,  
Through the rude hostel might you gaze,  
Might see where in dark nook aloof  
The rafters of the sooty roof

Bore wealth of winter cheer ;  
Of sea-fowl dried, and solands store,  
And gammons of the tusky boar,  
And savory hannch of deer.

The chimney arch projected wide ;  
 Above, around it, and beside,  
     Were tools for housewives' hand ;  
 Nor wanted, in that martial day,  
 The implements of Scottish fray,  
     The buckler, lance, and brand.  
 Beneath its shade, the place of state.  
 On oaken settle Marmion sate,  
 And viewed around the blazing hearth  
 His followers mix in noisy mirth ;  
 Whom with brown ale, in jolly tide,  
 From ancient vessels ranged aside  
 Full actively their host supplied.

Theirs was the glee of martial breast,  
 And laughter theirs at little jest ;  
 And oft Lord Marmion deigned to aid,  
 And mingle in the mirth they made ;  
 For though, with men of high degree,  
 The proudest of the proud was he,  
 Yet, trained in camps, he knew the  
     art

To win the soldier's hardy heart.  
 They love a captain to obey,  
 Boisterous as March, yet fresh as May ;  
 With open hand and brow as free,  
 Lover of wine and minstrelsy ;  
 Ever the first to scale a tower,  
 As venturous in a lady's bower : —  
 Such buxom chief shall lead his host  
 From India's fires to Zembla's frost.

Resting upon his pilgrim staff,  
     Right opposite the Palmer stood,  
 His thin dark visage seen but half,  
     Half hidden by his hood.  
 Still fixed on Marmion was his look,  
 Which he, who ill such gaze could  
     brook,  
     Strove by a frown to quell ;  
 But not for that, though more than once  
 Full met their stern encountering glance,  
     The Palmer's visage fell.

By fits less frequent from the crowd  
 Was heard the burst of laughter loud ;  
 For still, as squire and archer stared  
 On that dark face and matted beard,  
     Their glee and game declined.  
 All gazed at length in silence drear,  
 Unbroke save when in comrade's ear  
 Some yeoman, wondering in his fear,  
     Thus whispered forth his mind :  
 "Saint Mary! saw'st thou e'er such  
     sight?  
 How pale his cheek, his eye how bright  
 Whene'er the firebrand's fickle light,  
     Glances beneath his cowl!  
 Full on our lord he sets his eye ;

For his best palfrey would not I  
     Endure that sullen scowl."

But Marmion, as to chase the awe  
 Which thus had quelled their hearts  
     who saw  
 The ever-varying firelight show  
 That figure stern and face of woe,  
     Now called upon a squire ;  
 "Fitz-Eustace, know'st thou not some  
     lay,  
 To speed the lingering night away?  
     We slumber by the fire."

"So please you," thus the youth rejoined,  
 "Our choicest-minstrel's left behind.  
 Ill may we hope to please your ear,  
 Accustomed Constant's strains to hear.  
 The harp full deftly can he strike,  
 And wake the lover's lute alike ;  
 To dear Saint Valentine no thrush  
 Sings livelier from a springtide bush,  
 No nightingale her lovelorn tune  
 More sweetly warbles to the moon.  
 Woe to the cause, whate'er it be,  
 Detains from us his melody,  
 Lavished on rocks and billows stern,  
 Or duller monks of Lindisfarne.  
 Now must I venture as I may,  
 To sing his favorite roundelay."

A mellow voice Fitz-Eustace had,  
 The air he chose was wild and sad ;  
 Such have I heard in Scottish land  
 Rise from the busy, harvest band,  
 When falls before the mountaineer  
 On Lowland plains the ripened ear.  
 Now one shrill voice the notes prolong,  
 Now a wild chorus swells the song ;  
 Oft have I listened and stood still  
 As it came softened up the hill,  
 And deemed it the lament of men  
 Who languished for their native glen,  
 And thought how sad would be such  
     sound

On Susquehanna's swampy ground,  
 Kentucky's wood-encumbered brake,  
 Or wild Ontario's boundless lake,  
 Where heart-sick exiles in the strain  
 Recalled fair Scotland's hills again !

#### SONG

Where shall the lover rest,  
     Whom the fates sever  
 From his true maiden's breast,  
     Parted forever?  
 Where, through groves deep and high,  
     Sounds the far billow,  
 Where early violets die,  
     Under the willow.



## CHORUS

*Eleu loro, etc.* Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,  
Cool streams are laving ;  
There, while the tempests sway,  
Scarce are boughs waving ;  
There thy rest shalt thou take,  
Parted forever,  
Never again to wake,  
Never, O never !

## CHORUS

*Eleu loro, etc.* Never, O never !

Where shall the traitor rest,  
He the deceiver,  
Who could win maiden's breast,  
Ruin and leave her ?  
In the lost battle,  
Borne down by the flying,  
Where mingles war's rattle  
With groans of the dying.

## CHORUS

*Eleu loro, etc.* There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap  
O'er the false-hearted ;  
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,  
Ere life be parted.  
Shame and dishonor sit  
By his grave ever ;  
Blessing shall hallow it,—  
Never, O never !

## CHORUS

*Eleu loro, etc.* Never, O never !

It ceased, the melancholy sound,  
And silence sunk on all around.  
The air was sad ; but sadder still  
It fell on Marmion's ear,  
And plained as if disgrace and ill,  
And shameful death, were near.  
He drew his mantle past his face,  
Between it and the band,  
And rested with his head a space  
Reclining on his hand,  
His thoughts I scan not ; but I ween  
That, could their import have been  
seen,  
The meanest groom in all the hall,  
That e'er tied courser to a stall,  
Would scarce have wished to be their  
prey,  
For Lutterward and Fontenaye.

High minds, of native pride and force,  
Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse !  
Fear, for their scourge, mean villains  
have,

Thou art the torturer of the brave !  
Yet fatal strength they boast to steel  
Their minds to bear the wounds they  
feel,  
Even while they writhe beneath the  
smart

Of civil conflict in the heart.  
For soon Lord Marmion raised his head,  
And smiling to Fitz-Eustace said :  
“ Is it not strange that, as ye sung,  
Seemed in mine ear a death-peal rung,  
Such as in nunneries they toll  
For some departing sister's soul !  
Say, what may this portend ? ”  
Then first the Palmer silence broke,—  
The livelong day he had not spoke,—  
“ The death of a dear friend.”

Marmion, whose steady heart and eye  
Ne'er changed in worst extremity ;  
Marmion, whose soul could scantily  
brook

Even from his king a haughty look ;  
Whose accent of command controlled  
In camps the boldest of the bold—  
Thought, look, and utterance failed him  
now,  
Fallen was his glance and flushed his  
brow :

For either in the tone,  
Or something in the Palmer's look,  
So full upon his conscience strook,  
That answer he found none.  
Thus oft it haps that when within  
They shrink at sense of secret sin,  
A feather daunts the brave ;  
A fool's wild speech confounds the wise,  
And proudest princes veil their eyes  
Before their meanest slave.

Well might he falter !—By his aid  
Was Constance Beverley betrayed.  
Not that he augured of the doom  
Which on the living closed the tomb :  
But, tired to hear the desperate maid  
Threaten by turns, beseech, upbraid,  
And wroth because in wild despair  
She practised on the life of Clare,  
Its fugitive the Church he gave,  
Though not a victim, but a slave,  
And deemed restraint in convent  
strange  
Would hide her wrongs and her revenge.  
Himself, proud Henry's favorite peer,  
Held Romish thunders idle fear ;

Secure his pardon he might hold  
For some slight mulct of penance-gold.  
Thus judging, he gave secret way  
When the stern priests surprised their  
prey.

His train but deemed the favorite page  
Was left behind to spare his age;  
Or other if they deemed, none dared  
To mutter what he thought and heard:  
Woe to the vassal who durst pry  
Into Lord Marmion's privacy!

His conscience slept—he deemed her  
well,

And safe secured in distant cell;  
But wakened by her favorite lay,  
And that strange Palmer's boding say,  
That fell so ominous and drear  
Full on the object of his fear,  
To aid remorse's venom'd throes,  
Dark tales of convent-vengeance rose;  
And Constance, late betrayed and  
scorned,  
All lovely on his soul returned;  
Lovely as when at treacherous call  
She left her convent's peaceful wall,  
Crimsoned with shame, with terror  
mute.

Dreading alike escape, pursuit,  
Till love, victorious o'er alarms,  
Hid fears and blushes in his arms.

"Alas!" he thought, "how changed that  
mien!

How changed these timid looks have  
been,

Since years of guilt and of disguise  
Have steeled her brow and armed her  
eyes!

No more of virgin terror speaks  
The blood that mantles in her cheeks;  
Fierce and unfeminine are there,  
Frenzy for joy, for grief despair;  
And I the cause—for whom were given  
Her peace on earth, her hopes in  
heaven!—

Would," thought he, as the picture  
grows.

"I on its stalk had left the rose!  
Oh, why should man's success remove  
The very charms that wake his love?—  
Her convent's peaceful solitude  
Is now a prison harsh and rude;  
And, pent within the narrow cell,  
How will her spirit chafe and swell!  
How brook the stern monastic laws!  
The penance how—and I the cause!—  
Vigil and scourge—perchance even  
worse!

And twice he rose to cry, "To horse!"  
And twice his sovereign's mandate came,  
Like damp upon a kindling flame;  
And twice he thought, "Gave I not  
charge?

She should be safe, though not at  
large?

They durst not, for their island, shred  
One golden ringlet from her head."

While thus in Marmion's bosom strove  
Repentance and reviving love,  
Like whirlwinds whose contending sway  
I've seen Loch Vennachar obey,  
Their host the Palmer's speech had  
heard.

And talkative took up the word:  
"Ay, reverend pilgrim, you who stray  
From Scotland's simple land away,

To visit realms afar,  
I'll often learn the art to know  
Of future weal or future woe,

By word, or sign, or star;  
Yet might a knight his fortune hear,  
If, Knight-like, he despises fear,  
Not far from hence;—if fathers old  
Aright our hamlet legend told."

These broken words the menials move,—  
For marvels still the vulgar love,—  
And, Marmion giving license cold,  
His tale the host thus gladly told:—

#### THE HOST'S TALE

"A clerk could tell what years have  
flown

Since Alexander filled our throne,—  
Third monarch of that warlike name,—  
And eke the time when here he came  
To seek Sir Hugo, then our lord:

A braver never drew a sword;  
A wiser never, at the hour  
Of midnight, spoke the word of power;  
The same whom ancient records call  
The founder of the Goblin-Hall.

I would, Sir Knight, your longer stay  
Gave you that cavern to survey.

Of lofty roof and ample size,  
Beneath the castle deep it lies:

To hew the living rock profound,  
The floor to pave, the arch to round,

There never toiled a mortal arm,  
It all was wrought by word and charm:

And I have heard my grandsire say  
That the wild clamor and affray

Of those dread artisans of hell,  
Who labored under Hugo's spell,

Sounded as loud as ocean's war  
Among the caverns of Dunbar.



“The king Lord Gifford’s castle sought,  
 Deep laboring with uncertain thought.  
 Even then he mustered all his host,  
 To meet upon the western coast ;  
 For Norse and Danish galleys plied  
 Their oars within the Firth of Clyde.  
 There floated Haco’s banner trim  
 Above Norweyan warriors grim,  
 Savage of heart and large of limb,  
 Threatening both continent and isle,  
 Bute, Arran, Cunninghame, and Kyle.  
 Lord Gifford, deep beneath the ground,  
 Heard Alexander’s bugle sound,  
 And tarried not his garb to change,  
 But, in his wizard habit strange,  
 Came forth,—a quaint and fearful sight :  
 His mantle lined with fox-skins white ;  
 His high and wrinkled forehead bore  
 A pointed cap, such as of yore  
 Clerks say that Pharaoh’s Magi wore ;  
 His shoes were marked with cross and  
 spell.

Upon his breast a pentacle ;  
 His zone of virgin parchment thin,  
 Or, as some tell, of dead man’s skin,  
 Bore many a planetary sign,  
 Combust, and retrograde, and trine ;  
 And in his hand he held prepared  
 A naked sword without a guard.

“Dire dealings with the fiendish race  
 Had marked strange lines upon his face ;  
 Vigil and fast had worn him grim,  
 His eyesight dazzled seemed and dim,  
 As one unused to upper day ;  
 Even his own menials with dismay  
 Beheld, Sir Knight, the grisly sire  
 In this unwonted wild attire ;  
 Unwonted, for traditions run  
 He seldom thus beheld the sun.  
 ‘I know,’ he said,—his voice was hoarse  
 And broken seemed its hollow force,—  
 ‘I know the cause, although untold,  
 Why the king seeks his vassal’s hold :  
 Vainly from me my liege would know  
 His kingdom’s future weal or woe ;  
 But yet, if strong his arm and heart,  
 His courage may do more than art.

“Of middle air the demons proud,  
 Who ride upon the racking cloud,  
 Can read in fixed or wandering star  
 The issue of events afar,  
 But still their sullen aid withhold,  
 Save when by mightier force controlled.  
 Such late I summoned to my hall ;  
 And though so potent was the call  
 That scarce the deepest nook of hell  
 I deemed a refuge from the spell,

Yet, obstinate in silence still,  
 The haughty demon mocks my skill.  
 But thou,—who little know’st thy might  
 As born upon that blessed night  
 When yawning graves and dying groan  
 Proclaimed hell’s empire overthrown,—  
 With untaught valor shalt compel  
 Response denied to magic spell.’

‘Gramercy,’ quoth our monarch free,  
 ‘Place him but front to front with me,  
 And, by this good and honored brand,  
 The gift of Cœur-de-Lion’s hand,  
 Soothly I swear that, tide what tide,  
 The demon shall a buffet bide.’

His bearing bold the wizard viewed,  
 And thus, well pleased, his speech re-  
 newed :

‘There spoke the blood of Malcolm !—  
 mark :

Forth pacing hence at midnight dark,  
 The rampart seek whose circling crown  
 Crests the ascent of yonder down :  
 A southern entrance shalt thou find ;  
 There halt, and there thy bugle wind,  
 And trust thine elfin foe to see  
 In guise of thy worst enemy.

Couch then thy lance and spur thy  
 steed—

Upon him ! and Saint George to speed !  
 If he go down, thou soon shalt know  
 Whate’er these airy sprites can show ;  
 If thy heart fail thee in the strife,  
 I am no warrant for thy life.’

“Soon as the midnight bell did ring,  
 Alone and armed, forth rode the king  
 To that old camp’s deserted round.  
 Sir Knight, you well might mark the  
 mound

Left hand the town,—the Pictish race  
 The trench, long since, in blood did  
 trace ;

The moor around is brown and bare,  
 The space within is green and fair.  
 The spot our village children know,  
 For there the earliest wild-flowers grow ;  
 But woe betide the wandering wight  
 That treads its circle in the night !  
 The breadth across, a bowshot clear,  
 Gives ample space for full career ;  
 Opposed to the four points of heaven,  
 By four deep gaps are entrance given.  
 The southernmost our monarch passed,  
 Halted, and blew a gallant blast ;  
 And on the north, within the ring,  
 Appeared the form of England’s king,  
 Who then, a thousand leagues afar,  
 In Palestine waged holy war :  
 Yet arms like England’s did he wield ;



Alike the leopards in the shield,  
Alike his Syrian courser's frame,  
The rider's length of limb the same.  
Long afterwards did Scotland know  
Fell Edward was her deadliest foe.

"The vision made our monarch start,  
But soon he manned his noble heart,  
And in the first career they ran,  
The Elfin Knight fell, horse and man;  
Yet did a splinter of his lance  
Through Alexander's visor glance,  
And razed the skin—a puny wound.  
The king, light leaping to the ground,  
With naked blade his phantom foe  
Compelled the future war to show.

Of Largs he saw the glorious plain,  
Where still gigantic bones remain,  
Memorial of the Danish war;  
Himself he saw, amid the field,  
On high his brandished war-axe wield  
And strike proud Haco from his car,  
While all around the shadowy kings  
Denmark's grim ravens cowered their  
wings.

'T is said that in that awful night  
Remoter visions met his sight,  
Foreshowing future conquest far,  
When our sons' sons wage Northern  
war;

A royal city, tower and spire,  
Reddened the midnight sky with fire,  
And shouting crews her navy bore  
Triumphant to the victor shore.  
Such signs may learned clerks explain,  
They pass the wit of simple swain.

"The joyful king turned home again,  
Headed his host, and quelled the Dane;  
But yearly, when returned the night  
Of his strange combat with the sprite,  
His wound must bleed and smart;  
Lord Gifford then would gibing say,  
'Bold as ye were, my liege, ye pay  
The penance of your start.'

Long since, beneath Dunfermline's nave,  
King Alexander fills his grave,  
Our Lady give him rest!

Yet still the knightly spear and shield  
The Elfin Warrior doth wield

Upon the brown hill's breast,  
And many a knight hath proved his  
chance

In the charmed ring to break a lance,  
But all have foully sped;  
Save two, as legends tell, and they  
Were Wallace wight and Gilbert  
Hay.—

Gentles, my tale is said."

The quaighs were deep, the liquor  
strong,

And on the tale the yeoman-throng  
Had made a comment sage and long,  
But Marmion gave a sign,  
And with their lord the squires retire,  
The rest around the hostel fire  
Their drowsy limbs recline;  
For pillow, underneath each head  
The quiver and the targe were laid.  
Deep slumbering on the hostel floor,  
Oppressed with toil and ale, they snore;  
The dying flame, in fitful change,  
Threw on the group its shadows strange.

Apart, and nestling in the hay  
Of a waste loft, Fitz-Eustace lay;  
Scarce by the pale moonlight were seen  
The foldings of his mantle green:  
Lightly he dreamt, as youth will dream,  
Of sport by thicket, or by stream,  
Of hawk or hound, or ring or glove,  
Or, lighter yet, of lady's love.  
A cautious tread his slumber broke,  
And, close beside him when he woke,  
In moonbeam half, and half in gloom,  
Stood a tall form with nodding plume;  
But, ere his dagger Eustace drew,  
His master Marmion's voice he knew:

"Fitz-Eustace! rise,—I cannot rest;  
Yon churl's wild legend haunts my  
breast,  
And graver thoughts have chafed my  
mood;

The air must cool my feverish blood,  
And fain would I ride forth to see  
The scene of elfin chivalry.  
Arise, and saddle me my steed;  
And, gentle Eustace, take good heed  
Thou dost not rouse these drowsy  
slaves;

I would not that the prating knaves  
Had cause for saying, o'er their ale,  
That I could credit such a tale."  
Then softly down the steps they slid,  
Eustace the stable door undid.  
And, darkling, Marmion's steed arrayed,  
While, whispering, thus the baron  
said:—

"Didst never, good my youth, hear tell  
That on the hour when I was born  
Saint George, who graced my sire's cha-  
pelle,  
Down from his steed of marble fell,  
A weary wight forlorn?  
The flattering chaplains all agree  
The champion left his steed to me,



I would, the omen's truth to show,  
That I could meet this elfin foe!  
Blithe would I battle for the right  
To ask one question at the sprite.—  
Vain thought! for elves, if elves there  
be,

An empty race, by fount or sea  
To dashing waters dance and sing,  
Or round the green oak wheel their  
ring."

Thus speaking, he his steed bestrode,  
And from the hostel slowly rode.

Fitz-Eustace followed him abroad,  
And marked him pace the village road,  
And listened to his horse's tramp,  
Till, by the lessening sound,  
He judged that of the Pictish camp  
Lord Marmion sought the round.

Wonder it seemed, in the squire's eyes,  
That one, so wary held and wise.—  
Of whom 'twas said, he scarce received  
For gospel what the Church believed,—

Should, stirred by idle tale,  
Ride forth in silence of the night,  
As hoping half to meet a sprite,  
Arrayed in plate and mail.

For little did Fitz-Eustace know  
That passions in contending flow

Unfix the strongest mind;  
Wearied from doubt to doubt to flee,  
We welcome fond credulity,  
Guide confident, though blind.

Little for this Fitz-Eustace cared,  
But patient waited till he heard  
At distance, pricked to utmost speed,  
The foot-tramp of a flying steed

Come townward rushing on;  
First, dead, as if on turf it trode,  
Then, clattering on the village road,—  
In other pace than forth he yode,

Returned Lord Marmion,  
Down hastily he sprung from selle,  
And in his haste wellnigh he fell;  
To the squire's hand the rein he threw,  
And spoke no word as he withdrew:  
But yet the moonlight did betray  
The falcon-crest was soiled with clay;  
And plainly might Fitz Eustace see,  
By stains upon the charger's knee  
And his left side, that on the moor  
He had not kept his footing sure.  
Long musing on these wondrous signs,  
At length to rest the squire reclines,  
Broken and short; for still between  
Would dreams of terror intervene:  
Eustace did ne'er so blithely mark  
The first notes of the morning lark.

## CANTO FOURTH

## THE CAMP

EUSTACE, I said, did blithely mark  
The first notes of the merry lark.  
The lark sang shrill, the cock he crew,  
And loudly Marmion's bugles blew,  
And with their light and lively call  
Brought groom and yeoman to the stall.

Whistling they came and free of heart,  
But soon their mood was changed;  
Complaint was heard on every part  
Of some thing disarranged.

Some clamored loud for armor lost;  
Some brawled and wrangled with the  
host;

'By Becket's bones,' cried one, 'I fear  
That some false Scot has stolen my  
spear!'

Young Blount, Lord Marmion's second  
squire,

Found his steed wet with sweat and mire,  
Although the rated horse-boy sware  
Last night he dressed him sleek and fair.  
While chafed the impatient squire like  
thunder,

Old Hubert shouts in fear and wonder,—  
Help, gentle Blount! help, comrades all!  
Bevis lies dying in his stall;

To Marmion who the plight dare tell  
Of the good steed he loves so well?'

Gaping for fear and ruth, they saw  
The charger panting on his straw;  
Till one, who would seem wisest, cried,  
"What else but evil could betide,  
With that cursed Palmer for our guide?  
Better we had through mire and bush  
Been lantern-led by Friar Rush."

Fitz-Eustace, who the cause but  
guessed,

Nor wholly understood,  
His comrades' clamorous complaints sup-  
pressed:

He knew Lord Marmion's mood.  
Him, ere he issued forth, he sought,  
And found deep plunged in gloomy  
thought,

And did his tale display  
Simply, as if he knew of nought  
To cause such disarray.

Lord Marmion gave attention cold,  
Nor marvelled at the wonders told,—  
Passed them as accidents of course,  
And bade his clarions sound to horse.

Young Henry Blount, meanwhile, the  
cost  
Had reckoned with their Scottish host;



And, as the charge he cast and paid,  
 "Ill thou deserv'st thy hire," he said ;  
 "Dost see, thou knave, my horse's plight?  
 Fairies have ridden him all the night,  
 And left him in a foam !

I trust that soon a conjuring band,  
 With English cross and blazing brand,  
 Shall drive the devils from this land  
 To their infernal home ;

For in this haunted den, I trow,  
 All night they trampled to and fro."  
 The laughing host looked on the hire :  
 "Gramercy, gentle southern squire,  
 And if thou com'st among the rest,  
 With Scottish broadsword to be blest,  
 Sharp be the brand, and sure the blow,  
 And short the pang to undergo."  
 Here stayed their talk, for Marmion  
 Gave now the signal to set on.  
 The Palmer showing forth the way,  
 They journeyed all the morning-day.

The greensward way was smooth and  
 good,  
 Through Humble's and through Saltoun's  
 wood ;

A forest glade, which, varying still,  
 Here gave a view of dale and hill  
 There narrower closed till overhead  
 A vaulted screen the branches made.  
 "A pleasant path," Fitz-Eustace said ;  
 "Such as where errant knights might  
 see

Adventures of high chivalry,  
 Might meet some damsel flying fast,  
 With hair unbound and looks aghast ;  
 And smooth and level course were here,  
 In her defence to break a spear.  
 Here, too, are twilight nooks and dells ;  
 And oft in such, the story tells,  
 The damsel kind, from danger freed,  
 Did grateful pay her champion's meed."  
 He spoke to cheer Lord Marmion's mind,  
 Perchance to show his lore designed ;

For Eustace much had pored  
 Upon a huge romantic tome,  
 In the hall-window of his home,  
 Imprinted at the antique dome

Of Caxton or de Worde,  
 Therefore he spoke,—but spoke in vain,  
 For Marmion answered nought again.

Now sudden, distant trumpets shrill,  
 In notes prolonged by wood and hill,  
 Were heard to echo far ;

Each ready archer grasped his bow,  
 But by the flourish soon they know  
 They breathed no point of war.  
 Yet cautious, as in foeman's land,

Lord Marmion's order speeds the band  
 Some opener ground to gain ;  
 And scarce a furlong had they rode,  
 When thinner trees receding showed  
 A little woodland plain.  
 Just in that advantageous glade  
 The halting troop a line had made,  
 As forth from the opposing shade  
 Issued a gallant train.

First came the trumpets, at whose clang  
 So late the forest echoes rang ;  
 On prancing steeds they forward pressed,  
 With scarlet mantle, azure vest ;  
 Each at his trump a banner wore,  
 Which Scotland's royal scutcheon bore :  
 Heralds and pursuivants, by name  
 Bute, Islay, Marchmont, Rothsay,  
 came,

In painted tabards, proudly showing  
 Gules, argent, or, and azure glowing.  
 Attendant on a king-at-arms,  
 Whose hand the armorial truncheon  
 held

That feudal strife had often quelled  
 When wildest its alarms.

He was a man of middle age,  
 In aspect manly, grave, and sage,  
 As on king's errand come ;  
 But in the glances of his eye  
 A penetrating, keen, and sly  
 Expression found its home ;  
 The flash of that satiric rage  
 Which, bursting on the early stage,  
 Branded the vices of the age,  
 And broke the keys of Rome.  
 On milk-white palfrey forth he paced ;  
 His cap of maintenance was graced  
 With the proud heron-plume.  
 From his steed's shoulder, loin, and  
 breast,

Silk housings swept the ground,  
 With Scotland's arms, device, and crest,  
 Embroidered round and round.  
 The double tressure might you see,  
 First by Achaius borne,  
 The thistle and the fleur-de-lis,  
 And gallant unicorn.

So bright the king's armorial coat  
 That scarce the dazzled eye could note,  
 In living colors blazoned brave,  
 The Lion, which his title gave ;  
 A train, which well beseeemed his state,  
 But all unarmed, around him wait.

Still is thy name in high account,  
 And still thy verse has charms,  
 Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,  
 Lord Lion King-at-arms !



Down from his horse did Marmion spring  
 Soon as he saw the Lion-King;  
 For well the stately baron knew  
 To him such courtesy was due.  
 Whom royal James himself had crowned,  
 And on his temples placed the round  
 Of Scotland's ancient diadem,  
 And wet his brow with hallowed wine,  
 And on his finger given to shine  
 The emblematic gem.

Their mutual greetings duly made,  
 The Lion thus his message said:—  
 'Though Scotland's King hath deeply  
 swore

Ne'er to knit faith with Henry more,  
 And strictly hath forbid resort  
 From England to his royal court,  
 Yet, for he knows Lord Marmion's name  
 And honors much his warlike fame,  
 My liege hath deemed it shame and  
 lack

Of courtesy to turn him back;  
 And by his order I, your guide,  
 Must lodging fit and fair provide  
 Till finds King James meet time to see  
 The flower of English chivalry."

Though inly chafed at this delay,  
 Lord Marmion bears it as he may.  
 The Palmer, his mysterious guide,  
 Beholding thus his place supplied,  
 Sought to take leave in vain;  
 Strict was the Lion-King's command  
 That none who rode in Marmion's band  
 Should sever from the train.

"England has here enow of spies  
 In Lady Heron's witching eyes:"  
 To Marchmount thus apart he said,  
 But fair pretext to Marmion made.  
 The right-hand path they now decline,  
 And trace against the stream the Tyne.

At length up that wild dale they wind,  
 Where Crichtoun Castle crowns the  
 bank;

For there the Lion's care assigned  
 A lodging meet for Marmion's rank.  
 That castle rises on the steep  
 Of the green vale of Tyne;  
 And far beneath, where slow they creep  
 From pool to eddy, dark and deep,  
 Where alders moist and willows weep,  
 You hear her streams repine.

The towers in different ages rose,  
 Their various architecture shows  
 The builders' various hands;  
 A mighty mass, that could oppose,  
 When deadliest hatred fired its foes,  
 The vengeful Douglas bands.

Crichtoun! though now thy miry court  
 But pens the lazy steer and sheep,  
 Thy turrets rude and tottered keep  
 Have been the minstrel's loved resort.  
 Oft have I traced, within thy fort,  
 Of mouldering shields the mystic  
 sense,

Scutcheons of honor or pretence,  
 Quartered in old armorial sort,  
 Remains of rude magnificence.  
 Nor wholly yet hath time defaced  
 Thy lordly gallery fair,  
 Nor yet the stony cord unbraced  
 Whose twisted knots, with roses laced,  
 Adorn thy ruined stair.

Still rises unimpaired below  
 The court-yard's graceful portico;  
 Above its cornice, row and row  
 Of fair-hewn facets richly show  
 Their pointed diamond form,  
 Though there but houseless cattle go,  
 To shield them from the storm.

And, shuddering, still may we explore,  
 Where oft whilom were captives pent,  
 The darkness of thy Massy More.

Or, from thy grass-grown battlement,  
 May trace in undulating line  
 The sluggish mazes of the Tyne.

Another aspect Crichtoun showed  
 As through its portal Marmion rode;  
 But yet 't was melancholy state  
 Received him at the outer gate,  
 For none were in the castle then  
 But women, boys, or aged men.  
 With eyes scarce dried, the sorrowing  
 dame

To welcome noble Marmion came;  
 Her son, a stripling twelve years old,  
 Proffered the baron's rein to hold:  
 For each man that could draw a sword  
 Had marched that morning with their  
 lord,

Earl Adam Hepburn,—he who died  
 On Flodden by his sovereign's side.  
 Long may his lady look in vain!  
 She ne'er shall see his gallant train  
 Come sweeping back through Crichtoun-  
 Dean.

'T was a brave race before the name  
 Of hated Bothwell stained their fame.

And here two days did Marmion rest,  
 With every right that honor claims,  
 Attended as the king's own guest;—  
 Such the command of Royal James,  
 Who marshalled then his land's array,  
 Upon the Borough-moor that lay.  
 Perchance he would not foeman's eye



Upon his gathering host should pry,  
Till full prepared was every band  
To march against the English land.  
Here while they dwelt, did Lindesay's  
    wit

Oft cheer the baron's moodier fit;  
And, in his turn, he knew to prize  
Lord Marmion's powerful mind and  
    wise,—

Trained in the lore of Rome and Greece,  
And policies of war and peace.

It chanced, as fell the second night,  
That on the battlements they walked,  
And by the slowly fading light  
Of varying topics talked:  
And, unaware, the herald-bard  
Said Marmion might his toil have spared  
In travelling so far,  
For that a messenger from heaven  
In vain to James had counsel given  
Against the English war;  
And, closer questioned, thus he told  
A tale which chronicles of old  
In Scottish story have enrolled:—

#### SIR DAVID LINDESAY'S TALE

“Of all the palaces so fair,  
Built for the royal dwelling  
In Scotland, far beyond compare  
Linlithgow is excelling;  
And in its park, in jovial June,  
How sweet the merry linnet's tune,  
How blithe the blackbird's lay!  
The wild buck bells from ferny brake,  
The coot dives merry on the lake,  
The saddest heart might pleasure take  
To see all nature gay.  
But June is to our sovereign dear  
The heaviest month in all the year;  
Too well his cause of grief you know,  
June saw his father's overthrow.  
Woe to the traitors who could bring  
The princely boy against his king!  
Still in his conscience burns the sting.  
In offices as strict as Lent  
King James's June is ever spent.

“When last this ruthless month was  
    come,  
And in Linlithgow's holy dome  
The king, as wont, was praying;  
While for his royal father's soul  
The chanters sung, the bells did toll,  
The bishop mass was saying—  
For now the year brought round again  
The day the luckless king was slain—  
In Catherine's aisle the monarch knelt,  
With sackcloth shirt and iron belt,

And eyes with sorrow streaming;  
Around him in their stalls of state  
The Thistle's Knight-Companions sate,  
Their banners o'er them beaming.  
I too was there, and, sooth to tell,  
Bedeafened with the jangling knell,  
Was watching where the sunbeams fell,  
Through the stained casement gleam-  
    ing;

But while I marked what next befell  
It seemed as I were dreaming,  
Stepped from the crowd a ghostly wight,  
In azure gown, with cincture white;  
His forehead bald, his head was bare,  
Down hung at length his yellow hair.—  
Now, mock me not when, good my lord,  
I pledge to you my knightly word  
That when I saw his placid grace,  
His simple majesty of face,  
His solemn bearing, and his pace  
So stately gliding on,—  
Seemed to me ne'er did limner paint  
So just an image of the saint  
Who propped the Virgin in her faint,  
The loved Apostle John!

“He stepped before the monarch's chair,  
And stood with rustic plainness there,  
And little reverence made;  
Nor head, nor body, bowed, nor bent,  
But on the desk his arm he leant,  
And words like these he said,  
In a low voice,—but never tone  
So thrilled through vein, and nerve, and  
    bone:—

‘My mother sent me from afar,  
Sir King, to warn thee not to war,—  
Woe waits on thine array;  
If war thou wilt, of woman fair,  
Her witching wiles and wanton snare,  
James Stuart, doubly warned, beware:  
God keep thee as He may!’—  
The wondering monarch seemed to seek  
For answer, and found none;  
And when he raised his head to speak,  
The monitor was gone.  
The marshal and myself had cast  
To stop him as he outward passed;  
But, lighter than the whirlwind's blast,  
He vanished from our eyes,  
Like sunbeam on the billow cast,  
That glances but, and dies.”

While Lindesay told his marvel strange  
The twilight was so pale,  
He marked not Marmion's color change  
While listening to the tale;  
But, after a suspended pause,  
The baron spoke: “Of Nature's laws



So strong I held the force,  
That never superhuman cause  
Could e'er control their course,  
And, three days since, had judged your  
aim  
Was but to make your guest your  
game ;  
But I have seen, since past the Tweed,  
What much has changed my sceptic  
creed,  
And made me credit aught."—He stayed,  
And seemed to wish his words unsaid,  
But, by that strong emotion pressed  
Which prompts us to unload our breast  
Even when discovery's pain,  
To Lindesay did at length unfold  
The tale his village host had told,  
At Gifford, to his train.  
Nought of the Palmer says he there.  
And nought of Constance or of Clare;  
The thoughts which broke his sleep he  
seems  
To mention but as feverish dreams.

"In vain," said he, "to rest I spread  
My burning limbs and couched my head ;  
Fantastic thoughts returned,  
And, by their wild dominion led,  
My heart within me burned.  
So sore was the delirious goad,  
I took my steed and forth I rode,  
And, as the moon shone bright and  
cold,  
Soon reached the camp upon the wold.  
The southern entrance I passed through,  
And halted, and my bugle blew.  
Methought an answer met my ear,—  
Yet was the blast so low and drear,  
So hollow, and so faintly blown,  
It might be echo of my own.

"Thus judging, for a little space  
I listened ere I left the place,  
But scarce could trust my eyes,  
Nor yet can think they serve me true,  
When sudden in the ring I view,  
In form distinct of shape and hue,  
A mounted champion rise.—  
I've fought, Lord-Lion, many a day,  
In single fight and mixed affray,  
And ever, I myself may say,  
Have borne me as a knight ;  
But when this unexpected foe  
Seemed starting from the gulf below,—  
I care not though the truth I show,—  
I trembled with affright ;  
And as I placed in rest my spear,  
My hand so shook for very fear,  
I scarce could couch it right.

"Why need my tongue the issue tell?  
We ran our course,—my charger fell ;—  
What could he 'gainst the shock of  
hell?

I rolled upon the plain.  
High o'er my head with threatening  
hand

The spectre shook his naked brand,—  
Yet did the worst remain :

My dazzled eyes I upward cast,—  
Not opening hell itself could blast  
Their sight like what I saw !

Full on his face the moonbeam strook !—  
A face could never be mistook !

I knew the stern vindictive look,

And held my breath for awe.  
I saw the face of one who, fled  
To foreign climes, has long been dead,—

I well believe the last ;  
For ne'er from visor raised did stare  
A human warrior with a glare

So grimly and so ghast.  
Thrice o'er my head he shook the blade ;  
But when to good Saint George I prayed,  
—The first time e'er I asked his aid,—

He plunged it in the sheath,  
And, on his courser mounting light,  
He seemed to vanish from my sight :  
The moonbeam drooped, and deepest  
night

Sunk down upon the heath.—  
'T were long to tell what cause I have  
To know his face that met me there,  
Called by his hatred from the grave  
To cumber upper air ;  
Dead or alive, good cause had he  
To be my mortal enemy."

Marvelled Sir David of the Mount ;  
Then, learned in story, gan recount  
Such chance had happed of old,  
When once, near Norham, there did  
fight

A spectre fell of fiendish might,  
In likeness of a Scottish knight,

With Brian Buhner bold,  
And trained him nigh to disallow  
The aid of his baptismal vow,

"And such a phantom, too, 't is said,  
With Highland broadsword, targe, and  
plaid,

And fingers red with gore,  
Is seen in Rothiemurcus glade,  
Or where the sable pine-trees shade  
Dark Tomantoul, and Auchnaslaid,  
Dromouchty, or Glenmore.

And yet, what'er such legends say  
Of warlike demon, ghost, or fay,  
On mountain, moor, or plain,

Spotless in faith, in bosom bold,  
 True son of chivalry should hold  
     These midnight terrors vain ;  
 For seldom have such spirits power  
 To harm, save in the evil hour  
 When guilt we meditate within  
 Or harbor unrepented sin."—  
 Lord Marmion turned him half aside,  
 And twice to clear his voice he tried,  
     Then pressed Sir David's hand,—  
 But nought, at length, in answer said ;  
 And here their further converse stayed,  
     Each ordering that his band  
 Should bowne them with the rising day,  
 To Scotland's camp to take their way,—  
     Such was the king's command.

Early they took Dun-Edin's road,  
 And I could trace each step they trode ;  
 Hill, brook, nor dell, nor rock, nor stone,  
 Lies on the path to me unknown.  
 Much might it boast of storied lore ;  
 But, passing such digression o'er,  
 Suffice it that their route was laid  
 Across the furzy hills of Braid.  
 They passed the glen and scanty rill,  
 And climbed the opposing bank, until  
 They gained the top of Blackford Hill.

Blackford ! on whose uncultured breast,  
     Among the broom and thorn and whin,  
 A truant-boy, I sought the nest,  
 Or listed, as I lay at rest,  
     While rose on breezes thin  
 The murmur of the city crowd,  
 And, from his steeple jangling loud,  
     Saint Giles's mingling din.  
 Now, from the summit to the plain,  
 Waves all the hill with yellow grain ;  
     And o'er the landscape as I look,  
 Nought do I see unchanged remain,  
     Save the rude cliffs and chiming brook.  
 To me they make a heavy moan  
 Of early friendships past and gone.

But different far the change has been,  
     Since Marmion from the crown  
 Of Blackford saw that martial scene  
     Upon the bent so brown :  
 Thousand pavilions, white as snow,  
 Spread all the Borough-moor below,  
     Upland, and dale, and down.  
 A thousand did I say ? I ween,  
 Thousands on thousands there were seen,  
 That checkered all the heath between  
     The streamlet and the town,  
 In crossing ranks extending far,  
 Forming a camp irregular ;  
 Oft giving way where still there stood

Some relics of the old oak wood,  
 That darkly huge did intervene  
 And tamed the glaring white with green :  
 In these extended lines there lay  
 A martial kingdom's vast array.

For from Hebudes, dark with rain,  
 To eastern Lodon's fertile plain,  
 And from the southern Redswire edge  
 To furthest Rosse's rocky ledge,  
 From west to east, from south to north,  
 Scotland sent all her warriors forth.  
 Marmion might hear the mingled hum  
 Of myriads up the mountain come.—  
 The horses' tramp and tinkling clank,  
 Where chiefs reviewed their vassal rank,  
     And charger's shrilling neigh,—  
 And see the shifting lines advance,  
 While frequent flashed from shield and  
     lance  
     The sun's reflected ray.

Thin curling in the morning air,  
 The wreaths of failing smoke declare  
 To embers now the brands decayed,  
 Where the night-watch their fires had  
     made.

They saw, slow rolling on the plain,  
 Full many a baggage-cart and wain,  
 And dire artillery's clumsy car,  
 By sluggish oxen tugged to war ;  
 And there were Borthwick's Sisters  
     Seven,

And culverins which France had given.  
 Ill-omened gift ! the guns remain  
 The conqueror's spoil on Flodden plain.

Nor marked they less where in the air  
 A thousand streamers flaunted fair ;  
     Various in shape, device, and hue,  
     Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue,  
 Broad, narrow, swallow-tailed, and  
     square,

Scroll, pennon, pencil, bandrol, there  
     O'er the pavilions flew.

Highest and midmost, was descried  
 The royal banner floating wide ;

    The staff, a pine-tree, strong and  
     straight,

    Pitched deeply in a massive stone,  
     Which still in memory is shown,

    Yet bent beneath the standard's  
     weight,

    Whene'er the western wind unrolled  
     With toil the huge and cumbrous  
     fold,

And gave to view the dazzling field,  
 Where in proud Scotland's royal shield  
     The ruddy lion ramped in gold.



Lord Marmion viewed the landscape  
bright,

He viewed it with a chief's delight,  
Until within him burned his heart,  
And lightning from his eye did part,  
As on the battle-day ;  
Such glance did falcon never dart  
When stooping on his prey.

"Oh! well, Lord-Lion, hast thou said,  
Thy king from warfare to dissuade  
Were but a vain essay ;

For, by Saint George, were that host  
mine,

Not power infernal nor divine  
Should once to peace my soul incline,  
Till I had dimmed their armor's shine  
In glorious battle-fray !"

Answered the bard, of milder mood :  
'Fair is the sight,—and yet 'twere  
good

That kings would think withal,  
When peace and wealth their land has  
blessed,

'T is better to sit still at rest  
Than rise, perchance to fall."

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stayed,  
For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed.  
When sated with the martial show  
That peopled all the plain below;  
The wandering eye could o'er it go,  
And mark the distant city glow

With gloomy splendor red ;  
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and  
slow,

That round her sable turrets flow,  
The morning beams were shed,  
And tinged them with a lustre proud,  
Like that which streaks a thunder-  
cloud.

Such dusky grandeur clothed the height  
Where the huge castle holds its state,  
And all the steep slope down,  
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,  
Piled deep and massy, close and high.

Mine own romantic town !  
But northward far, with purer blaze,  
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,  
And as each heathy top they kissed,  
It gleamed a purple amethyst.

Yonder the shores of Fife you saw,  
Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-law ;

And, broad between them rolled,  
The gallant Firth the eye might note,  
Whose islands on its bosom float,  
Like emeralds chased in gold.

Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent ;  
As if to give his rapture vent,  
The spur he to his charger lent,

And raised his bridle hand,  
And making demi-volt in air,  
Cried, "Where's the coward that would  
not dare

To fight for such a land !"  
The Lindesay smiled his joy to see,  
Nor Marmion's frown repressed his glee.

Thus while they looked, a flourish proud,  
Where mingled trump, and clarion loud,  
And fife, and kettle-drum,

And sackbut deep, and psaltery,  
And war-pipe with discordant cry,  
And cymbal clattering to the sky,  
Making wild music bold and high,

Did up the mountain come ;  
The whilst the bells with distant chime  
Merrily tolled the hour of prime,  
And thus the Lindesay spoke :

"Thus clamor still the war-notes when  
The king to mass his way has ta'en,  
Or to Saint Catherine's of Sienne,  
Or Chapel of Saint Rocque.

To you they speak of martial fame,  
But me remind of peaceful game,  
When blither was their cheer,  
Thrilling in Falkland-woods the air,  
In signal none his steed should spare.  
But strive which foremost might  
repair

To the downfall of the deer.

"Nor less," he said, "when looking forth  
I view yon Empress of the North  
Sit on her hilly throne,

Her palace's imperial bowers,  
Her castle, proof to hostile powers,  
Her stately halls and holy towers—

Nor less," he said, "I moan  
To think what woe mischance may  
bring,

And how these merry bells may ring  
The death-dirge of our gallant king,  
Or with their larum call

The burghers forth to watch and ward,  
'Gainst Southern sack and fires to  
guard

Dun-Edin's leaguered wall.—  
But not for my presaging thought,  
Dream conquest sure or cheaply bought !

Lord Marmion, I say nay :  
God is the guider of the field,  
He breaks the champion's spear and  
shield ;

But thou thyself shalt say,  
When joins yon host in deadly stowre,  
That England's dames must weep in  
bower,

Her monks the death-mass sing ;



For never saw'st thou such a power  
 Led on by such a king."  
 And now, down winding to the plain,  
 The barriers of the camp they gain,  
 And there they made a stay,—  
 There stays the Minstrel till he fling  
 His hand o'er every Border string,  
 And fit his harp the pomp to sing  
 Of Scotland's ancient court and king,  
 In the succeeding lay.

## CANTO FIFTH

## THE COURT

THE train has left the hills of Braid ;  
 The barrier guard have open made—  
 So Lindesay bade—the palisade  
 That closed the tented ground ;  
 Their men the warders backward drew,  
 And carried pikes as they rode through  
 Into its ample bound.  
 Fast ran the Scottish warriors there,  
 Upon the Southern band to stare,  
 And envy with their wonder rose,  
 To see such well-appointed foes ;  
 Such length of shafts, such mighty  
       bows,  
 So huge, that many simply thought  
 But for a vaunt such weapons wrought,  
 And little deemed their force to feel  
 Through links of mail and plates of steel  
 When, rattling upon Flodden vale,  
 The cloth-yard arrows flew like hail.

Nor less did Marmion's skilful view  
 Glance every line and squadron through,  
 And much he marvelled one small land  
 Could marshal forth such various band ;

For men-at-arms were here,  
 Heavily sheathed in mail and plate,  
 Like iron towers for strength and weight  
 On Flemish steeds of bone and height,  
 With battle-axe and spear.

Young knights and squires, a lighter  
       train,

Practised their charges on the plain,  
 By aid of leg, of hand, and rein,

Each warlike feat to show.  
 To pass, to wheel, the croupe to gain,  
 And high curvet, that not in vain  
 The sword-sway might descend amain

On foeman's casque below  
 He saw the hardy burghers there  
 March armed on foot with faces bare,  
 For visor they wore none,  
 Nor waving plume, nor crest of knight ;  
 But burnished were their corselets  
       bright,

Their brigantines and gorgets light

Like very silver shone.  
 Long pikes they had for standing fight,  
 Two-handed swords they wore,  
 And many wielded mace of weight,  
 And bucklers bright they bore.

On foot the yeoman too, but dressed  
 In his steel-jack, a swarthy vest,  
 With iron quilted well ;  
 Each at his back—a slender store—  
 His forty days' provision bore,  
 As feudal statutes tell.

His arms were halbert, axe, or spear,  
 A crossbow there, a hagbut here,  
 A dagger-knife, and brand.

Sober he seemed and sad of cheer,  
 As loath to leave his cottage dear  
 And march to foreign strand,  
 Or musing who would guide his steer  
 To till the fallow land.

Yet deem not in his thoughtful eye  
 Did aught of dastard terror lie ;  
 More dreadful far his ire  
 Than theirs who, scorning danger's name  
 In eager mood to battle came,  
 Their valor like light straw on flame,  
 A fierce but fading fire.

Not so the Borderer :—bred to war,  
 He knew the battle's din afar,  
 And joyed to hear it swell.  
 His peaceful day was slothful ease ;  
 Nor harp nor pipe his ear could please  
 Like the loud slogan yell.

On active steed, with lance and blade,  
 The light-armed pricker plied his trade,—  
 Let nobles fight for fame ;  
 Let vassals follow where they lead,  
 Burghers, to guard their townships,  
       bleed,

But war's the Borderers' game.  
 Their gain, their glory, their delight,  
 To sleep the day, maraud the night,  
 O'er mountain, moss and moor ;  
 Joyful to fight they took their way,  
 Scarce caring who might win the day,  
 Their booty was secure.

These, as Lord Marmion's train passed  
       by,

Looked on at first with careless eye,  
 Nor marvelled aught, well taught to  
       know

The form and force of English bow.  
 But when they saw the lord arrayed  
 In splendid arms and rich brocade,  
 Each Borderer to his kinsman said,—  
 "Hist, Ringan ! seest thou there !  
 Canst guess which road they'll homeward  
       ride ?



Oh ! could we but on Border side,  
By Eusedale glen, or Liddell's tide,  
Beset a prize so fair !  
That fangless Lion, too, their guide,  
Might chance to lose his glistening hide ;  
Brown Maudlin of that doublet pied  
Could make a kirtle rare."

Next, Marmion marked the Celtic race,  
Of different language, form, and face,  
A various race of man ;  
Just then the chiefs their tribes arrayed,  
And wild and garish semblance made  
The checkeder trews and belted plaid,  
And varying notes the war-pipes brayed  
To every varying clan.

Wild through their red or sable hair  
Looked out their eyes with savage stare  
On Marmion as he passed ;  
Their legs above the knee were bare ;  
Their frame was sinewy, short, and  
spare.

And hardened to the blast ;  
Of taller race, the chiefs they own  
Were by the eagle's plumage known.  
The hunted red-deer's undressed hide  
Their hairy buskins well supplied ;  
The graceful bonnet decked their head ;  
Back from their shoulders hung the  
plaid ;

A broadsword of unwieldy length,  
A dagger proved for edge and strength,  
A studded targe they wore,  
And quivers, bows, and shafts,—but,  
oh !

Short was the shaft and weak the bow  
To that which England bore.

The Isles-men carried at their backs  
The ancient Danish battle-axe.  
They raised a wild and wondering cry,  
As with his guide rode Marmion by,  
Loud were their clamoring tongues, as  
when

The clanging sea-fowl leave the fen  
And, with their cries discordant mixed,  
Grumbled and yelled the pipes betwixt.

Thus through the Scottish camp they  
passed,

And reached the city gate at last,  
Where all around, a wakeful guard,  
Armed burghers kept their watch and  
ward.

Well had they cause of jealous fear,  
When lay encamped in field so near  
The Borderer and the Mountaineer.  
As through the bustling streets they go,  
All was alive with martial show ;  
At every turn with dinning clang

The armorer's anvil clashed and rang,  
Or toiled the swarthy smith to wheel  
The bar that arms the charger's heel,  
Or axe or falchion to the side  
Of jarring grindstone was applied,  
Page, groom, and squire, with hurrying  
pace,  
Through street and lane and market-  
place,

Bore lance or casque or sword ;  
While burghers, with important face,  
Described each new-come lord,  
Discussed his lineage, told his name,  
His following, and his warlike fame.  
The Lion led to lodging meet,  
Which high o'erlooked the crowded  
street ;

There must the baron rest  
Till past the hour of vesper tide,  
And then to Holy-Rood must ride,—  
Such was the king's behest.  
Meanwhile the Lion's care assigns  
A banquet rich and costly wines  
To Marmion and his train ;  
And when the appointed hour succeeds,  
The baron dons his peaceful weeds,  
And following Lindesay as he leads,  
The palace halls they gain.

Old Holy-Rood rung merrily  
That night with wassail, mirth, and  
glee :

King James within her princely bower  
Feasted the chiefs of Scotland's power,  
Summoned to spend the parting hour ;  
For he had charged that his array  
Should southward march by break of  
day.

Well loved that splendid monarch aye  
The banquet and the song,  
By day the tourney, and by night  
The merry dance, traced fast and light,  
The maskers quaint, the pageant bright,  
The revel loud and long.

This feast outshone his banquets past ;  
It was his blithest—and his last.  
The dazzling lamps from gallery gay  
Cast on the court a dancing ray ;  
Here to the harp did minstrels sing,  
There ladies touched a softer string ;  
With long-eared cap and motley vest,  
The licensed fool retailed his jest ;  
His magic tricks the juggler plied ;  
At dice and draughts the gallants vied ;  
While some, in close recess apart,  
Courtied the ladies of their heart,

Nor courtied them in vain ;  
For often in the parting hour  
Victorious Love asserts his power



O'er coldness and disdain ;  
 And flinty is her heart can view  
 To battle march a lover true--  
 Can hear, perchance, his last adieu,  
 Nor own her share of pain.

Through this mixed crowd of glee and  
 game

The king to great Lord Marmion came,  
 While, reverent, all made room.

An easy task it was, I trow,  
 King James's manly form to know,  
 Although, his courtesy to show,  
 He doffed to Marmion bending low  
 His brodered cap and plume.

For royal were his garb and mien :  
 His cloak of crimson velvet piled,  
 Trimmed with the fur of marten wild,  
 His vest of changeful satin sheen,  
 The dazzled eye beguiled :

His gorgeous collar hung adown,  
 Wrought with the badge of Scotland's  
 crown,

The thistle brave of old renown ;  
 His trusty blade, Toledo right.  
 Descended from a baldrick bright ;  
 White were his buskins, on the heel  
 His spurs inlaid of gold and steel ;  
 His bonnet all of crimson fair,  
 Was buttoned with a ruby rare :  
 And Marmion deemed he ne'er had seen  
 A prince of such a noble mien.

The monarch's form was middle size,  
 For feat of strength or exercise

Shaped in proportion fair ;  
 And hazel was his eagle eye,  
 And auburn of the darkest dye  
 His short curled beard and hair.

Light was his footstep in the dance,  
 And firm his stirrup in the lists ;

And, oh ! he had that merry glance  
 That seldom lady's heart resists.

Lightly from fair to fair he flew,  
 And loved to plead, lament and sue,—  
 Suit lightly won and short-lived pain,  
 For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.

I said he joyed in banquet bower ;  
 But, mid his mirth, 't was often strange  
 How suddenly his cheer would change,

His look o'ercast and lower,  
 If in a sudden turn he felt  
 The pressure of his iron belt,  
 That bound his breast in penance pain,  
 In memory of his father slain.  
 Even so 't was strange how evermore,  
 Soon as the passing pang was o'er,  
 Forward he rushed with double glee  
 Into the stream of revelry.

Thus dim-seen object of affright  
 Startles the courser in his flight,  
 And half he halts, half springs aside,  
 But feels the quickening spur applied,  
 And, straining on the tightened rein,  
 Scours doubly swift o'er hill and plain.

O'er James's heart, the courtiers say,  
 Sir Hugh the Heron's wife held sway ;  
 To Scotland's court she came,  
 To be a hostage for her lord,  
 Who Cessford's gallant heart had gored,  
 And with the king to make accord  
 Had sent his lovely dame.

Nor to that lady free alone  
 Did the gay king allegiance own ;  
 For the fair Queen of France  
 Sent him a turquoise ring and glove,  
 And charged him, as her knight and love,  
 For her to break a lance,  
 And strike three strokes with Scottish  
 brand,

And march three miles on Southron land  
 And bid the banners of his band

In English breezes dance.  
 And thus for France's queen he drest  
 His manly limbs in mailed vest,  
 And thus admitted English fair  
 His inmost councils still to share,  
 And thus for both he madly planned  
 The ruin of himself and land !

And yet, the sooth to tell,  
 Nor England's fair nor France's queen  
 Were worth one pearl-drop, bright and  
 sheen,

From Margaret's eyes that fell,—  
 His own Queen Margaret, who in Lith-  
 gow's bower  
 All lonely sat and wept the weary hour.

The queen sits lone in Lithgow pile,  
 And weeps the weary day

The war against her native soil,  
 Her monarch's risk in battle broil,—  
 And in gay Holy-Rood the while  
 Dame Heron rises with a smile

Upon the harp to play.  
 Fair was her rounded arm, as o'er

The strings her fingers flew ;  
 And as she touched and tuned them all,  
 Ever her bosom's rise and fall

Was plainer given to view ;  
 For, all for heat, was laid aside  
 Her wimple, and her hood untied.  
 And first she pitched her voice to sing,  
 Then glanced her dark eye on the king.  
 And then around the silent ring,  
 And laughed, and blushed, and oft did  
 say



Her pretty oath, by yea and nay,  
 She could not, would not, durst not play!  
 At length, upon the harp, with glee,  
 Mingled with arch simplicity,  
 A soft yet lively air she rung,  
 While thus the wily lady sung:—

### LOCHINVAR

#### LADY HERON'S SONG

Oh! young Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
 Through all the wide Border his steed  
 was the best;  
 And save his good broadsword he  
 weapons had none.  
 He rode all unarmed and he rode all  
 alone.  
 So faithful in love and so dauntless in  
 war,  
 There never was knight like the young  
 Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake and he stopped  
 not for stone,  
 He swam the Eske river where ford there  
 was none,  
 But ere he alighted at Netherby gate  
 The bride had consented, the gallant  
 came late:  
 For a laggard in love and a dastard in  
 war  
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Loch-  
 invar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,  
 Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and  
 brothers, and all:  
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand  
 on his sword,—  
 For the poor craven bridegroom said  
 never a word,—  
 'Oh! come ye in peace here, or come ye  
 in war,  
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord  
 Lochinvar?'—

'I long wooed your daughter, my suit  
 you denied;  
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs  
 like its tide—  
 And now am I come, with this lost love  
 of mine,  
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup  
 of wine.  
 There are maidens in Scotland more  
 lovely by far,  
 That would gladly be bride to the young  
 Lochinvar.'

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight  
 took it up,  
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw  
 down the cup.  
 She looked down to blush, and she looked  
 up to sigh,  
 With a smile on her lips and a tear in  
 her eye.  
 He took her soft hand ere her mother  
 could bar,—  
 'Now tread we a measure!' said young  
 Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her  
 face,  
 That never a hall such a galliard did  
 grace;  
 While her mother did fret, and her  
 father did fume,  
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his  
 bonnet and plume;  
 And the bride-maidens whispered  
 'Twere better by far  
 To have matched our fair cousin with  
 young Lochinvar.'

One touch to her hand and one word in  
 her ear,  
 When they reached the hall-door, and  
 the charger stood near;  
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he  
 swung,  
 So light to the saddle before her he  
 sprung!  
 'She is won! we are gone, over bank,  
 bush, and scaur;  
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow,'  
 quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of  
 the Netherby clan;  
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they  
 rode and they ran:  
 There was racing and chasing on Can-  
 nobie Lee,  
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did  
 they see.  
 So daring in love and so dauntless in  
 war,  
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young  
 Lochinvar?

The monarch o'er the siren hung,  
 And beat the measure as she sung;  
 And, pressing closer and more near,  
 He whispered praises in her ear.  
 In loud applause the courtiers vied,  
 And ladies winked and spoke aside.  
 The witching dame to Marmion  
 threw

A glance, where seemed to reign  
 The pride that claims applauses due,  
 And of her royal conquest too  
 A real or feigned disdain.  
 Familiar was the look, and told  
 Marmion and she were friends of old.  
 The king observed their meeting eyes  
 With something like displeased sur-  
   prise;  
 For monarchs ill can rivals brook,  
 Even in a word, or smile, or look.  
 Straight took he forth the parchment  
   broad  
 Which Marmion's high commission  
   showed:  
 "Our Borders sacked by many a raid,  
 Our peaceful liege-men robbed," he said,  
 "On day of truce our warden slain.  
 Stout Barton killed, his vessels ta'en--  
 Unworthy were we here to reign,  
 Should these for vengeance cry in vain;  
 Our full defiance, hate, and scorn,  
 Our herald has to Henry borne."

He paused, and led where Douglas stood  
 And with stern eye the pageant viewed;  
 I mean that Douglas, sixth of yore,  
 Who coronet of Angus bore,  
 And, when his blood and heart were  
   high,  
 Did the third James in camp defy,  
 And all his minions led to die  
   On Lauder's dreary flat.  
 Princess and favorites long grew tame,  
 And trembled at the homely name  
   Of Archibald Bell-the-Cat;  
 The same who left the dusky vale  
 Of Hermitage in Liddisdale,  
 Its dungeons and its towers,  
 Where Bothwell's turrets brave the air,  
 And Bothwell bank is blooming fair,  
   To fix his princely bowers.  
 Though now in age he had laid down  
 His armor for the peaceful gown,  
 And for a staff his brand,  
 Yet often would flash forth the fire  
 That could in youth a monarch's ire  
   And minion's pride withstand;  
 And even that day at council board,  
   Unapt to soothe his sovereign's mood,  
 Against the war had Angus stood,  
 And chafed his royal lord.  
 His giant-form, like ruined tower,  
 Though fallen its muscles' brawny vaunt,  
 Huge-boned, and tall, and grim, and  
   gaunt,  
 Seemed o'er the gaudy scene to lower;  
 His locks and beard in silver grew,  
 His eyebrows kept their sable hue.

Near Douglas when the monarch stood,  
 His bitter speech he thus pursued:  
 "Lord Marmion, since these letters say  
 That in the North you needs must stay  
   While slightest hopes of peace remain,  
 Uncourteous speech it were and stern  
 To say—Return to Lindisfarne,  
   Until my herald come again.  
 Then rest you in Tantallon hold;  
 Your host shall be the Douglas bold,—  
 A chief unlike his sires of old.  
 He wears their motto on his blade,  
 Their blazon o'er his towers displayed,  
 Yet loves his sovereign to oppose  
 More than to face his country's foes.  
 And, I bethink me, by Saint Stephen,  
 But e'en this morn to me was given  
 A prize, the first fruits of the war,  
 Ta'en by a galley from Dunbar,  
   A bevy of the maids of heaven.  
 Under your guard these holy maids  
 Shall safe return to cloister shades,  
 And, while they at Tantallon stay,  
 Requiem for Cochran's soul may say."  
 And with the slaughtered favorite's  
   name

Across the monarch's brow there came  
 A cloud of ire, remorse, and shame.

In answer nought could Angus speak,  
 His proud heart swelled well-nigh to  
   break;  
 He turned aside, and down his cheek  
   A burning tear there stole.  
 His hand the monarch sudden took,  
 That sight his kind heart could not  
   brook:

"Now, by the Bruce's soul,  
 Angus, my hasty speech forgive!  
 For sure as doth his spirit live,  
 As he said of the Douglas old,  
   I well may say of you,—  
 That never king did subject hold,  
 In speech more free, in war more bold,  
   More tender and more true;  
 Forgive me, Douglas, once again."—  
 And, while the king his hand did strain  
 The old man's tears fell down like rain.  
 To seize the moment Marmion tried,  
 And whispered to the king aside:  
 "Oh! let such tears unwonted plead  
 For respite short from dubious deed!  
 A child will weep a bramble's smart,  
 A maid to see her sparrow part,  
 A stripling for a woman's heart;  
 But woe awaits a country when  
 She sees the tears of bearded men.  
 Then, oh! what omen, dark and high,  
 When Douglas wets his manly eye!"



Displeased was James that stranger  
viewed

And tampered with his changing mood.  
"Laugh those that can, weep those that  
may."

Thus did the fiery monarch say,  
"Southward I march by break of day;  
And if within Tantallon strong  
The good Lord Marmion tarries long,  
Perchance our meeting next may fall  
At Tamworth in his castle-hall."—  
The haughty Marmion felt the taunt,  
And answered grave the royal vaunt:  
"Much honored were my humble home,  
If in its halls King James should come;  
But Nottingham has archers good,  
And Yorkshire men are stern of mood,  
Northumbrian prickers wild and rude.  
On Derby Hills the paths are steep,  
In Ouse and Tyne the fords are deep;  
And many a banner will be torn,  
And many a knight to earth be borne,  
And many a sheaf of arrows spent,  
Ere Scotland's king shall cross the Trent:  
Yet pause, brave prince, while yet you  
may!"—

The monarch lightly turned away,  
And to his nobles loud did call,  
"Lords, to the dance,—a hall! a hall!"  
Himself his cloak and sword flung by,  
And led Dame Heron gallantly;  
And minstrels, at the royal order,  
Rung out 'Blue Bonnets o'er the Border.'

Leave we these revels now to tell  
What to Saint Hilda's maids befell,  
Whose galley, as they sailed again  
To Whitby, by a Scot was ta'en.  
Now at Dun-Edin did they bide  
Till James should of their fate decide,

And soon by his command  
Were gently summoned to prepare  
To journey under Marmion's care,  
As escort honored, safe and fair,  
Again to English land.  
The abbess told her chaplet o'er,  
Nor knew which Saint she should  
implore;

For, when she thought of Constance, sore  
She feared Lord Marmion's mood.  
And judge what Clara must have felt!  
The sword that hung in Marmion's belt  
Had drunk De Wilton's blood.  
Unwittingly King James had given,  
As guard to Whitby's shades,  
The man most dreaded under heaven  
By these defenceless maids;  
Yet what petition could avail,  
Or who would listen to the tale

Of woman, prisoner, and nun,  
Mid bustle of a war begun?  
They deemed it hopeless to avoid  
The convoy of their dangerous guide.

Their lodging, so the king assigned,  
To Marmion's as their guardian, joined;  
And thus it fell that, passing nigh,  
The Palmer caught the abbess' eye,  
Who warned him by a scroll  
She had a secret to reveal  
That much concerned the Church's weal  
And health of sinner's soul;  
And, with deep charge of secrecy,  
She named a place to meet  
Within an open balcony.  
That hung from dizzy pitch and high  
Above the stately street,  
To which, as common to each home,  
At night they might in secret come.

At night in secret there they came,  
The Palmer and the holy dame.  
The moon among the clouds rode high,  
And all the city hum was by.  
Upon the street, where late before  
Did din of war and warriors roar,  
You might have heard a pebble fall,  
A beetle hum, a cricket sing,  
An owlet flap his boding wing  
On Giles's steeple tall.

The antique buildings, climbing high,  
Whose Gothic frontlets sought the sky,  
Were here wrapt deep in shade;  
There on their brows the moonbeam  
broke

Through the faint wreaths of silvery  
smoke,

And on the casements played.  
And other light was none to see,  
Save torches gliding far,  
Before some chieftain of degree  
Who left the royal revelry

To bowne him for the war.—  
A solemn scene the abbess chose,  
A solemn hour, her secret to disclose.

"O holy Palmer!" she began,—  
"For sure he must be sainted man,  
Whose blessed feet have trod the ground  
Where the Redeemer's tomb is found,—  
For his dear Church's sake, my tale  
Attend, nor deem of light avail,  
Though I must speak of worldly love,—  
How vain to those who wed above!—  
De Wilton and Lord Marmion wooed  
Clara de Clare, of Gloster's blood;—  
Idle it were of Whitby's dame  
To say of that same blood I came;—

And once, when jealous rage was high,  
Lord Marmion said despiteously,  
Wilton was traitor in his heart,  
And had made league with Martin  
Swart

When he came here on Simnel's part,  
And only cowardice did restrain  
His rebel aid on Stokefield's plain,—  
And down he threw his glove. The  
thing

Was tried, as wont, before the king;  
Where frankly did De Wilton own  
That Swart in Guelders he had known,  
And that between them then there  
went

Some scroll of courteous compliment.  
For this he to his castle sent;  
But when his messenger returned,  
Judge how De Wilton's fury burned!  
For in his packet there were laid  
Letters that claimed disloyal aid  
And proved King Henry's cause be-  
trayed.

His fame, thus blighted, in the field  
He strove to clear by spear and  
shield;—

To clear his fame in vain he strove,  
For wondrous are His ways above!  
Perchance some form was unobserved,  
Perchance in prayer or faith he  
swerved,

Else how could guiltless champion quail,  
Or how the blessed ordeal fail?

"His squire, who now De Wilton saw  
As recreant doomed to suffer law,  
Repentant, owned in vain  
That while he had the scrolls in care  
A stranger maiden, passing fair,  
Had drenched him with a beverage  
rare:

His words no faith could gain.  
With Clare alone he credence won,  
Who, rather than wed Marmion,  
Did to Saint Hilda's shrine repair,  
To give our house her livings fair  
And die a vestal votaress there.  
The impulse from the earth was given,  
But bent her to the paths of heaven.  
A purer heart, a lovelier maid,  
Ne'er sheltered her in Whitby's shade,  
No, not since Saxon Edelfled;  
Only one trace of earthly stain,  
That for her lover's loss

She cherishes a sorrow vain,  
And murmurs at the cross.—  
And then her heritage:—it goes  
Along the banks of Tame:  
Deep fields of grain the reaper mows,

In meadows rich the heifer lows,  
The falconer and huntsman knows  
Its woodlands for the game.

Shame were it to Saint Hilda dear,  
And I, her humble votaress here,  
Should do a deadly sin,  
Her temple spoiled before mine eyes,  
If this false Marmion such a prize

By my consent should win;  
Yet hath our boisterous monarch sworn  
That Clare shall from our house be torn,  
And grievous cause have I to fear  
Such mandate doth Lord Marmion bear.

"Now, prisoner, helpless, and betrayed  
To evil power, I claim thine aid,

By every step that thou hast trod  
To holy shrine and grotto dim,  
By every martyr's tortured limb,  
By angel, saint, and seraphim,  
And by the Church of God!

For mark: when Wilton was betrayed,  
And with his squire forged letters laid,  
She was, alas! that sinful maid

By whom the deed was done,—  
Oh! shame and horror to be said!

She was—a perjured nun!  
No clerk in all the land like her  
Traced quaint and varying character.  
Perchance you may a marvel deem,  
That Marmion's paramour—

For such vile thing she was—should  
scheme

Her lover's nuptial hour;  
But o'er him thus she hoped to gain,  
As privy to his honor's stain,  
Illimitable power.

For this she secretly retained  
Each proof that might the plot reveal,  
Instructions with his hand and seal;  
And thus Saint Hilda deigned,  
Through sinners' perfidy impure,  
Her house's glory to secure  
And Clare's immortal weal.

"T were long and needless here to tell  
How to my hand these papers fell;

With me they must not stay.  
Saint Hilda keep her abbess true!  
Who knows what outrage he might do  
While journeying by the way?—

O blessed Saint, if e'er again  
I venturous leave thy calm domain,  
To travel or by land or main,

Deep penance may I pay!—  
Now, saintly Palmer, mark my prayer:  
I give this packet to thy care,  
For thee to stop they will not dare;  
And oh! with cautious speed



To Wolsey's hand the papers bring,  
That he may show them to the king :  
And for thy well-earned meed,  
Thou holy man, at Whitby's shrine  
A weekly mass shall still be thine  
While priest can sing and read.—  
What ail'st thou?—Speak!"—For as he  
took  
The charge a strong emotion shook  
His frame, and ere reply  
They heard a faint yet shrilly tone,  
Like distant clarion feebly blown,  
That on the breeze did die ;  
And loud the abbess shrieked in fear,  
"Saint Withold, save us!—What is here ;  
Look at yon City Cross!  
See on its battled tower appear  
Phantoms, that scutcheons seem to rear  
And blazoned banners toss!"—

Dun-Edin's Cross, a pillared stone,  
Rose on a turret octagon ;—  
But now is razed that monument,  
Whence royal edict rang,  
And voice of Scotland's law was sent  
In glorious trumpet-clang.  
Oh! be his tomb as lead to lead  
Upon its dull destroyers head!—  
A minstrel's malison is said.—  
Then on its battlements they saw  
A vision, passing Nature's law,  
Strange, wild, and dimly seen ;  
Figures that seemed to rise and die,  
Gibber and sign, advance and fly,  
While nought confirmed could ear or eye  
Discern of sound or mien.  
Yet darkly did it seem as there  
Heralds and pursuivants prepare,  
With trumpet sound and blazon fair,  
A summons to proclaim ;  
But indistinct the pageant proud,  
As fancy forms of midnight cloud  
When flings the moon upon her shroud  
A wavering tinge of flame ;  
It flits, expands, and shifts, till loud,  
From midmost of the spectre crowd,  
This awful summons came :—

"Prince, prelate, potentate, and peer,  
Whose names I now shall call,  
Scottish or foreigner, give ear!  
Subjects of him who sent me here,  
At his tribunal to appear  
I summon one and all :  
I cite you by each deadly sin  
That e'er hath soiled your hearts within ;  
I cite you by each brutal lust  
That e'er defiled your earthly dust,—  
By wrath, by pride, by fear,

By each o'er-mastering passion's tone,  
By the dark grave and dying groan!  
When forty days are passed and gone,  
I cite you, at your monarch's throne  
To answer and appear."—  
Then thundered forth a roll of names :—  
The first was thine, unhappy James!  
Then all thy nobles came ;  
Crawford, Glencairn, Montrose, Argyle,  
Ross, Bothwell, Forbes, Leinox, Lyle,—  
Why should I tell their separate style?  
Each chief of birth and fame,  
Of Lowland, Highland, Border, Isle,  
Foredoomed to Flodden's carnage pile,  
Was cited there by name :  
And Marmion, Lord of Fontenaye,  
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye ;  
De Wilton, erst of Aberley,  
The self-same thundering voice did  
say.—

But then another spoke :  
"Thy fatal summons I deny  
And thine infernal lord defy,  
Appealing me to Him on high,  
Who burst the sinner's yoke."  
At that dread accent, with a scream,  
Parted the pageant like a dream,  
The summoner was gone.  
Prone on her face the abbess fell,  
And fast, and fast, her beads did tell ;  
Her nuns came, startled by the yell,  
And found her there alone.  
She marked not, at the scene aghast,  
What time or how the Palmer passed.

Shift we the scene.—The camp doth  
move ;

Dun-Edin's streets are empty now,  
Save when, for weal of those they love,  
To pray the prayer and vow the vow,  
The tottering child, the anxious fair,  
The gray-haired sire, with pious care,  
To chapels and to shrines repair.—  
Where is the Palmer now? and where  
The abbess, Marmion, and Clare?—  
Bold Douglas! to Tantallon fair  
They journey in thy charge :  
Lord Marmion rode on his right hand,  
The Palmer still was with the band :  
Angus, like Lindesay, did command  
That none should roam at large.  
But in that Palmer's altered mien  
A wondrous change might now be seen ;  
Freely he spoke of war,  
Of marvels wrought by single hand  
When lifted for a native land,  
And still looked high, as if he planned  
Some desperate deed afar.  
His courser would he feed and stroke,

And, tucking up his sable frock.  
 Would first his mettle bold provoke,  
 Then soothe or quell his pride.  
 Old Hubert said that never one  
 He saw, except Lord Marmion,  
 A steed so fairly ride.

Some half-hour's march behind there  
 came,

By Eustace governed fair  
 A troop escorting Hilda's dame,  
 With all her nuns and Clare.

No audience had Lord Marmion sought ;  
 Ever he feared to aggravate  
 Clara de Clare's suspicious hate ;  
 And safer 't was, he thought,

To wait till, from the nuns removed,  
 The influence of kinsmen loved,  
 And suit by Henry's self approved,

Her slow consent had wrought.  
 His was no flickering flame, that dies  
 Unless when fanned by looks and sighs  
 And lighted oft at lady's eyes ;  
 He longed to stretch his wide command  
 O'er luckless Clara's ample land :  
 Besides, when Wilton with him vied,  
 Although the pang of humbled pride  
 The place of jealousy supplied,  
 Yet conquest, by that meanness won  
 He almost loathed to think upon,  
 Led him, at times, to hate the cause  
 Which made him burst through honor's  
 laws.

If e'er he loved, 'twas her alone  
 Who died within that vault of stone.

And now, when close at hand they saw  
 North Berwick's town and lofty Law,  
 Fitz-Eustace bade them pause awhile  
 Before a venerable pile

Whose turrets viewed afar  
 The lofty Bass, the Lambie Isle,  
 The ocean's peace or war.

At tolling of a bell, forth came  
 The convent's venerable dame,  
 And prayed Saint Hilda's abbess rest  
 With her, a loved and honored guest,  
 Till Douglas should a bark prepare  
 To waft her back to Whitby fair.  
 Glad was the abbess, you may guess,  
 And thanked the Scottish prioress ;  
 And tedious were to tell, I ween,  
 The courteous speech that passed be-  
 tween.

O'erjoyed the nuns their palfreys  
 leave ;

But when fair Clara did intend,  
 Like them, from horseback to descend,  
 Fitz-Eustace said : " I grieve,

Fair lady, grieve e'en from my heart,  
 Such gentle company to part ;—

Think not discourtesy,  
 But lords' commands must be obeyed,  
 And Marmion and the Douglas said

That you must wend with me.  
 Lord Marmion hath a letter broad,  
 Which to the Scottish earl he showed,  
 Commanding that beneath his care  
 Without delay you shall repair  
 To your good kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare."

The startled abbess loud exclaimed :  
 But she at whom the blow was aimed  
 Grew pale as death and cold as lead,—  
 She deemed she heard her death-doom  
 read.

" Cheer thee, my child !" the abbess said,  
 " They dare not tear thee from my hand,  
 To ride alone with armed band."—

" Nay, holy mother, nay,"  
 Fitz Eustace said, " the lovely Clare  
 Will be in Lady Angus' care,

In Scotland while we stay ;  
 And when we move an easy ride  
 Will bring us to the English side,  
 Female attendance to provide

Befitting Gloster's heir ;  
 Nor thinks nor dreams my noble lord,  
 By slightest look, or act, or word,  
 To harass Lady Clare.

Her faithful guardian he will be,  
 Nor sue for slightest courtesy  
 That e'en to stranger falls,  
 Till he shall place her safe and free  
 Within her kinsman's halls."

He spoke, and blushed with earnest  
 grace ;

His faith was painted on his face,  
 And Clare's worst fear relieved,  
 The Lady Abbess loud exclaimed  
 On Henry, and the Douglas blamed,  
 Entreated, threatened, grieved.

To martyr, saint, and prophet prayed,  
 Against Lord Marmion inveighed,  
 And called the prioress to aid,  
 To curse with candle, bell, and book.  
 Her head the grave Cistercian shook :  
 " The Douglas and the king," she said,  
 " In their commands will be obeyed ;  
 Grieve not, nor dream that harm can  
 fall

The maiden in Tantallon Hall."

The abbess, seeing strife was vain,  
 Assumed her wonted state again,—

For much of state she had,—  
 Composed her veil, and raised her head,  
 And " Bid," in solemn voice she said,



"Thy master, bold and bad,  
 The records of his house turn o'er,  
 And, when he shall there written see  
 That one of his own ancestry  
 Drove the monks forth of Coventry,  
 Bid him his fate explore!  
 Prancing in pride of earthly trust,  
 His charger hurled him to the dust,  
 And, by a base plebeian thrust,  
 He died his band before.  
 God judge 'twixt Marmion and me:  
 He is a chief of high degree,  
 And I a poor recluse,  
 Yet oft in holy writ we see  
 Even such weak minister as me  
 May the oppressor bruise;  
 For thus, inspired, did Judith slay  
 The mighty in his sin,  
 And Jael thus, and Deborah"—  
 Here hasty Blount broke in:  
 "Fitz-Eustace, we must march our band;  
 Saint Anton fire thee! wilt thou stand  
 All day, with bonnet in thy hand,  
 To hear the lady preach?  
 By this good light! if thus we stay,  
 Lord Marmion for our fond delay  
 Will sharper sermon teach.  
 Come, don thy cap and mount thy horse;  
 The dame must patience take performe."

"Submit we then to force," said Clare,  
 "But let this barbarous lord despair  
 His purposed aim to win;  
 Let him take living, land, and life,  
 But to be Marmion's wedded wife  
 In me were deadly sin:  
 And if it be the king's decree  
 That I must find no sanctuary  
 In that inviolable dome  
 Where even a homicide might come  
 And safely rest his head,  
 Though at its open portals stood,  
 Thirsting to pour forth blood for blood,  
 The kinsmen of the dead,  
 Yet one asylum is my own  
 Against the dreaded hour,—  
 A low, a silent, and a lone,  
 Where kings have little power.  
 One victim is before me there.—  
 Mother, your blessing, and in prayer  
 Remember your unhappy Clare!"  
 Loud weeps the abbess, and bestows  
 Kind blessings many a one;  
 Weeping and wailing loud arose,  
 Round patient Clare, the clamorous woes  
 Of every simple nun.  
 His eyes the gentle Eustace dried,  
 And scarce rude Blount the sight could  
 bide.

Then took the squire her rein,  
 And gently led away her steed,  
 And by each courteous word and deed  
 To cheer her strove in vain.

But scant three miles the band had rode,  
 When o'er a height they passed,  
 And, sudden, close before them showed  
 His towers Tantallon vast,  
 Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,  
 And held impregnable in war.  
 On a projecting rock they rose,  
 And round three sides the ocean flows.  
 The fourth did battled walls enclose  
 And double mound and fosse.  
 By narrow drawbridge, outworks strong,  
 Through studded gates, an entrance  
 long,  
 To the main court they cross.  
 It was a wide and stately square;  
 Around were lodgings fit and fair,  
 And towers of various form,  
 Which on the court projected far  
 And broke its lines quadrangular.  
 Here was square keep, there turret high,  
 Or pinnacle that sought the sky.  
 Whence oft the warder could descry  
 The gathering ocean-storm.

Here did they rest.—The princely care  
 Of Douglas why should I declare,  
 Or say they met reception fair?  
 Or why the tidings say,  
 Which varying to Tantallon came,  
 By hurrying posts or fleeter fame,  
 With every varying day?  
 And, first, they heard King James had  
 won  
 Etall, and Wark, and Ford; and then,  
 That Norham Castle strong was ta'en.  
 At that sore marvelled Marmion,  
 And Douglas hoped his monarch's hand  
 Would soon subdue Northumberland;  
 But whispered news there came,  
 That while his host inactive lay,  
 And melted by degrees away,  
 King James was dallying off the day  
 With Heron's wily dame.  
 Such acts to chronicles I yield;  
 Go seek them there and see:  
 Mine is a tale of Flodden Field,  
 And not a history.—  
 At length they heard the Scottish host  
 On that high ridge had made their post  
 Which frowns o'er Millfield Plain;  
 And that brave Surrey many a band  
 Had gathered in the Scathern land,  
 And marched into Northumberland,  
 And camp at Wooler ta'en.

Marmion, like charger in the stall,  
That hears, without, the trumpet-call,  
Began to chafe and swear :—  
“ A sorry thing to hide my head  
In castle, like a fearful maid,  
When such a field is near.  
Needs must I see this battle-day ;  
Death to my fame if such a fray  
Were fought, and Marmion away !  
The Douglas, too, I wot not why,  
Hath bated of his courtesy ;  
No longer in his halls I'll stay : ”  
Then bade his band they should array  
For march against the dawning day.

## CANTO SIXTH

## THE BATTLE

WHILE great events were on the gale,  
And each hour brought a varying tale,  
And the demeanor, changed and cold,  
Of Douglas fretted Marmion bold,  
And, like the impatient steed of war,  
He snuffed the battle from afar,  
And hopes were none that back again  
Herald should come from Terouenne,  
Where England's king in leaguer lay,  
Before decisive battle-day,—  
While these things were, the mournful  
Clare  
Did in the dame's devotions share ;  
For the good countess ceaseless prayed  
To Heaven and saints her sons to aid,  
And with short interval did pass  
From prayer to book, from book to mass,  
And all in high baronial pride,—  
A life both dull and dignified :  
Yet, as Lord Marmion nothing pressed  
Upon her intervals of rest,  
Dejected Clara well could bear  
The formal state, the lengthened prayer,  
Though dearest to her wounded heart  
The hours that she might spend apart.

I said Tantallon's dizzy steep  
Hung o'er the margin of the deep.  
Many a rude tower and rampart there  
Repelled the insult of the air,  
Which, when the tempest vexed the sky,  
Half breeze, half spray, came whistling  
by.

Above the rest a turret square  
Did o'er its Gothic entrance bear,  
Of sculpture rude, a stony shield ;  
The Bloody Heart was in the field,  
And in the chief three mullets stood,  
The cognizance of Douglas blood.  
The turret held a narrow stair,  
Which, mounted, gave you access where

A parapet's embattled row  
Did seaward round the castle go.  
Sometimes in dizzy steps descending,  
Sometimes in narrow circuit bending,  
Sometimes in platform broad extending,  
Its varying circle did combine  
Bulwark, and bartizan, and line,  
And bastion, tower, and vantage-coign.  
Above the booming ocean leant  
The far-projecting battlement ;  
The billows burst in ceaseless flow  
Upon the precipice below.  
Where'er Tantallon faced the land,  
Gate-works and walls were strongly  
manned ;

No need upon the sea-girt side :  
The steepy rock and frantic tide  
Approach of human step denied,  
And thus these lines and ramparts rude  
Were left in deepest solitude.

And, for they were so lonely, Clare  
Would to these battlements repair,  
And muse upon her sorrows there,  
And list the sea-bird's cry,  
Or slow, like noontide ghost, would  
glide

Along the dark-gray bulwarks' side,  
And ever on the heaving tide  
Look down with weary eye.  
Oft did the cliff and swelling main  
Recall the thoughts of Whitby's fane,—  
A home she ne'er might see again ;

For she had laid adown,  
So Douglas bade, the hood and veil,  
And frontlet of the cloister pale,  
And Benedictine gown :  
It were unseemly sight, he said,  
A novice out of convent shade.—  
Now her bright locks with sunny glow  
Again adorned her brow of snow ;  
Her mantle rich, whose borders round  
A deep and fretted broidery bound,  
In golden foldings sought the ground ;  
Of holy ornament, alone

Remained a cross with ruby stone ;  
And often did she look  
On that which in her hand she bore,  
With velvet bound and broidered o'er,  
Her breviary book.

In such a place, so lone, so grim,  
At dawning pale or twilight dim,  
It fearful would have been  
To meet a form so richly dressed,  
With book in hand, and cross on breast,  
And such a woful mien.

Fitz-Eustace, loitering with his bow,  
To practise on the gull and crow,  
Saw her at distance gliding slow,



And did by Mary swear  
Some lovelorn fay she might have been,  
Or in romance some spell-bound queen,  
For ne'er in work-day world was seen  
A form so witching fair.

Once walking thus at evening tide  
It chanced a gliding sail she spied,  
And sighing thought—"The abbess there  
Perchance does to her home repair;  
Her peaceful rule, where Duty free  
Walks hand in hand with Charity,  
Where oft Devotion's tranced glow  
Can such a glimpse of heaven bestow  
That the enraptured sisters see  
High vision and deep mystery,—  
The very form of Hilda fair,  
Hovering upon the sunny air.  
And smiling on her votaries' prayer.  
Oh! wherefore to my duller eye  
Did still the Saint her form deny?  
Was it that, seared by sinful scorn,  
My heart could neither melt nor burn?  
Or lie my warm affections low  
With him that taught them first to  
glow?

Yet, gentle abbess, well I knew  
To pay thy kindness grateful due,  
And well could brook the mild com-  
mand

That ruled thy simple maiden band.  
How different now, condemned to bide  
My doom from this dark tyrant's pride!—  
But Marmion has to learn ere long  
That constant mind and hate of wrong  
Descended to a feeble girl  
From Red de Clare, stout Gloster's Earl;  
Of such a stem a sapling weak,  
He ne'er shall bend, although he break.

"But see!—what makes this armor  
here?"—

For in her path there lay  
Targe, corselet, helm; she viewed them  
near.—

"The breastplate pierced!—Ay, much I  
fear,

Weak fence wert thou 'gainst foeman's  
spear

That hath made fatal entrance here,

As these dark blood-gouts say.—  
Thus Wilton! Oh! not corslet's ward,  
Not truth, as diamond pure and hard,  
Could be thy manly bosom's guard

On yon disastrous day!"—  
She raised her eyes in mournful mood,—  
Wilton himself before her stood!  
It might have seemed his passing ghost,  
For every youthful grace was lost,

And joy unwonted and surprise  
Gave their strange wildness to his  
eyes.—

Expect not, noble dames and lords,  
That I can tell such scene in words:  
What skillful linner e'er would choose  
To paint the rainbow's varying hues,  
Unless to mortal it were given  
To dip his brush in dyes of heaven?  
Far less can my weak line declare

Each changing passion's shade:  
Brightening to rapture from despair,  
Sorrow, surprise, and pity there,  
And joy with her angelic air,  
And hope that paints the future fair

Their varying hues displayed;  
Each o'er its rival's ground extending,  
Alternate conquering, shifting, blend-  
ing,

Till all fatigued the conflict yield,  
And mighty love retains the field.  
Shortly I tell what then he said,  
By many a tender word delayed,  
And modest blush, and bursting sigh,  
And question kind, and fond reply;—

#### DE WILTON'S HISTORY

"Forget we that disastrous day  
When senseless in the lists I lay.  
Thence dragged,—but how I cannot  
know

For sense and recollection fled,—  
I found me on a pallet low  
Within my ancient beadsman's shed.  
Austin,—remember'st thou, my Clare,  
How thou didst blush when the old man,  
When first our infant love began,  
Said we would make a matchless  
pair?—

Menials and friends and kinsmen fled  
From the degraded traitor's bed—  
He only held my burning head,  
And tended me for many a day  
While wounds and fever held their sway.  
But far more needful was his care  
When sense returned to wake despair

For I did tear the closing wound,  
And dash me frantic on the ground,  
If e'er I heard the name of Clare.

At length, to calmer reason brought,  
Much by his kind attendance wrought,

With him I left my native strand,  
And, in a palmer's weeds arrayed  
My hated name and form to shade,

I journeyed many a land,  
No more a lord of rank and birth,  
But mingled with the dregs of earth.

Oft Austin for my reason feared,

When I would sit, and deeply brood  
On dark revenge and deeds of blood,  
Or wild mad schemes upreared.  
My friend at length fell sick, and said  
God would remove him soon;  
And while upon his dying bed  
He begged of me a boon--  
If e'er my deadliest enemy  
Beneath my brand should conquered lie,  
Even then my mercy should awake  
And spare his life for Austin's sake.

"Still restless as a second Cain,  
To Scotland next my route was ta'en,  
Full well the paths I knew.  
Fame of my fate made various sound,  
That death in pilgrimage I found,  
That I had perished of my wound;—  
None cared which tale was true;  
And living eye could never guess  
De Wilton in his palmer's dress,  
For now that sable slough is shed,  
And trimmed my shaggy beard and  
head,  
I scarcely know me in the glass.  
A chance most wondrous did provide  
That I should be that baron's guide—  
I will not name his name!—  
Vengeance to God alone belongs;  
But, when I think on all my wrongs,  
My blood is liquid flame!  
And ne'er the time shall I forget  
When, in a Scottish hostel set,  
Dark looks we did exchange:  
What were his thoughts I cannot tell,  
But in my bosom mustered Hell  
Its plans of dark revenge.

"A word of vulgar augury  
That broke from me, I scarce knew  
why,  
Brought on a village tale,  
Which wrought upon his moody sprite,  
And sent him armed forth by night.  
I borrowed steel and mail  
And weapons from his sleeping band;  
And, passing from a postern door,  
We met and countered, hand to hand,—  
He fell on Gifford-moor.  
For the death-stroke my brand I drew,—  
Oh! then my helmed head he knew,  
The palmer's cowl was gone,—  
Then had three inches of my blade  
The heavy debt of vengeance paid,—  
My hand the thought of Austin stayed;  
I left him there alone,—  
O good old man! even from the grave  
Thy spirit could thy master save:  
If I had slain my foeman, ne'er

Had Whitby's abbess in her fear  
Given to my hand this packet dear,  
Of power to clear my injured fame  
And vindicate De Wilton's name.—  
Perchance you heard the abbess tell  
Of the strange pageantry of hell  
That broke our secret speech—  
It rose from the infernal shade,  
Or featly was some juggle played,  
A tale of peace to teach.  
Appeal to Heaven I judged was best  
When my name came among the rest.

"Now here within Tantallon hold  
To Douglas late my tale I told,  
To whom my house was known of old.  
Won by my proofs, his falchion bright  
This eve anew shall dub me knight.  
These were the arms that once did turn  
The tide of fight on Otterburne,  
And Harry Hotspur forced to yield  
When the Dead Douglas won the field.  
These Angus gave—his armorer's care  
Ere morn shall every breach repair;  
For nought, he said, was in his halls,  
But ancient armor on the walls,  
And aged chargers in the stalls,  
And women, priests, and gray-haired  
men;  
The rest were all in Twisel glen.  
And now I watch my armor here,  
By law of arms, till midnight's near;  
Then, once again a belted knight,  
Seek Surrey's camp with dawn of light.

"There soon again we meet, my Clare!  
This baron means to guide thee there:  
Douglas reveres his king's command,  
Else would he take thee from his band.  
And there thy kinsman Surrey, too,  
Will give De Wilton justice due.  
Now meeter far for martial broil,  
Firmer my limbs and strung by toil,  
Once more"—"O Wilton! must we then  
Risk new-found happiness again,  
Trust fate of arms once more?  
And is there not an humble glen  
Where we, content and poor,  
Might build a cottage in the shade,  
A shepherd thou, and I to aid  
Thy task on dale and moor?—  
That reddening brow!—too well I know  
Not even thy Clare can peace bestow  
While falsehood stains thy name:  
Go then to fight! Clare bids thee go!  
Clare can a warrior's feelings know  
And weep a warrior's shame,  
Can Red Earl Gilbert's spirit feel,  
Buckle the spurs upon thy heel



And belt thee with thy brand of steel,  
And send thee forth to fame !”

That night upon the rocks and bay  
The midnight moonbeam slumbering  
lay,

And poured its silver light and pure  
Through loophole and through embra-  
sure

Upon Tantallon tower and hall :  
But chief where arched windows wide  
Illuminate the chapel's pride

The sober glances fall.  
Much was there need ; though seamed  
with scars,

Two veterans of the Douglas' wars,  
Though two gray priests were there,  
And each a blazing torch held high,  
You could not by their blaze descry  
The chapel's carving fair.

Amid that dim and smoky light,  
Checkering the silvery moonshine bright,  
A bishop by the altar stood,

A noble lord of Douglas blood,  
With mitre sheen and rochet white.  
Yet showed his meek and thoughtful eye  
But little pride of prelacy ;

More pleased that in a barbarous age  
He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page  
Than that beneath his rule he held  
The bishopric of fair Dunkeld.

Beside him ancient Angus stood,  
Doffed his furred gown and sable hood ;  
O'er his huge form and visage pale  
He wore a cap and shirt of mail,  
And leaned his large and wrinkled hand  
Upon the huge and sweeping brand  
Which wont of yore in battle fray  
His foeman's limbs to shred away,  
As wood-knife lops the sapling spray.

He seemed as, from the tombs around  
Rising at judgment-day,  
Some giant Douglas may be found  
In all his old array ;

So pale his face, so huge his limb,  
So old his arms, his look so grim.

Then at the altar Wilton kneels,  
And Clare the spurs bound on his heels ;  
And think what next he must have felt  
At buckling of the falchion belt !

And judge how Clara changed her hue  
While fastening to her lover's side  
A friend, which, though in danger tried,  
He once had found untrue !

Then Douglas struck him with his blade :  
“ Saint Michael and Saint Andrew aid,  
I dub thee knight.

Arise, Sir Ralph, De Wilton's heir !

For king, for church, for lady fair,  
See that thou fight.”

And Bishop Gawain, as he rose,  
Said : “ Wilton ! grieve not for thy woes,  
Disgrace, and trouble ;

For He who honor best bestows  
May give thee double.”

De Wilton sobbed, for sob he must :

“ Where'er I meet a Douglas, trust  
That Douglas is my brother !”

“ Nay, nay,” old Angus said, “ not so ;  
To Surrey's camp thou now must go,

Thy wrongs no longer smother.  
I have two sons in yonder field ;  
And, if thou meet'st them under shield,  
Upon them bravely—do thy worst,  
And foul fall him that blanches first !”

Not far advanced was morning day  
When Marmion did his troop array

To Surrey's camp to ride ;  
He had safe-conduct for his band  
Beneath the royal seal and hand,  
And Douglas gave a guide.

The ancient earl with stately grace  
Would Clara on her palfrey place,  
And whispered in an undertone,  
“ Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown.”

The train from out the castle drew,  
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu :

“ Though something I might plain,” he  
said,

“ Of cold respect to stranger guest,  
Sent hither by your king's behest.

While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,  
Part we in friendship from your land,  
And, noble earl, receive my hand.”—  
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,  
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke :—

“ My manors, halls, and bowers shall still  
Be open at my sovereign's will  
To each one whom he lists, howe'er  
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.  
My castles are my king's alone,  
From turret to foundation-stone—  
The hand of Douglas is his own,  
And never shall in friendly grasp  
The hand of such as Marmion clasp.”

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like  
fire

And shook his very frame for ire,  
And—“ This to me !” he said,

“ An 't were not for thy hoary beard,  
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared  
To cleave the Douglas' head !

And first I tell thee, haughty peer,  
He who does England's message here,  
Although the meanest in her state,

May well, proud Angus, be thy mate ;  
 And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,  
 Even in thy pitch of pride,  
 Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,—  
 Nay, never look upon your lord,  
 And lay your hands upon your sword,—

I tell thee, thou 'rt defied !  
 And if thou saidst I am not peer  
 To any lord in Scotland here,  
 Lowland or Highland, far or near,

Lord Angus, thou hast lied ! ”  
 On the earl's cheek the flush of rage  
 O'ercame the ashen hue of age :  
 Fierce he broke forth,—“ And darest thou  
 then

To beard the lion in his den,  
 The Douglas in his hall ?  
 And hopest thou hence unscathed to  
 go ?—

No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no !  
 Up drawbridge, grooms—what, warder,  
 ho !

Let the portcullis fall,—”  
 Lord Marmion turned,—well was his  
 need,—

And dashed the rowels in his steed,  
 Like arrow through the archway sprung  
 The ponderous grate behind him rung ;  
 To pass there was such scanty room,  
 The bars descending razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies  
 Just as it trembled on the rise ;  
 Not lighter does the swallow skim  
 Along the smooth lake's level brim :  
 And when Lord Marmion reached his  
 band,

He halts, and turns with clenched hand,  
 And shout of loud defiance pours,  
 And shook his gauntlet at the towers.  
 “ Horse ! horse ! ” the Douglas cried, “ and  
 chase ! ”

But soon he reined his fury's pace :  
 “ A royal messenger he came,  
 Though most unworthy of the name.—  
 A letter forged ! Saint Jude to speed !  
 Did ever knight so foul a deed ? <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Lest the reader should partake of the Earl's astonishment and consider the crime as inconsistent with the manners of the period, I have to remind him of the numerous forgeries (partly executed by a female assistant) devised by Robert of Artois, to forward his suit against the Countess Matilda ; which, being detected, occasioned his flight into England, and proved the remote cause of Edward the Third's memorable wars in France. John Harding, also, was expressly hired by Edward IV. to forge such documents as might appear to establish the claim of fealty asserted over Scotland by the English monarchs. (*Scott's note.*)

At first in heart it liked me ill  
 When the king praised his clerkly skill.  
 Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,  
 Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line ;  
 So swore I, and I swear it still,  
 Let my boy-bishop fret his fill.—  
 Saint Mary mend my fiery mood !  
 Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,  
 I thought to slay him where he stood.  
 “ T is pity of him too,” he cried :  
 “ Bold can he speak and fairly ride,  
 I warrant him a warrior tried.”  
 With this his mandate he recalls,  
 And slowly seeks his castle halls.

The day in Marmion's journey wore ;  
 Yet, ere his passion's gust was o'er,  
 They crossed the heights of Stanrig-moor,  
 His troop more closely there he scanned,  
 And missed the Palmer from the band.  
 “ Palmer or not,” young Blount did say,  
 “ He parted at the peep of day ;  
 Good sooth, it was in strange array.”  
 “ In what array ? ” said Marmion quick.  
 “ My lord, I ill can spell the trick ;  
 But all night long with clink and bang  
 Close to my couch did hammers clang ;  
 At dawn the falling drawbridge rang,  
 And from a loophole while I peep,  
 Old Bell-the-Cat came from the keep,  
 Wrapped in a gown of sables fair,  
 As fearful of the morning air ;  
 Beneath, when that was blown aside,  
 A rusty shirt of mail I spied,  
 By Archibald won in bloody work  
 Against the Saracen and Turk ;  
 Last night it hung not in the hall ;  
 I thought some marvel would befall.  
 And next I saw them saddled lead  
 Old Cheviot forth, the earl's best steed,  
 A matchless horse, though something old,  
 Prompt in his paces, cool and bold.  
 I heard the Sheriff Sholto say  
 The earl did much the Master pray  
 To use him on the battle-day,  
 But he preferred ”—“ Nay, Henry, cease !  
 Thou sworn horse-courser, hold thy  
 peace.—

Eustace, thou bear'st a brain—I pray,  
 What did Blount see at break of day ? ”—

“ In brief, my lord, we both descried—  
 For then I stood by Henry's side—  
 The Palmer mount and outwards ride  
 Upon the earl's own favourite steed.  
 All sheathed he was in armour bright,  
 And much resembled that same knight  
 Subdued by you in Cotswold fight ;  
 Lord Angus wished him speed.”—



The instant that Fitz-Eustace spoke,  
A sudden light on Marmion broke :—  
“ Ah ! dastard fool, to reason lost ! ”  
He muttered ; “ ’T was nor fay nor ghost  
I met upon the moonlight wold,  
But living man of earthly mould.

O dotage blind and gross !  
Had I but fought as wont, one thrust  
Had laid De Wilton in the dust,  
My path no more to cross.—  
How stand we now ?—he told his tale  
To Douglas, and with some avail ;  
’T was therefore gloomed his rugged  
brow.—

Will Surrey dare to entertain  
’Gainst Marmion charge disproved and  
vain ?

Small risk of that, I trow.  
Yet Clare’s sharp questions must I shun,  
Must separate Constance from the nun—  
Oh ! what a tangled web we weave  
When first we practise to deceive !  
A Palmer too !—no wonder why  
I felt rebuked beneath his eye ;  
I might have known there was but one,  
Whose look could quell Lord Marmion.”

Stung with these thoughts, he urged to  
speed

His troop, and reached at eve the Tweed,  
Where Lennel’s convent closed their  
march.

There now is left but one frail arch,

Yet mourn thou not its cells ;  
Our time a fair exchange has made :  
Hard by, in hospitable shade

A reverend pilgrim dwells,  
Well worth the whole Bernardine brood  
That e’er wore sandal, frock, or hood.  
Yet did Saint Bernard’s abbot there  
Give Marmion entertainment fair,  
And lodging for his train and Clare.  
Next morn the baron climbed the tower,  
To view afar the Scottish power,

Encamped on Flodden edge ;  
The white pavilions made a show  
Like remnants of the winter snow  
Along the dusky ridge.

Long Marmion looked :—at length his  
eye

Unusual movement might descry  
Amid the shifting lines ;

The Scottish host drawn out appears,  
For, flashing on the hedge of spears,  
The eastern sunbeam shines.

Their front now deepening, now extend-  
ing,

Their flank inclining, wheeling, bend-  
ing,

Now drawing back, and now descend-  
ing.

The skilful Marmion well could know  
They watched the motions of some foe  
Who traversed on the plain below.

Even so it was. From Flodden ridge  
The Scots beheld the English host  
Leave Barmore-wood, their evening  
post,

And heedful watched them as they  
crossed

The Till by Twisel Bridge.<sup>1</sup>

High sight it is and haughty, while  
They dive into the deep defile ;  
Beneath the caverned cliff they fall,  
Beneath the castle’s airy wall.

By rock, by oak, by hawthorn-tree.

Troop after troop are disappearing ;

Troop after troop their banners rear-  
ing

Upon the eastern bank you see ;

Still pouring down the rocky den

Where flows the sullen Till,

And rising from the dim-wood glen,  
Standards on standards, men on men,

In slow succession still,

And sweeping o’er the Gothic arch.

And pressing on, in ceaseless march,

To gain the opposing hill.

That morn, to many a trumpet clang,

Twisel ! thy rock’s deep echo rang,

And many a chief of birth and rank,

Saint Helen ! at thy fountain drank.

Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see

In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,

Had then from many an axe its doom,

To give the marching column room.

And why stands Scotland idly now,

Dark Flodden ! on thy airy brow,

<sup>1</sup> On the evening previous to the memorable battle of Flodden, Surrey’s head-quarters were at Barmore-wood, and King James held an inaccessible position on the ridge of Flodden-hill, one of the last and lowest eminences detached from the ridge of Cheviot. The Till, a deep and slow river, winded between the armies. On the morning of the 9th September, 1513, Surrey marched in a northwesterly direction, and crossed the Till, with his van and artillery, at Twifel-bridge, nigh where that river joins the Tweed, his rear-guard column passing about a mile higher, by a ford. This movement had the double effect of placing his army between King James and his supplies from Scotland and of striking the Scottish monarch with surprise, as he seems to have relied on the depth of the river in his front. But as the passage, both over the bridge and through the ford, was difficult and slow, it seems possible that the English might have been attacked to great advantage, while struggling with these natural obstacles.—(Scott).

Since England gains the pass the while,  
And struggles through the deep defile?  
What checks the fiery soul of James?  
Why sits that champion of the dames  
Inactive on his steed,  
And sees, between him and his land,  
Between him and Tweed's southern  
strand,

His host Lord Surrey lead?  
What vails the vain knight-errant's  
brand?—

O Douglas, for thy leading wand!  
Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!  
Oh! for one hour of Wallace wight,  
Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight  
And cry, "Saint Andrew and our right!"  
Another sight had seen that morn,  
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn.  
And Flodden had been Bannock-  
bourne!—

The precious hour has passed in vain,  
And England's host has gained the plain.  
Wheeling their march and circling still  
Around the base of Flodden hill.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,  
Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high,  
"Hark! hark! my lord, an English drum!  
And see ascending squadrons come  
Between Tweed's river and the hill,  
Foot, horse, and cannon! Hap what hap,  
My basnet to a prentice cap,

Lord Surrey's o'er the Till!—  
Yet more! yet more!—how fair arrayed  
They file from out the hawthorn shade,  
And sweep so gallant by!  
With all their banners bravely spread,  
And all their armor flashing high,  
Saint George might waken from the  
dead,

To see fair England's standards fly."—  
"Stint in thy prate," quoth Blount,  
"thou 'dst best,

And listen to our lord's behest."—  
With kindling brow Lord Marmion said,  
"This instant be our band arrayed;  
The river must be quickly crossed,  
That we may join Lord Surrey's host.  
If fight King James,—as well I trust  
That fight he will, and fight he must,—  
The Lady Clare behind our lines  
Shall tarry while the battle joins."

Himself he swift on horseback threw,  
Scarce to the abbot bade adieu,  
Far less would listen to his prayer  
To leave behind the helpless Clare.  
Down to the Tweed his band he drew,  
And muttered as the flood they view,

"The pheasant in the falcon's claw,  
He scarce will yield to please a daw;  
Lord Angus may the abbot awe,  
So Clare shall bide with me."

Then on that dangerous ford and deep  
Where to the Tweed Leat's eddies creep,  
He ventured desperately:

And not a moment will he bide  
Till squire or groom before him ride;  
Headmost of all he stems the tide,  
And stems it gallantly.

Eustace held Clare upon her horse,  
Old Hubert led her rein,  
Stoutly they braved the current's course,  
And, though far downward driven per-  
force,

The southern bank they gain.  
Behind them straggling came to shore,  
As best they might, the train:  
Each o'er his head his yew-bow bore,

A caution not in vain;  
Deep need that day that every string.  
By wet unharmed, should sharply ring.  
A moment then Lord Marmion stayed,  
And breathed his steed, his men arrayed,

Then forward moved his band,  
Until, Lord Surrey's rear-guard won,  
He halted by a cross of stone,  
That on a hillock standing lone  
Did all the field command.

Hence might they see the full array  
Of either host for deadly fray:  
Their marshalled lines stretched east  
and west,

And fronted north and south,  
And distant salutation passed  
From the loud cannon mouth;  
Not in the close successive rattle  
That breathes the voice of modern battle,  
But slow and far between.

The hillock gained, Lord Marmion  
stayed:

"Here, by this cross," he gently said,  
"You well may view the scene.

Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare:  
Oh! think of Marmion in thy prayer!—  
Thou wilt not?—well, no less my care  
Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare.—  
You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,

With ten picked archers of my train;  
With England if the day go hard,  
To Berwick speed amain.—

But if we conquer, cruel maid,  
My spoils shall at your feet be laid,  
When here we meet again."

He waited not for answer there,  
And would not mark the maid's despair,  
Nor heed the discontented look



From either squire, but spurred amain,  
And, dashing through the battle-plain,  
His way to Surrey took.

“The good Lord Marmion, by my life!  
Welcome to danger’s hour!—  
Short greeting serves in time of strife.—  
Thus have I ranged my power:  
Myself will rule this central host,  
Stout Stanley fronts their right,  
My sons command the vaward post,  
With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight;  
Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,  
Shall be in rearward of the fight,  
And succor those that need it most.  
Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,  
Would gladly to the vanguard go:  
Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there,  
With thee their charge will blithely  
share;

There fight thine own retainers too  
Beneath De Burg, thy steward true.”  
“Thanks, noble Surrey!” Marmion said,  
Nor further greeting there he paid,  
But, parting like a thunderbolt,  
First in the vanguard made a halt,  
Where such a shout there rose  
Of “Marmion! Marmion!” that the cry,  
Up Flodden mountain shrilling high,  
Startled the Scottish foes.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still  
With Lady Clare upon the hill,  
On which—for far the day was spent—  
The western sunbeams now were bent;  
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,  
Could plain their distant comrades view:  
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,  
“Unworthy office here to stay!  
No hope of gilded spurs to-day.—  
But see! look up—on Flodden bent  
The Scottish foe has fired his tent.”

And sudden, as he spoke,  
From the sharp ridges of the hill,  
All downward to the banks of Till,  
Was wreathed in sable smoke.  
Volumed and vast, and rolling far,  
The cloud enveloped Scotland’s war  
As down the hill they broke;  
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,  
Announced their march; their tread  
alone,

At times one warning trumpet blown,  
At times a stifled hum,  
Told England, from his mountain-throne  
King James did rushing come.  
Scarce could they hear or see their foes  
Until at weapon-point they close.—  
They close in clouds of smoke and dust,

With sword-sway and with lance’s  
thrust;

And such a yell was there,  
Of sudden and portentous birth,  
As if men fought upon the earth,  
And fiends in upper air:  
Oh! life and death were in the shout,  
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,  
And triumph and despair.  
Long looked the anxious squires; their  
eye  
Could in the darkness nought descry.

At length the freshening western blast  
Aside the shroud of battle cast;  
And first the ridge of mingled spears  
Above the brightening cloud appears,  
And in the smoke the pennons flew,  
As in the storm the white seamew.  
Then marked they, dashing broad and  
far,

The broken billows of the war,  
And plumed crests of chieftains brave  
Floating like foam upon the wave;  
But nought distinct they see:  
Wide raged the battle on the plain;  
Spears shook and falchions flashed  
amain;

Fell England’s arrow-flight like rain;  
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,  
Wild and disorderly.

Amid the scene of tumult, high  
They saw Lord Marmion’s falcon fly;  
And stainless Tunstall’s banner white,  
And Edmund Howard’s lion bright,  
Still bear them bravely in the fight,  
Although against them come  
Of gallant Gordons many a one,  
And many a stubborn Badenoch-man,  
And many a rugged Border clan,  
With Huntly and with Home.—

Far on the left, unseen the while,  
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle,  
Though there the western mountaineer  
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,  
And flung the feeble targe aside,  
And with both hands the broadsword  
plied.

’T was vain.—But Fortune, on the right,  
With fickle smile cheered Scotland’s  
fight.

Then fell that spotless banner white,  
The Howard’s lion fell;  
Yet still Lord Marmion’s falcon flew  
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew  
Around the battle-yell.  
The Border slogan rent the sky!  
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry:

Loud were the clanging blows ;  
Advanced,—forced back,—now low,  
now high,

The pennon sunk and rose ;  
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,  
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,  
It wavered mid the foes.

No longer Blount the view could bear :  
"By heaven and all its saints ! I swear  
I will not see it lost !

Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare  
May bid your beads and patter prayer,—  
I gallop to the host."

And to the fray he rode amain,  
Followed by all the archer train.  
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,  
Made for a space an opening large,—

The rescued banner rose,—  
But darkly closed the war around,  
Like pine-tree rooted from the ground  
It sank among the foes.

Then Eustace mounted too,—yet stayed,  
As loath to leave the helpless maid,

When, fast as shaft can fly,  
Bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread,  
The loose rein dangling from his head,  
Housing and saddle bloody red,

Lord Marmion's steed rushed by ;  
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,  
A look and sign to Clara cast

To mark he would return in haste,  
Then plunged into the fight.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,

Left in that dreadful hour alone :  
Perchance her reason stoops or reels ;  
Perchance a courage, not her own,

Braces her mind to desperate tone.—  
The scattered van of England wheels ;—  
She only said, as loud in air  
The tumult roared. "Is Wilton there ?"—

They fly, or, maddened by despair,  
Fight but to die.—"Is Wilton there ?"  
With that, straight up the hill there rode

Two horsemen drenched with gore,  
And in their arms, a helpless load,  
A wounded knight they bore.

His hand still strained the broken brand ;  
His arms where smeared with blood and  
sand.

Dragged from among the horses' feet,  
With dinted shield and helmet beat,  
The falcon-crest and plumage gone,  
Can that be haughty Marmion ! . . .  
Young Blount his armor did unlace,  
And, gazing on his ghastly face,

Said, "By Saint George, he's gone !  
That spear-wound has our master sped,  
And see the deep cut on his head !

Good-night to Marmion."—

"Unnurtured Blount ! thy brawling  
cease :

He opes his eyes," said Eustace ;  
"peace !"

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,  
Around gan Marmion wildly stare :  
"Where's Harry Blount ? Fitz-Eustace  
where ?

Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare !  
Redeem my pennon,—charge again !  
Cry, 'Marmion to the rescue !'—Vain !

Last of my race, on battle-plain  
That shout shall ne'er be heard again !—  
Yet my last thought is England's—fly,

To Dacre bear my signet-ring ;  
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.—

Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie :  
Tunstall lies dead upon the field.

His lifeblood stains the spotless shield ;  
Edmund is down ; my life is reft ;  
The Admiral alone is left.

Let Stanley charge with spur of fire.—  
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,  
Full upon Scotland's central host,  
Or victory and England's lost.—

Must I bid twice ?—hence, varlets ! fly !—  
Leave Marmion here alone—to die."

They parted, and alone he lay ;  
Clare drew her from the sight away,  
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,

And half he murmured, "Is there none  
Of all my halls have nurst,  
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring  
Of blessed water from the spring,  
To slake my dying thirst !"

O Woman ! in our hours of ease  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light quivering aspen made ;  
When pain and anguish wring the  
brows,

A ministering angel thou !—  
Scarce were the piteous accents said,  
When with the baron's casque the maid

To the nigh streamlet ran :  
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears ;  
The plaintive voice alone she hears,

Sees but the dying man.  
She stooped her by the runnel's side,  
But in abhorrence backward drew ;

For, oozing from the mountain's side  
Where raged the war, a dark-red tide  
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.

Where shall she turn ?—behold her  
mark

A little fountain cell,



Where water, clear as diamond spark,  
In a stone basin fell.  
Above, some half-worn letters say,  
**Drink. weary. pilgrim. drink. and.**  
**pray.**

**For. the. kind. soul. of, Sibyl. Grey.**  
**Who. built. this. cross. and. well.**

She filled the helm and back she hied,  
And with surprise and joy espied  
A monk supporting Marmion's head ;  
A pious man, whom duty brought  
To dubious verge of battle fought,  
To shrive the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,  
And, as she stooped his brow to lave—  
“ Is it the hand of Clare,” he said,  
“ Or injured Constance, bathes my  
head ? ”

Then, as remembrance rose,—  
“ Speak not to me of shrift or prayer !  
I must redress her woes.  
Short space, few words, are mine to  
spare ;

Forgive and listen, gentle Clare ! ”  
“ Alas ! ” she said, “ the while.—  
Oh ! think of your immortal weal !  
In vain for Constance is your zeal !  
She—died at Holy Isle.”—

Lord Marmion started from the ground  
As light as if he felt no wound,  
Though in the action burst the tide  
In torrents from his wounded side.  
“ Then it was truth,” he said—“ I knew  
That the dark presage must be true.—  
I would the Fiend, to whom belongs  
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,  
Would spare me but a day !

For wasting fire, and dying groan,  
And priests slain on the altar stone,  
Might bribe him for delay.  
It may not be !—this dizzy trance—  
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,  
And doubly cursed my failing brand !  
A sinful heart makes feeble hand.”  
Then fainting down on earth he sunk,  
Supported by the trembling monk.

With fruitless labor Clara bound  
And strove to stanch the gushing  
wound :

The monk with unavailing cares  
Exhausted all the Church's prayers.  
Ever, he said, that, close and near,  
A lady's voice was in his ear,  
And that the priest he could not hear ;  
For that she ever sung.

“ *In the lost battle borne down by the fly-  
ing,*

*Where mingles war's rattle with groans  
of the dying ! ”*

So the notes rung.—  
“ Avoid thee, Fiend !—with cruel hand  
Shake not the dying sinner's sand !—  
Oh ! look, my son, upon yon sign  
Of the Redeemer's grace divine ;  
Oh ! think on faith and bliss !—  
By many a death-bed I have been,  
And many a sinner's parting seen,  
But never aught like this.”

The war, that for a space did fail,  
Now trebly thundering swelled the  
gale,

And “ Stanley ! ” was the cry.—  
A light on Marmion's visage spread,  
And fired his glazing eye ;  
With dying hand above his head  
He shook the fragment of his blade,  
And shouted “ Victory !—  
Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley,  
on ! ”

Were the last words of Marmion.

By this, though deep the evening fell,  
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,  
For still the Scots around their king,  
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.  
Where's now their victor vaward wing,  
Where Huntley, and where Home ?—

Oh ! for a blast of that dread horn,  
On Fontarabian echoes borne,  
That to King Charles did come,  
When Rowland brave, and Olivier,  
And every paladin and peer,  
On Roncesvalles died !

Such blasts might warn them, not in  
vain,

To quit the plunder of the slain  
And turn the doubtful day again,  
While yet on Flodden side  
Afar the Royal Standard flies,  
And round it toils and bleeds and dies

Our Caledonian pride !  
In vain the wish—for far away,  
While spoil and havoc mark their way,  
Near Sibyl's Cross the plunderers stray.—  
“ O lady,” cried the monk, “ away ! ”

And placed her on her steed,  
And led her to the chapel fair  
Of Tilmouth upon Tweed.

There all the night they spent in prayer,  
And at the dawn of morning there  
She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

But as they left the darkening heath  
More desperate grew the strife of death.  
The English shafts in volleys hailed,  
In headlong charge their horse assailed ;

Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons  
sweep

To break the Scottish circle deep  
That fought around their king.

But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,  
Though charging knights like whirl-  
winds go,

Though billmen ply the ghastly blow,  
Unbroken was the ring ;

The stubborn spearmen still made good  
Their dark impenetrable wood,  
Each stepping where his comrade stood  
The instant that he fell.

No thought was there of dastard flight ;  
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,  
Groom fought like noble, squire like  
knight,

As fearlessly and well,  
Till utter darkness closed her wing  
O'er their thin host and wounded king.  
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands  
Led back from strife his shattered bands ;

And from the charge they drew,  
As mountain-waves from wasted lands  
Sweep back to ocean blue.

Then did their loss his foemen know ;  
Their king, their lords, their mightiest  
low,

They melted from the field, as snow,  
When streams are swoln and south winds  
blow,

Dissolves in silent dew.

Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,  
While many a broken band

Disordered through her currents dash,  
To gain the Scottish land :

To town and tower, to down and dale,  
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,  
And raise the universal wail.

Tradition, legend, tune, and song  
Shall many an age that wail prolong ;  
Still from the sire the son shall hear  
Of the stern strife and carnage drear

Of Flodden's fatal field.

Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear  
And broken was her shield !

Day dawns upon the mountain's side.—  
There, Scotland ! lay thy bravest pride,  
Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one ;  
The sad survivors all are gone.—

View not that corpse mistrustfully,  
Defaced and mangled though it be ;

Nor to yon Border castle high  
Look northward with upbraiding eye ;

Nor cherish hope in vain

That, journeying far on foreign strand,  
The Royal Pilgrim to his land

May yet return again.

He saw the wreck his rashness wrought ;  
Reckless of life, he desperate fought,

And fell on Flodden plain :

And well in death his trusty brand,  
Firm clenched within his manly hand,  
Beseeemed the monarch slain.

But oh ! how changed since yon blithe  
night !—

Gladly I turn me from the sight  
Unto my tale again.

Short is my tale :—Fitz-Eustace' care  
A pierced and mangled body bare  
To moated Lichfield's lofty pile ;  
And there, beneath the southern aisle,  
A tomb with Gothic sculpture fair  
Did long Lord Marmion's image bear.—  
Now vainly for its site you look ;  
'T was levelled when fanatic Brook  
The fair cathedral stormed and took.  
But, thanks to Heaven and good Saint  
Chad,

A guerdon meet the spoiler had !—

There erst was martial Marmion found,  
His feet upon a couchant hound,

His hands to heaven upraised ;

And all around, on scutcheon rich,  
And tablet carved, and fretted niche,

His arms and feats were blazed.

And yet, though all was carved so fair,  
And priests for Marmion breathed the  
prayer,

The last Lord Marmion lay not there.

From Ettrick woods a peasant swain

Followed his lord to Flodden plain,—

One of those flowers whom plaintive lay  
In Scotland mourns as "wede away :"

Sore wounded, Sibyl's Cross he spied,  
And dragged him to its foot, and died

Close by the noble Marmion's side,  
The spoilers stripped and gashed the  
slain.

And thus their corpses were mista'en ;

And thus in the proud baron's tomb

The lowly woodsman took the room.

Less easy task it were to show

Lord Marmion's nameless grave and low  
They dug his grave e'en where he lay,

But every mark is gone :

Time's wasting hand has done away

The simple Cross of Sibyl Grey,

And broke her font of stone ;

But yet from out the little hill  
Oozes the slender springlet still.

Oft halts the stranger there.

For thence may best his curious eye

The memorable field descry ;

And shepherd boys repair



To seek the water-flag and rush,  
And rest them by the hazel bush,  
And plait their garlands fair,  
Nor dream they sit upon the grave  
That holds the bones of Marmion  
brave.—

When thou shalt find the little hill,  
With thy heart commune and be still.  
If ever in temptation strong  
Thou left'st the right path for the  
wrong,

If every devious step thus trod  
still led thee further from the road,  
Dread thou to speak presumptuous doom  
On noble Marmion's lowly tomb ;  
But say, "He died a gallant knight,  
With sword in hand, for England's  
right."

I do not rhyme to that dull elf  
Who cannot image to himself  
That all through Flodden's dismal night  
Wilton was foremost in the fight,  
That when brave Surrey's steed was  
slain

'Twas Wilton mounted him again ;  
'Twas Wilton's brand that deepest hewed  
Amid the spearmen's stubborn wood :  
Unnamed by Holinshed or Hall,  
He was the living soul of all ;  
That, after fight, his faith made plain,  
He won his rank and lands again,  
And charged his old paternal shield,  
With bearings won on Flodden Field.  
Nor sing I to that simple maid  
To whom it must in terms be said  
That king and kinsmen did agree  
To bless fair Clara's constancy ;  
Who cannot, unless I relate,  
Paint to her mind the bridal's state,—  
That Wolsey's voice the blessing spoke,  
More, Sands, and Denny, passed the joke ;  
That bluff King Hal the curtain drew,  
And Katherine's hand the stocking  
threw ;

And afterwards, for many a day,  
That it was held enough to say,  
In blessing to a wedded pair,  
"Love they like Wilton and like Clare !"

*November, 1806—January, 1808.  
February 23, 1808.*

SOLDIER, REST! THY WARFARE  
O'ER

SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,  
Sleep the sleep that knows not break-  
ing ;  
Dream of battled fields no more,

Days of danger, nights of waking.  
In our isle's enchanted hall,  
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,  
Fairy strains of music fall,  
Every sense in slumber dewing.  
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,  
Dream of fighting fields no more ;  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,  
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,  
Trump nor pibroch summon here  
Mustering clan or squadron tramping.  
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come  
At the daybreak from the fallow,  
And the bittern sound his drum,  
Booming from the sedgy shallow.  
Ruder sounds shall none be near,  
Guards nor warders challenge here,  
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champ-  
ing,  
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done ;  
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,  
Dream not, with the rising sun,  
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.  
Sleep! the deer is in his den ;  
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying :  
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen  
How thy gallant steed lay dying.  
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done ;  
Think not of the rising sun,  
For at dawning to assail ye  
Here no bugles sound reveillé.

*From The Lady of the Lake, 1810.*

HAIL TO THE CHIEF WHO IN  
TRIUMPH ADVANCES!

HAIL to the Chief who in triumph ad-  
vances!

Honored and blessed be the ever-green  
Pine!

Long may the tree, in his banner that  
glances,

Flourish, the shelter and grace of our  
line!

Heaven send it happy dew,

Earth lend it sap anew,

Gayly to burgeon and broadly to grow,  
While every Highland glen  
Sends our shout back again.

"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho!  
ieroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the  
fountain,

Blooming at Beltane, in winter to  
fade ;  
When the whirlwind has stripped every  
leaf on the mountain,  
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in  
her shade.  
Moored in the rifted rock,  
Proof to the tempest's shock,  
Firm he roots him the ruder it blow ;  
Menteith and Breadalbane, then  
Echo his praise again,  
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho !  
ieroe !"

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen  
Fruin,  
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan  
replied :  
Glen-Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smok-  
ing in ruin,  
And the best of Loch Lomond lie  
dead on her side.  
Widow and Saxon maid  
Long shall lament our raid,  
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and  
with woe ;  
Lennox and Leven-glen  
Shake when they hear again,  
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho !  
ieroe !"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the  
Highlands !  
Stretch to your oars for the ever-green  
Pine !  
O that the rosebud that graces yon is-  
lands  
Were wreathed in a garland around  
him to twine !  
O that some seedling gem,  
Worthy such noble stem  
Honored and blessed in their shadow  
might grow !  
Loud should Clan-Alpine then  
Ring from her deepmost glen,  
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho !  
ieroe !"

From *The Lady of the Lake*.

#### CORONACH

HE is gone on the mountain,  
He is lost to the forest,  
Like a summer-dried fountain,  
When our need was the sorest.  
The font, reappearing,  
From the rain-drops shall borrow,  
But to us comes no cheering,  
To Duncan no morrow !

The hand of the reaper  
Takes the ears that are hoary,  
But the voice of the weeper  
Wails manhood in glory.  
The autumn winds rushing  
Waft the leaves that are searest,  
But our flower was in flushing,  
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,  
Sage counsel in cumber,  
Red hand in the foray,  
How sound is thy slumber !  
Like the dew on the mountain,  
Like the foam on the river,  
Like the bubble on the fountain,  
Thou art gone, and forever !  
From *The Lady of the Lake*.

#### HARP OF THE NORTH, FAREWELL !

HARP of the North, farewell ! The hills  
grow dark,  
On purple peaks a deeper shade de-  
scending ;  
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights  
her spark,  
The deer, half-seen, are to the covert  
wending.  
Resume thy wizard elm ! the fountain  
lending,  
And the wild breeze, thy wilder min-  
strelsy ;  
Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers  
blending,  
With distant echo from the fold and  
lea,  
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum  
of housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel  
Harp !

Yet, once again, forgive my feeble  
sway,  
And little reck I of the censure sharp  
May idly cavil at an idle lay.  
Much have I owed thy strains on life's  
long way,

Through secret woes the world has  
never known.

When on the weary night dawned  
wearier day,  
And bitterer was the grief devoured  
alone.--

That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress !  
is thine own.

Hark ! as my lingering footsteps slow  
retire,



Some spirit of the Air has waked thy string !  
 T'is now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,  
 'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.  
 Receding now, the dying numbers ring  
 Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell ;  
 And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring  
 A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—  
 And now, 'tis silent all !—Enchantress,  
 fare thee well !  
 Conclusion of *The Lady of the Lake*.

## BRIGNALL BANKS

During the composition of *Rokeby* Scott wrote to Morritt : "There are two or three Songs, and particularly one in Praise of Brignall Banks, which I trust you will like—because, *entre nous*, I like them myself. One of them is a little dashing banditti song, called and entitled Allen-a-Dale."

O, BRIGNALL banks are wild and fair,  
 And Greta woods are green,  
 And you may gather garlands there  
 Would grace a summer queen.  
 And as I rode by Dalton-hall,  
 Beneath the turrets high,  
 A maiden on the castle wall  
 Was singing merrily :  
 "O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
 And Greta woods are green ;  
 I'd rather rove with Edmund there  
 Than reign our English queen."  
 "If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,  
 To leave both tower and town,  
 Thou first must guess what life lead we  
 That dwell by dale and down.  
 And if thou canst that riddle read,  
 As read full well you may,  
 Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,  
 As blithe as Queen of May."  
 Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,  
 And Greta woods are green ;  
 I'd rather rove with Edmund there  
 Than reign our English queen.  
 "I read you, by your bugle horn,  
 And by your palfrey good,  
 I read you for a ranger sworn  
 To keep the king's greenwood."  
 "A ranger, lady, winds his horn,  
 And 'tis at peep of light ;  
 His blast is heard at merry morn,  
 And mine at dead of night."

II

Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,  
 And Greta woods are gay ;  
 I would I were with Edmund there,  
 To reign his Queen of May !

"With burnished brand and musketoon  
 So gallantly you come,  
 I read you for a bold dragoon.  
 That lists the tuck of drum."  
 "I list no more the tuck of drum,  
 No more the trumpet hear ;  
 But when the beetle sounds his hum,  
 My comrades take the spear.  
 And O, though Brignall banks be fair,  
 And Greta woods be gay,  
 Yet mickle must the maiden dare  
 Would reign my Queen of May !

"Maiden ! a nameless life I lead,  
 A nameless death I'll die ;  
 The fiend whose lantern lights the mead  
 Were better mate than I !  
 And when I'm with my comrades met  
 Beneath the greenwood bough,  
 What once we were we all forget,  
 Nor think what we are now.  
 Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
 And Greta woods are green,  
 And you may gather garlands there  
 Would grace a summer queen."  
 From *Rokeby*, 1813.

## ALLEN-A-DALE

ALLEN-a-Dale has no fagot for burning,  
 Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,  
 Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,  
 Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.  
 Come, read me my riddle ! come, hearken my tale !  
 And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.  
 The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,  
 And he views his domains upon Arkin-dale side.  
 The mere for his net and the land for his game.  
 The chase for the wild and the park for the tame :  
 Yet the fish of the lake and the deer of the vale  
 Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale !  
 Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,  
 Though his spur be as sharp and his blade be as bright ;

Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,  
 Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his  
     word;  
 And the best of our nobles his bonnet  
     will vail,  
 Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets  
     Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;  
 The mother, she asked of his household  
     and home:  
 "Though the castle of Richmond stand  
     fair on the hill,  
 My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows  
     gallanter still;  
 'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its  
     crescent so pale  
 And with all its bright spangles!" said  
     Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel and the mother  
     was stone;  
 They lifted the latch and they bade him  
     be gone;  
 But loud on the morrow their wail and  
     their cry:  
 He had laughed on the lass with his  
     bonny black eye,  
 And she fled to the forest to hear a love-  
     tale,  
 And the youth it was told by was Allen-  
     a-dale!

From *Rokeby*, 1813.

#### HIE AWAY, HIE AWAY

Hie away, hie away,  
 Over bank and over brae,  
 Where the copsewood is the greenest,  
 Where the fountains glisten sheenest,  
 Where the lady-fern grows strongest,  
 Where the morning dew lies longest,  
 Where the black-cock sweetest sips it,  
 Where the fairy latest trips it:  
     Hie to haunts right seldom seen,  
     Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green,  
     Over bank and over brae,  
     Hie away, hie away.

From *Waverley*, 1814.

#### TWIST YE, TWINE YE! EVEN SO

Twist ye, twine ye! even so,  
 Mingle shades of joy and woe,  
 Hope and fear and peace and strife,  
 In the thread of human life.

While the mystic twist is spinning,  
 And the infant's life beginning,

Dimly seen through twilight bending,  
 Lo, what varied shapes attending!

Passions wild and follies vain,  
 Pleasures soon exchanged for pain;  
 Doubt and jealousy and fear,  
 In the magic dance appear.

Now they wax and now they dwindle,  
 Whirling with the whirling spindle,  
 Twist ye, twine ye! even so  
 Mingle human bliss and woe.

From *Guy Mannering*, 1815.

#### WASTED, WEARY, WHEREFORE STAY

WASTED, weary, wherefore stay,  
 Wrestling thus with earth and clay?  
 From the body pass away;—  
     Hark! the mass is singing.

From thee doff thy mortal weed,  
 Mary Mother be thy speed,  
 Saints to help thee at thy need;—  
     Hark! the knell is ringing.

Fear not snow-drift driving fast,  
 Sleet or hail or levin blast;  
 Soon the shroud shall lap thee fast,  
 And the sleep be on thee cast  
     That shall ne'er know waking.

Haste thee, haste thee, to be gone,  
 Earth flits fast, and time draws on,—  
 Gasp thy gasp, and groan thy groan,  
     Day is near the breaking.

From *Guy Mannering*.

#### JOCK O' HAZELDEAN

"WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie?  
     Why weep ye by the tide?  
 I'll wed ye to my youngest son,  
     And ye sall be his bride:  
 And ye sall be his bride, ladie,  
     Sae comely to be seen"—  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
     For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilfu' grief be done,  
     And dry that cheek so pale;  
 Young Frank is chief of Errington  
     And lord of Langley-dale;  
 His step is first in peaceful ha',  
     His sword in battle keen"—  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
     For Jock o' Hazeldean.



"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,  
 Nor braid to bind your hair;  
 Nor mettled hound, nor managed  
 hawk.  
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair;  
 And you, the foremost o' them a',  
 Shall ride our forest queen."—  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,  
 The tapers glimmered fair;  
 The priest and bridegroom wait the  
 bride,  
 And dame and knight are there.  
 They sought her baith by bower and  
 ha';  
 The ladie was not seen!  
 She's o'er the Border and awa'  
 Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean. 1816.

#### PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,  
 Pibroch of Donuil,  
 Wake thy wild voice anew,  
 Summon Clan Conuil.  
 Come away, come away,  
 Hark to the summons!  
 Come in your war array,  
 Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen and  
 From mountain so rocky,  
 The war-pipe and pennon  
 Are at Inverlochy.  
 Come every hill-plaid and  
 True heart that wears one,  
 Come every steel blade and  
 Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,  
 The flock without shelter;  
 Leave the corpse uninterred,  
 The bride at the altar;  
 Leave the deer, leave the steer,  
 Leave nets and barges:  
 Come with your fighting gear,  
 Broadwords and targes.

Come as the winds come when  
 Forests are rended;  
 Come as the waves come when  
 Navies are stranded:  
 Faster come, faster come,  
 Faster and faster,  
 Chief, vassal, page and groom,  
 Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;  
 See how they gather!  
 Wide waves the eagle plume,  
 Blended with heather.  
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,  
 Forward each man set!  
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,  
 Knell for the onset! 1816.

#### TIME

"WHY sit'st thou by that ruined hall,  
 Thou aged carle so stern and gray?  
 Dost thou its former pride recall.  
 Or ponder how it passed away?"

"Know'st thou not me?" the Deep  
 Voice cried:  
 "So long enjoyed, so oft misused—  
 Alternate, in thy fickle pride,  
 Desired, neglected, and accused!"

"Before my breath, like blazing flax,  
 Man and his marvels pass away!  
 And changing empires wane and wax,  
 Are founded, flourish, and decay.

"Redeem mine hours—the space is  
 brief—  
 While in my glass the sand-grains  
 shiver,  
 And measureless thy joy or grief,  
 When Time and thou shalt part for-  
 ever!"

From *The Antiquary*, 1816.

#### CAVALIER SONG

AND what though winter will pinch  
 severe  
 Through locks of gray and a cloak  
 that's old,  
 Yet keep up thy heart, bold cavalier.  
 For a cup of sack shall fence the cold.

For time will rust the brightest blade,  
 And years will break the strongest  
 bow;  
 Was never wight so starkly made,  
 But time and years would overthrow.  
 From *Old Mortality*, 1816.

#### CLARION

SOUND, sound the clarion, fill the fife!  
 To all the sensual world proclaim,  
 One crowded hour of glorious life  
 Is worth an age without a name.  
 From *Old Mortality*, 1816.

### THE SUN UPON THE WEIRDLAW HILL

"It was while struggling with such languor, on one lovely evening of this autumn [1817], that he composed the following beautiful verses. They mark the very spot of their birth,—namely, the then naked height overhanging the northern side of the Cauldshields Loch, from which Melrose Abbey to the eastward, and the hills of Ettrick and Yarrow to the west, are now visible over a wide range of rich woodland,—all the work of the poet's hand." Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, Chapter 39.

#### THE sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill

In Ettrick's vale is sinking sweet;  
The westland wind is hush and still,  
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.  
Yet not the landscape to mine eye  
Bears those bright hues that once it bore,  
Though evening with her richest dye  
Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

With listless look along the plain  
I see Tweed's silver current glide,  
And coldly mark the holy fane  
Of Melrose rise in ruined pride.  
The quiet lake, the balmy air,  
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree—  
Are they still such as once they were,  
Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas! the warped and broken board.  
How can it bear the painter's dye?  
The harp of strained and tuneless chord,  
How to the minstrel's skill reply?  
To aching eyes each landscape lowers,  
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill;  
And Araby's or Eden's bowers  
Were barren as this moorland hill.  
1817.

#### PROUD MAISIE

PROUD Maisie is in the wood,  
Walking so early;  
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,  
Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,  
When shall I marry me?"  
"When six braw gentlemen  
Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed,  
Birdie, say truly?"  
"The gray-headed sexton  
That delves the grave duly."

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone  
Shall light thee steady.  
The owl from the steeple sing,  
'Welcome, proud lady.'"  
From *The Heart of Midlothian*, 1818.

#### TRUE-LOVE, AN THOU BE TRUE

TRUE-LOVE, an thou be true,  
Thou hast ane kittle part to play.  
For fortune, fashion, fancy, and thou  
Maun strive for many a day.

I've kend by mony a friend's tale,  
Far better by this heart of mine,  
What time and change of fancy avail,  
A true love-knot to untwine.

From *The Bride of Lammermoor*, 1819.

#### REBECCA'S HYMN

WHEN Israel of the Lord beloved  
Out from the land of bondage came,  
Her fathers' God before her moved,  
An awful guide in smoke and flame.  
By day, along the astonished lands  
The cloudy pillar glided slow;  
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands  
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,  
And trump and timbrel answered keen,  
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,  
With priest's and warrior's voice between.  
No portents now our foes amaze,  
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;  
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,  
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen,  
When brightly shines the prosperous day,  
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen  
To temper the deceitful ray!  
And O, when stoops on Judah's path  
In shade and storm the frequent night,  
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,  
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,  
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;  
No censor round our altar beams,  
And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.  
But Thou hast said, The blood of goat,  
The flesh of rams I will not prize;



A contrite heart, a humble thought,  
Are mine accepted sacrifice.  
From *Ivanhoe*, 1818.

## BORDER BALLAD

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,  
Why the deil dinna ye march forward  
in order?  
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,  
All the Blue Bonnets are bound for  
the border,  
Many a banner spread,  
Flutters above your head,  
Many a crest that is famous in story,  
Mount and make ready then,  
Sons of the mountain glen,  
Fight for the Queen and our old Scot-  
tish glory.

Come from the hills where your hirsels  
are grazing,  
Come from the glen of the buck and  
the roe;  
Come to the crag where the beacon is  
blazing.  
Come with the buckler, the lance, and  
the bow.  
Trumpets are sounding,  
War-steeds are bounding,  
Stand to your arms and march in good  
order;  
England shall many a day  
Tell of the bloody fray,  
When the Blue Bonnets came over the  
the Border.  
From *The Monastery*, 1820.

## LIFE

YOUTH! thou wear'st to manhood now;  
Darker lip and darker brow,  
Statelier step, more pensive mien,  
In thy face and gait are seen:  
Thou must now brook midnight  
watches,  
Take thy food and sport by snatches!  
For the gambol and the jest  
Thou wert wont to love the best,  
Graver follies must thou follow,  
But as senseless, false, and hollow.  
From *The Abbot*, 1820.

## COUNTY GUY

AH! County Guy, the hour is nigh,  
The sun has left the lea,  
The orange flower perfumes the bower,  
The breeze is on the sea.

The lark his lay who thrilled all day  
Sits hushed his partner nigh:  
Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour,  
But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the  
shade,  
Her shepherd's suit to hear;  
To beauty shy by lattice high,  
Sings high-born Cavalier.  
The star of Love, all stars above  
Now reigns o'er earth and sky;  
And high and low the influence know—  
But where is County Guy?  
From *Quentin Durward*, 1823.

## BONNY DUNDEE

To the Lords of Convention 't was Clav-  
er'se who spoke,  
"Ere the King's crown shall fall there  
are crowns to be broke;  
So let each Cavalier who loves honor  
and me,  
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dun-  
dee.  
Come fill up my cup, come fill up  
my can,  
Come saddle your horses and call up  
your men;  
Come open the West Port and let  
me gang free,  
And it's room for the bonnets of  
Bonny Dundee!"  
Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the  
street,  
The bells are rung backward, the drums  
they are beat;  
But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just  
e'en let him be,  
The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil  
of Dundee."  
Come fill up my cup, etc.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of  
the Bow,  
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her  
pow;  
But the young plants of grace they  
looked couthie and slee,  
Thinking luck to thy bonnet, thou  
Bonny Dundee!  
Come fill up my cup, etc.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grass-  
market was crammed,  
As if half the West had set tryst to be  
hanged;

There was spite in each look, there was  
fear in each e'e,  
As they watched for the bonnets of  
Bonny Dundee.  
Come fill up my cup, etc.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits  
and had spears,  
And lang-hafted gullies to kill cava-  
liers;  
But they shrunk to close-heads and the  
causeway was free,  
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dun-  
dee.  
Come fill up my cup, etc.

He spurred to the foot of the proud  
Castle rock,  
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly  
spoke;  
"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak  
two words or three,  
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny  
Dundee."  
Come fill up my cup, etc.

The Gordon demands of him which way  
he goes —  
"Where'er shall direct me the shade of  
Montrose!  
Your Grace in short space shall hear  
tidings of me.  
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny  
Dundee.  
Come fill up my cup, etc.

"There are hills beyond Pentland and  
lands beyond Forth,  
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's  
chiefs in the North;  
There are wild Duniewassals three thou-  
sand times three,  
Will cry *hoigh!* for the bonnet of Bonny  
Dundee.  
Come fill up my cup, etc.

"There's brass on the target of barkened  
bull-hide;  
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles  
beside;  
The brass shall be burnished, the steel  
shall flash free.  
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dun-  
dee.  
Come fill up my cup, etc.

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the  
rocks —  
Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the  
fox;  
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst  
of your glee,  
You have not seen the last of my bonnet  
and me!"  
Come fill up my cup, etc.

He waved his proud hand and the  
trumpets were blown,  
The kettle-drums clashed and the horse-  
men rode on,  
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Cler-  
miston's lee  
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny  
Dundee.  
Come fill up my cup, come fill up  
my can,  
Come saddle the horses and call up  
the men,  
Come open your gates and let me  
gae free.  
For it's up with the bonnets of  
Bonny Dundee!

*December, 1825. 1830.*

#### HERE'S A HEALTH TO KING CHARLES

BRING the bowl which you boast,  
Fill it up to the brim;  
'T is to him we love most,  
And to all who love him.  
Brave gallants, stand up,  
And avaunt ye, base carles!  
Were there death in the cup,  
Here's a health to King Charles.

Though he wanders through dangers,  
Unaided, unknown,  
Dependent on strangers,  
Estranged from his own;  
Though 't is under our breath,  
Amidst forfeits and perils,  
Here's to honor and faith,  
And a health to King Charles!

Let such honors abound  
As the time can afford,  
The knee on the ground,  
And the hand on the sword;  
But the time shall come round  
When, 'mid Lords, Dukes, and Earls,  
The loud trumpet shall sound,  
Here's a health to King Charles!

*From Woodstock, 1826.*



# BYRON

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## BYRON

### LACHIN Y GAIR

AWAY, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens  
of roses!

In you let the minions of luxury rove;  
Restore me the rocks, where the snow-  
flake reposes,

Though still they are sacred to freedom  
and love:

Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy moun-  
tains,

Round their white summits though  
elements war;

Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-  
flowing fountains,

I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na  
Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy  
wander'd;

My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was  
the plaid;

On chieftains long perish'd my memory  
ponder'd,

As daily I strode through the pine-  
cover'd glade;

I sought not my home till the day's  
dying glory

Gave place to the rays of the bright  
polar star;

For fancy was cheer'd by traditional  
story,

Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch  
na Garr.

"Shades of the dead! have I not heard  
your voices

Rise on the night-rolling breath of the  
gale?"

Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,  
And rides on the wind, o'er his own

Highland vale.

Round Loch na Garr while the stormy  
mist gathers,

Winter presides in his cold icy car:

Clouds there encircle the forms of my  
fathers;

They dwell in the tempests of dark  
Loch na Garr.

"Ill-starr'd, though brave, did no visions  
foreboding

Tell you that fate had forsaken your  
cause?"

Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden,  
Victory crown'd not your fall with  
applause:

Still were you happy in death's earthly  
slumber,

You rest with your clan in the caves of  
Braemar;

The pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud  
number,

Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch  
na Garr.

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since  
I left you,

Years must elapse ere I tread you  
again:

Nature of verdure and flow'rs has bereft  
you,

Yet still are you dearer than Albion's  
plain.

England! thy beauties are tame and  
domestic

To one who has roved o'er the moun-  
tains afar:

Oh for the crags that are wild and  
majestic!

The steep frowning glories of dark  
Loch na Garr. 1807.<sup>1</sup>

### MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART

*Ζών μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ*

MAID of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, oh, give me back my heart!

Or, since that has left my breast,  
Keep it now, and take the rest!

Hear my vow before I go,  
*Ζών μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.*

<sup>1</sup>The dates for Byron's poems are made up chiefly from the very full accounts of their writing and publication given in the notes to E. H. Coleridge's splendid edition.



By those tresses unconfined,  
Woo'd by each Ægean wind;  
By those lids whose jetty fringe  
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;  
By those wild eyes like the roe,  
*Ζώη μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.*

By that lip I long to taste;  
By that zone-encircled waist;  
By all the token-flowers that tell  
What words can never speak so well;  
By love's alternate joy and woe,  
*Ζώη μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.*

Maid of Athens! I am gone:  
Think of me, sweet! when alone.  
Though I fly to Istambol,  
Athens holds my heart and soul;  
Can I cease to love thee? No!  
*Ζώη μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.* 1810. 1812.

# AND THOU ART DEAD, AS YOUNG AND FAIR

"Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari  
quam tui meminisse!"

AND thou art dead, as young and fair  
As aught of mortal birth;  
And form so soft, and charms so rare,  
Too soon return'd to Earth!  
Though Earth received them in her bed  
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread  
In carelessness or mirth,  
There is an eye which could not brook  
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,  
Nor gaze upon the spot;  
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,  
So I behold them not:  
It is enough for me to prove  
That what I loved, and long must love,  
Like common earth can rot;  
To me there needs no stone to tell,  
'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last  
As fervently as thou,  
Who didst not change through all the  
past,  
And canst not alter now.  
The love where Death has set his seal,  
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,  
Nor falsehood disavow:  
And, what were worse, thou canst not  
see  
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours;  
The worst can be but mine;  
The sun that cheers, the storm that  
lowers,  
Shall never more be thine.  
The silence of that dreamless sleep  
I envy now too much to weep;  
Nor need I to repine,  
That all those charms have pass'd away;  
I might have watch'd through long  
decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd  
Must fall the earliest prey;  
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,  
The leaves must drop away;  
And yet it were a greater grief  
To watch it withering leaf by leaf,  
Than see it pluck'd to-day;  
Since earthly eye but ill can bear  
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne  
To see thy beauties fade;  
The night that follow'd such a morn  
Had worn a deeper shade;  
Thy day without a cloud hath pass'd,  
And thou wert lovely to the last;  
Extinguish'd, not decay'd;  
As stars that shoot along the sky  
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep,  
My tears might well be shed,  
To think I was not near to keep  
One vigil o'er thy bed;  
To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,  
To fold thee in a faint embrace,  
Uphold thy drooping head;  
And show that love, however vain,  
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,  
Though thou hast left me free,  
The loveliest things that still remain,  
Than thus remember thee!  
The all of thine that cannot die  
Through dark and dread Eternity  
Returns again to me,  
And more thy buried love endears  
Than aught except its living years.  
*February, 1812.* 1812.

# WHEN WE TWO PARTED

WHEN we two parted  
In silence and tears,  
Half broken-hearted  
To sever for years,

Pale grew thy cheek and cold,  
Colder thy kiss;  
Truly that hour foretold  
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning  
Sunk chill on my brow—  
It felt like the warning  
Of what I feel now.  
Thy vows are all broken,  
And light is thy fame:  
I hear thy name spoken,  
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,  
A knell to mine ear:  
A shudder comes o'er me—  
Why wert thou so dear?  
They know not I knew thee,  
Who knew thee too well:  
Long, long shall I rue thee,  
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—  
In silence I grieve.  
That thy heart could forget,  
Thy spirit deceive.  
If I should meet thee  
After long years,  
How should I greet thee?—  
With silence and tears.  
? . . . . 1816.

### THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS

#### A TURKISH TALE

\* Had we never loved so kindly,  
Had we never loved so blindly,  
Never met or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."—BURNS.

#### CANTO THE FIRST

KNOW ye the land where the cypress and  
myrtle  
Are emblems of deeds that are done in  
their clime?  
Where the rage of the vulture, the love  
of the turtle,  
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to  
crime!  
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,  
Where the flowers ever blossom, the  
beams ever shine:  
Where the light wings of Zephyr, op-  
press'd with perfume,  
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gûl in her  
bloom;  
Where the citron and olive are fairest of  
fruit,

And the voice of the nightingale never  
is mute:  
Where the tints of the earth, and the  
hues of the sky,  
In color though varied, in beauty may  
vie,  
And the purple of ocean is deepest in  
dye;  
Where the virgins are soft as the roses  
they twine,  
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?  
'T is the clime of the East; 't is the land  
of the Sun—  
Can he smile on such deeds as his chil-  
dren have done?  
Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' fare-  
well  
Are the hearts which they bear, and the  
tales which they tell.

Begirt with many a gallant slave,  
Apparell'd as becomes the brave,  
Awaiting each his lord's behest  
To guide his steps, or guard his rest,  
Old Giaffir sate in his Divan:  
Deep thought was in his aged eye;  
And though the face of Mussulman  
Not oft betrays to standers by  
The mind within, well skill'd to hide  
All but unconquerable pride,  
His pensive cheek and pondering brow  
Did more than he was wont avow.

"Let the chamber be clear'd."—The  
train disappear'd.—

"Now call me the chief of the Haram  
guard."  
With Giaffir is none but his only son,  
And the Nubian awaiting the sire's  
award.

"Haroun—when all the crowd that wait  
Are pass'd beyond the outer gate,  
(Woe to the head whose eye beheld  
My child Zuleika's face unveil'd!)  
Hence, lead my daughter from her  
tower;  
Her fate is fix'd this very hour:  
Yet not to her repeat my thought;  
By me alone be duty taught!"

"Pacha! to hear is to obey."  
No more must slave to despot say—  
Then to the tower had ta'en his way,  
But here young Selim silence brake,  
First lowly rendering reverence meet;  
And downcast look'd and gently spake,  
Still standing at the Pacha's feet:  
For son of Moslem must expire,  
Ere dare to sit before his sire!



“Father! for fear that thou shouldst  
chide

My sister, or her sable guide,  
Know—for the fault, if fault there be,  
Was mine, then fall thy frowns on me—  
So lovelily the morning shone,

That—let the old and weary sleep—  
could not; and to view alone

The fairest scenes of land and deep,  
With none to listen and reply  
To thoughts with which my heart beat  
high

Were irksome—for whate’er my mood,  
In sooth I love not solitude;

I on Zuleika’s slumber broke,

And, as thou knowest that for me  
Soon turns the Haram’s grating key,  
Before the guardian slaves awoke  
We to the cypress groves had flown,  
And made earth, main, and heaven our  
own!

There linger’d we, beguiled too long  
With Mejnoun’s tale, or Sadi’s song;  
Till I, who heard the deep tambour  
Beat thy Divan’s approaching hour,  
To thee, and to my duty true,  
Warn’d by the sound, to greet thee  
flew:

But there Zuleika wanders yet—  
Nay, Father, rage not—nor forget  
That none can pierce that secret bower  
But those who watch the woman’s  
tower.”

“Son of a slave”—the Pacha said—  
“From unbelieving mother bred,  
Vain were a father’s hope to see  
Aught that beseems a man in thee.  
Thou, when thine arm should bend the  
bow,

And hurl the dart, and curb the steed,  
Thou, Greek in soul if not in creed,  
Must pore where babbling waters flow,  
And watch unfolding roses blow.

Would that yon orb, whose matin glow  
Thy listless eyes so much admire,  
Would lend thee something of his fire!

Thou, who wouldst see this battlement  
By Christian cannon piecemeal rent;

Nay, tamely view old Stambol’s wall  
Before the dogs of Moscow fall,  
Nor strike one stroke for life and death  
Against the curs of Nazareth!

Go—let thy less than woman’s hand  
Assume the distaff—not the brand.

But, Haroun!—to my daughter speed!  
And hark—of thine own head take heed—

If thus Zuleika oft takes wing—  
Thou see’st yon bow—it hath a string!”

No sound from Selim’s lip was heard,

At least that met old Giaffir’s ear.

But every frown and every word  
Pierced keener than a Christian’s sword.

“Son of a slave!—reproach’d with  
fear!

Those gibes had cost another dear.  
Son of a slave!—and *who* my sire?”

Thus held his thoughts their dark  
career;

And glances ev’n of more than ire  
Flash forth, then faintly disappear.

Old Giaffir gazed upon his son

And started; for within his eye  
He read how much his wrath had done;  
He saw rebellion there begun:

“Come hither, boy—what, no reply?

I mark thee—and I know thee too;  
But there be deeds thou dar’st not do:  
But if thy beard had manlier length,  
And if thy hand had skill and strength,  
I’d joy to see thee break a lance,  
Albeit against my own perchance.”

As sneeringly these accents fell,

On Selim’s eye he fiercely gazed:

That eye return’d him glance for glance  
And proudly to his sire’s was raised,

Till Giaffir’s quail’d and shrunk as-  
kance—

And why—he felt, but durst not tell.

“Much I misdoubt this wayward boy  
Will one day work me more annoy:

I never loved him from his birth,  
And—but his arm is little worth,

And scarcely in the chase could cope  
With timid fawn or antelope,

Far less would venture into strife  
Where man contends for fame and life—

I would not trust that look or tone:  
No—nor the blood so near my own.

That blood—he hath not heard—no  
more—

I’ll watch him closer than before.

He is an Arab to my sight,  
Or Christian crouching in the fight—

But hark!—I hear Zuleika’s voice;

Like Houris’ hymn it meets mine ear;  
She is the offspring of my choice;

Oh! more than ev’n her mother dear,  
With all to hope, and nought to fear—

My Peri! ever welcome here!  
Sweet, as the desert fountain’s wave

To lips just cool’d in time to save—

Such to my longing sight art thou.

Nor can they waft to Mecca’s shrine

More thanks for life, than I for thine,  
Who blest thy birth and bless thee  
now.”

Fair, as the first that fell of womankind,  
 When on that dread yet lovely serpent  
 smiling,  
 Whose image then was stamp'd upon  
 her mind—  
 But once beguil'd—and ever more be-  
 guiling;  
 Dazzling, as that, oh! too transcendent  
 vision  
 To Sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber  
 given,  
 When heart meets heart again in dreams  
 Elysian,  
 And paints the lost on Earth revived  
 in Heaven;  
 Soft, as the memory of buried love;  
 Pure, as the prayer which Childhood  
 wafts above  
 Was she—the daughter of that rude old  
 Chief,  
 Who met the maid with tears—but not  
 of grief.

Who hath not proved how feebly words  
 essay  
 To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly  
 ray?  
 Who doth not feel, until his failing  
 sight  
 Faints into dimness with its own de-  
 light,  
 His changing cheek, his sinking heart  
 confess  
 The might, the majesty of Loveliness?  
 Such was Zuleika, such around her  
 shone  
 The nameless charms unmark'd by her  
 alone—  
 The light of love, the purity of grace,  
 The mind, the Music breathing from  
 her face,  
 The heart whose softness harmonized  
 the whole,  
 And oh! that eye was in itself a Soul!

Her graceful arms in meekness bending  
 Across her gently budding breast;  
 At one kind word those arms extending  
 To clasp the neck of him who blest  
 His child caressing and carest,  
 Zuleika came—and Giaffir felt  
 His purpose half within him melt:  
 Not that against her fancied weal  
 His heart though stern could ever feel;  
 Affection chain'd her to that heart;  
 Ambition tore the links apart.

“Zuleika! child of gentleness!  
 How dear this very day must tell,

When I forget my own distress,  
 In losing what I love so well,  
 To bid thee with another dwell:  
 Another! and a braver man  
 Was never seen in battle's van.  
 We Moslem reck not much of blood;  
 But yet the line of Carasman  
 Unchanged, unchangeable hath stood  
 First of the bold Timariot bands  
 That won and well can keep their lands.  
 Enough that he who comes to woo  
 Is kinsman of the Bey Oglou:  
 His years need scarce a thought employ;  
 I would not have thee wed a boy.  
 And thou shalt have a noble dower:  
 And his and my united power  
 Will laugh to scorn the death-firman,  
 Which others tremble but to scan,  
 And teach the messenger what fate  
 The bearer of such boon may wait.  
 And now thou know'st thy father's will:  
 All that thy sex hath need to know:  
 'T was mine to teach obedience still—  
 The way to love, thy lord may show.”

In silence bow'd the virgin's head;  
 And if her eye was fill'd with tears  
 That stifled feeling dare not shed,  
 And changed her cheek from pale to  
 red,  
 And red to pale, as through her ears  
 Those winged words like arrows sped,  
 What could such be but maiden fears?  
 So bright the tear in Beauty's eye,  
 Love half regrets to kiss it dry;  
 So sweet the blush of Bashfulness,  
 Even Pity scarce can wish it less!  
 Whate'er it was the sire forgot;  
 Or if remember'd, mark'd it not:  
 Thrice clapp'd his hands, and call'd his  
 steed,  
 Resign'd his gem-adorn'd chibouque,  
 And mounting featly for the mead,  
 With Maugrabee and Mamaluke,  
 His way amid his Delis took,  
 To witness many an active deed  
 With sabre keen, or blunt jerreed.  
 The Kiskar only and his Moors  
 Watch well the Haram's massy doors.

His head was leant upon his hand.  
 His eye look'd o'er the dark blue  
 water  
 That swiftly glides and gently swells  
 Between the winding Dardanelles;  
 But yet he saw nor sea nor strand,  
 Nor even his Pacha's turban'd band  
 Mix in the game of mimic slaughter,  
 Careering cleave the folded felt,



With sabre stroke right sharply dealt;  
Nor mark'd the javelin-darting crowd  
Nor heard their Ollahs wild and loud—  
He thought but of old Giaffir's  
daughter!

No word from Selim's bosom broke;  
One sigh Zuleika's thought bespoke:  
Still gazed he through the lattice grate,  
Pale, mute, and mournfully sedate.  
To him Zuleika's eye was turn'd,  
But little from his aspect learn'd:  
Equal her grief, yet not the same;  
Her heart confess'd a gentler flame:  
But yet that heart, alarm'd or weak,  
She knew not why, forbade to speak.  
Yet speak she must—but when essay?  
“How strange he thus should turn  
away!

Not thus we e'er before have met;  
Nor thus shall be our parting yet.”  
Thrice paced she slowly through the  
room,  
And watch'd his eye—it still was fix'd:  
She snatch'd the urn wherein was  
mix'd

The Persian Atar-gul's perfume,  
And sprinkled all its odors o'er  
The pictured roof and marble floor:  
The drops, that through his glittering  
vest

The playful girl's appeal address'd,  
Unheeded o'er his bosom flew,  
As if that breast were marble too.  
“What, sullen yet? it must not be—  
Oh! gentle Selim, this from thee!”  
She saw in curious order set  
The fairest flowers of eastern land—  
“He loved them once: may touch them  
yet,

If offer'd by Zuleika's hand.”  
The childish thought was hardly brea-  
th'd

Before the rose was pluck'd and wrea-  
th'd;

The next fond moment saw her seat  
Her fairy form at Selim's feet:  
“This rose to calm my brother's cares  
A message from the Bulbul bears;  
It says to-night he will prolong  
For Selim's ear his sweetest song;  
And though his note is somewhat sad,  
He'll try for once a strain more glad,  
With some faint hope his alter'd lay  
May sing these gloomy thoughts away.

“What! not receive my foolish flower?  
Nay then I am indeed unblest:  
On me can thus thy forehead lower?

And know'st thou not who loves thee  
best?

Oh, Selim dear! oh, more than dearest!  
Say, is it me thou hat'st or fearest?  
Come, lay thy head upon my breast,  
And I will kiss thee into rest,  
Since words of mine, and songs must  
fail,

Ev'n from my fabled nightingale.  
I knew our sire at times was stern,  
But this from thee had yet to learn:  
Too well I know he loves thee not;  
But is Zuleika's love forgot?  
Ah! deem I right? the Pacha's plan—  
This kinsman Bey of Carasman  
Perhaps may prove some foe of thine.  
If so, I swear by Mecca's shrine,—  
If shrines that ne'er approach allow  
To woman's step, admit her vow,—  
Without thy free consent, command,  
The Sultan should not have my hand!  
Think'st thou that I could bear to part  
With thee, and learn to halve my heart?  
Ah! were I sever'd from thy side,  
Where were thy friend—and who my  
guide?

Years have not seen, Time shall not see,  
The hour that tears my soul from thee:  
Ev'n Azrael, from his deadly quiver

When flies that shaft, and fly it must,  
That parts all else, shall doom for ever  
Our hearts to undivided dust!”

He lived, he breathed, he moved, he felt;  
He raised the maid from where she  
knelt;

His trance was gone, his keen eye shone  
With thoughts that long in darkness  
dwelt:

With thoughts that burn—in rays that  
melt.

As the stream late conceal'd  
By the fringe of its willows,  
When it rushes reveal'd

In the light of its billows;  
As the bolt bursts on high

From the black cloud that bound it,  
Flash'd the soul of that eye

Through the long lashes round it.

A war-horse at the trumpet's sound,

A lion roused by heedless hound,

A tyrant waked to sudden strife

By graze of ill-directed knife,

Starts not to more convulsive life

Than he, who heard that vow, display'd,

And all, before repress'd, betray'd:

“Now thou art mine, for ever mine,

With life to keep, and scarce with life  
resign;

Now thou art mine, that sacred oath,  
Though sworn by one, hath bound us  
both.

Yes, fondly, wisely hast thou done;  
That vow hath saved more heads than  
one:

But blench not thou—thy simplest tress  
Claims more from me than tenderness;  
I would not wrong the slenderest hair  
That clusters round thy forehead fair,  
For all the treasures buried far  
Within the caves of Istakar.

This morning clouds upon me lower'd,  
Reproaches on my head were shower'd,  
And Giaffir almost call'd me coward!  
Now I have motive to be brave;

The son of his neglected slave,  
Nay, start not, 'twas the term he gave,  
May show, though little apt to vaunt,  
A heart his words nor deeds can daunt.  
*His* son, indeed!—yet, thanks to thee,  
Perchance I am, at least shall be;  
But let our plighted secret vow  
Be only known to us as now.

I know the wretch who dares demand  
From Giaffir thy reluctant hand;  
More ill-got wealth, a meaner soul  
Holds not a Musselin's control:  
Was he not bred in Egripo?  
A viler race let Israel show!  
But let that pass—to none be told  
Our oath; the rest shall time unfold.  
To me and mine leave Osman Bey;  
I've partisans for peril's day:  
Think not I am what I appear;  
I've arms, and friends, and vengeance  
near."

"Think not thou art what thou appearest!  
My Selim, thou art sadly changed:  
This morn I saw thee gentlest, dearest;  
But now thou'rt from thyself es-  
tranged.

My love thou surely knew'st before,  
It ne'er was less, nor can be more.  
To see thee, hear thee, near thee stay,  
And hate the night I know not why,  
Save that we meet not but by day;  
With thee to live, with thee to die,  
I dare not to my hope deny:

Thy cheek, thine eyes, thy lips to kiss,  
Like this—and this—no more than this;  
For, Allah! sure thy lips are flame:

What fever in thy veins is flushing?  
My own have nearly caught the same,

At least I feel my cheek, too, blushing.  
To soothe thy sickness, watch thy health,  
Partake, but never waste thy wealth,  
Or stand with smiles unmurmuring by,

And lighten half thy poverty;  
Do all but close thy dying-eye,  
For that I could not live to try;  
To these alone my thoughts aspire:  
More can I do? or thou require?  
But, Selim, thou must answer why  
We need so much of mystery?  
The cause I cannot dream nor tell,  
But be it, since thou say'st 'tis well;  
Yet what thou mean'st by 'arms' and  
'friends,'

Beyond my weaker sense extends.  
I meant that Giaffir should have heard  
The very vow I plighted thee;  
His wrath would not revoke my word:  
But surely he would leave me free.  
Can this fond wish seem strange in  
me,

To be what I have ever been?  
What other hath Zuleika seen  
From simple childhood's earliest hour?  
What other can she seek to see  
Than thee, companion of her bower,  
The partner of her infancy?  
These cherish'd thoughts with life begun,  
Say, why must I no more avow?  
What change is wrought to make me  
shun

The truth; my pride, and thine till  
now?

To meet the gaze of stranger's eyes  
Our law, our creed, our God denies;  
Nor shall one wandering thought of mine  
At such, our Prophet's will, repine:  
No! happier made by that decree,  
He left me all in leaving thee.

Deep were my anguish, thus compell'd  
To wed with one I ne'er beheld:

This wherefore should I not reveal?  
Why wilt thou urge me to conceal?  
I know the Pacha's haughty mood  
To thee hath never boded good;  
And he so often storms at nought,  
Allah! forbid that e'er he ought!  
And why I know not, but within  
My heart concealment weighs like sin.  
If then such secrecy be crime,

And such it feels while lurking here;  
Oh, Selim! tell me yet in time,  
Nor leave me thus to thoughts of fear.

Ah! yonder see the Tchocadar,  
My father leaves the mimic war;  
I tremble now to meet his eye—  
Say, Selim, canst thou tell me why?"

"Zuleika—to thy tower's retreat  
Betake thee—Giaffir I can greet!  
And now with him I fain must prate  
Of firmans, imposts, levies, state.



There's fearful news from Danube's banks,

Our Vizier nobly thins his ranks,  
For which the Giaour may give him thanks!

Our Sultan hath a shorter way  
Such costly triumph to repay.

But, mark me, when the twilight drum  
Hath warn'd the troops to food and sleep,

Unto thy cell will Selim come:  
Then softly from the Haram creep  
Where we may wander by the deep:

Our garden battlements are steep;  
Nor these will rash intruder climb  
To list our words, or stint our time;  
And if he doth, I want not steel  
Which some have felt, and more may feel.

Then shalt thou learn of Selim more  
Than thou hast heard or thought before:  
Trust me, Zuleika—fear not me!  
Thou know'st I hold a Haram key."  
"Fear thee, my Selim! ne'er till now  
Did word like this——"

"Delay not thou:

I keep the key—and Haroun's guard  
Have *some*, and hope of *more* reward.  
To-night, Zuleika, thou shalt hear  
My tale, my purpose, and my fear:  
I am not, love! what I appear."

#### CANTO THE SECOND

THE winds are high on Helle's wave,

As on that night of stormy water  
When Love, who sent, forgot to save  
The young, the beautiful, the brave,

The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.

Oh! when alone along the sky  
Her turret-torch was blazing high,  
Though rising gale, and breaking foam,  
And shrieking sea-birds warn'd him home:

And clouds aloft and tides below,  
With signs and sounds, forbade to go,

He could not see, he would not hear,

Or sound or sign foreboding fear;

His eye but saw that light of love,

The only star it hail'd above;

His ear but rang with Hero's song,

"Ye waves, divide not lovers long!"—

That tale is old, but love anew

May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

The winds are high, and Helle's tide

Rolls darkly heaving to the main;

And Night's descending shadows hide  
That field with blood bedew'd in vain,

The desert of old Priam's pride;

The tombs, sole relics of his reign,  
All—save immortal dreams that could beguile

The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle!

Oh! yet—for there my steps have been;  
These feet have press'd the sacred shore,

These limbs that buoyant wave hath borne—

Minstrel! with thee to muse, to mourn,

To trace again those fields of yore,

Believing every hillock green

Contains no fabled hero's ashes,

And that around the undoubted scene

Thine own "broad Hellespont" still dashes,

Be long my lot! and cold were he

Who there could gaze denying thee!

The night hath closed on Helle's stream,  
Nor yet hath risen on Ida's hill

That moon, which shone on his high theme:

No warrior chides her peaceful beam

But conscious shepherds bless it still.

Their flocks are grazing on the mound

Of him who felt the Dardan's arrow:

That mighty heap of gather'd ground

Which Ammon's son ran proudly round,

By nations raised, by monarchs crown'd,

Is now a lone and nameless barrow!

Within—thy dwelling-place how narrow!

Without—can only strangers breathe

The name of him that *was* beneath:

Dust long outlasts the storied stone;

But Thou—thy very dust is gone!

Late, late to-night will Dian cheer

The swain, and chase the boatman's fear;

Till then—no beacon on the cliff

May shape the course of struggling skiff;

The scatter'd lights that skirt the bay,

All, one by one, have died away;

The only lamp of this lone hour

Is glimmering in Zuleika's tower.

Yes! there is light in that lone chamber,

And o'er her silken ottoman

Are thrown the fragrant beads of amber,

O'er which her fairy fingers ran;

Near these, with emerald rays beset,

(How could she thus that gem forget?)

Her mother's sainted amulet,



Whereon engraved the Koorsee text,  
Could smooth this life, and win the  
next;

And by her comboloio lies  
A Koran of illumined dyes;  
And many a bright emblazon'd rhyme  
By Persian scribes redeem'd from time;  
And o'er those scrolls, not oft so mute,  
Reclines her now neglected lute;  
And round her lamp of fretted gold  
Bloom flowers in urns of China's mould;  
The richest work of Iran's loom,  
And Sheeraz, tribute of perfume;  
All that can eye or sense delight

Are gather'd in that gorgeous room:  
But yet it hath an air of gloom  
She, of this Peri cell the sprite,  
What doth she hence, and on so rude a  
night?

Wrapt in the darkest sable vest,  
Which none save noblest Moslem wear,  
To guard from winds of heaven the  
breast

As heaven itself to Selim dear,  
With cautious steps the thicket thread-  
ing,

And starting oft, as through the glade  
The gust its hollow moanings made,  
Till on the smoother pathway treading,  
More free her timid bosom beat,

The maid pursued her silent guide;  
And though her terror urged retreat,  
How could she quit her Selim's side?  
How teach her tender lips to chide?

They reach'd at length a grotto, hewn  
By nature, but enlarged by art,  
Where oft her lute she wont to tune,  
And oft her Koran conn'd apart;  
And oft in youthful reverie  
She dream'd what Paradise might be:  
Where woman's parted soul shall go  
Her Prophet had disdain'd to show;  
But Selim's mansion was secure,  
Nor deem'd she, could he long endure  
His bower in other worlds of bliss  
Without *her*, most beloved in this!  
Oh! who so dear with him could dwell?  
What Houri soothe him half so well?

Since last she visited the spot  
Some change seem'd wrought within the  
grot:

It might be only that the night  
Disguised things seen by better light:  
That brazen lamp but dimly threw  
A ray of no celestial hue;  
But in a nook within the cell

Her eye on stranger objects fell.  
There arms were piled, not such as wield  
The turban'd Delis in the field;  
But brands of foreign blade and hilt,  
And one was red—perchance with guilt!  
Ah! how without can blood be spilt?  
A cup too on the board was set  
That did not seem to hold sherbet.  
What may this mean? she turn'd to see  
Her Selim—"Oh! can this be he?"

His robe of pride was thrown aside.

His brow no high-crown'd turban bore,  
But in its stead a shawl of red,

Wreathed lightly round, his temples  
wore:

That dagger, on whose hilt the gem  
Were worthy of a diadem,  
No longer glitter'd at his waist,  
Where pistols unadorn'd were braced;  
And from his belt a sabre swung,  
And from his shoulder loosely hung  
The cloak of white, the thin capote  
That decks the wandering Candiote;  
Beneath—his golden plated vest  
Clung like a cuirass to his breast;  
The greaves below his knee that wound  
With silvery scales were sheathed and  
bound.

But were it not that high command  
Spake in his eye, and tone, and hand,  
All that a careless eye could see  
In him was some young Galiongée.<sup>1</sup>

"I said I was not what I seem'd;  
And now thou see'st my words were  
true:

I have a tale thou hast not dream'd,  
If sooth—its truth must others rue.  
My story now 't were vain to hide,  
I must not see thee Osman's bride:  
But had not thine own lips declared  
How much of that young heart I shared,  
I could not, must not, yet have shown  
The darker secret of my own.  
In this I speak not now of love;  
That, let time, truth, and peril prove:  
But first—Oh! never wed another—  
Zuleika! I am not thy brother!"

"Oh! not my brother!—yet unsay—  
God! am I left alone on earth  
To mourn—I dare not curse—the day  
That saw my solitary birth?  
Oh! thou wilt love me now no more!  
My sinking heart foreboded ill;  
But know *me* all I was before,

<sup>1</sup> A Turkish sailor.



Thy sister—friend—Zuleika still.  
 Thou led'st me here perchance to kill ;  
 If thou hast cause for vengeance, see !  
 My breast is offer'd—take thy fill !  
 Far better with the dead to be  
 Than live thus nothing now to thee !  
 Perhaps far worse, for now I know  
 Why Giaffir alway seem'd thy foe ;  
 And I, alas ! am Giaffir's child,  
 For whom thou wert contemn'd, reviled.  
 If not thy sister—wouldst thou save  
 My life, oh ! bid me be thy slave !”

“ My slave, Zuleika !—nay, I'm thine :  
 But, gentle love, this transport calm,  
 Thy lot shall yet be link'd with mine ;  
 I swear it by our Prophet's shrine,  
 And be that thought thy sorrow's  
 balm.

So may the Koran verse display'd  
 Upon its steel direct my blade,  
 In danger's hour to guard us both,  
 As I preserve that awful oath !

The name in which thy heart hath prided  
 Must change ; but, my Zuleika, know,  
 That tie is widen'd, not divided,  
 Although thy Sire's my deadliest foe.  
 My father was to Giaffir all

That Selim late was deem'd to thee :  
 That brother wrought a brother's fall,  
 But spared, at least, my infancy ;  
 And lull'd me with a vain deceit  
 That yet a like return may meet.  
 He rear'd me, not with tender help,  
 But like the nephew of a Cain ;  
 He watched me like a lion's whelp,  
 That gnaws and yet may break his  
 chain.

My father's blood in every vein  
 Is boiling ; but for thy dear sake  
 No present vengeance will I take ;  
 Though here I must no more remain.  
 But first, beloved Zuleika ! hear  
 How Giaffir wrought this deed of fear.

“ How first their strife to rancor grew,  
 If love or envy made them foes,  
 It matters little if I knew ;  
 In fiery spirits, slights, though few  
 And thoughtless, will disturb repose.  
 In war Abdallah's arm was strong,  
 Remember'd yet in Bosniac song,  
 And Paswan's rebel hordes attest  
 How little love they bore such guest :  
 His death is all I need relate,  
 The stern effect of Giaffir's hate ;  
 And how my birth disclosed to me,  
 Whate'er beside it makes, hath made me  
 free.

“ When Paswan, after years of strife,  
 At last for power, but first for life,  
 In Widdin's walls too proudly sate,  
 Our Pachas rallied round the state ;  
 Nor last nor least in high command,  
 Each brother led a separate band ;  
 They gave their horse-tails<sup>1</sup> to the wind,  
 And mustering in Sophia's plain  
 Their tents were pitch'd, their post as-  
 sign'd ;

To one, alas ! assign'd in vain !  
 What need of words ! the deadly bowl,  
 By Giaffir's order drugged and given,  
 With venom subtle as his soul,  
 Dismiss'd Abdallah's hence to heaven.  
 Reclined and feverish in the bath,  
 He, when the hunter's sport was up,  
 But little deem'd a brother's wrath  
 To quench his thirst had such a cup :  
 The bowl a bribed attendant bore ;  
 He drank one draught, nor needed more !  
 If thou my tale, Zuleika, doubt,  
 Call Haroun—he can tell it out.

“ The deed once done, and Paswan's feud  
 In part suppress'd, though ne'er subdued,  
 Abdallah's Pachalick was gain'd :—  
 Thou know'st not what in our Divan  
 Can wealth procure for worse than man—  
 Abdallah's honors were obtain'd  
 By him a brother's murder stain'd ;  
 'T is true, the purchase nearly drain'd  
 His ill got treasure, soon replaced.  
 Wouldst question whence ? Survey the  
 waste,

And ask the squalid peasant how  
 His gains repay his broiling brow !—  
 Why me the stern usurper spared,  
 Why thus with me his palace shared,  
 I know not. Shame, regret, remorse,  
 And little fear from infant's force ;  
 Besides, adoption as a son  
 By him whom Heaven accorded none,  
 Or some unknown cabal, caprice,  
 Preserved me thus ;—but not in peace :  
 He cannot curb his haughty mood,  
 Nor I forgive a father's blood.

“ Within thy father's house are foes ;  
 Not all who break his bread are true ;  
 To these should I my birth disclose,  
 His days, his very hours were few ;  
 They only want a heart to lead,  
 A hand to point them to the deed.  
 But Haroun only knows, or knew,  
 This tale, whose close is almost nigh :

<sup>1</sup> “ Horse-tail,” the standard of a pacha.  
 (Byron.)



He in Abdallah's palace grew,  
 And held that post in his Serai  
 Which holds he here—he saw him die ;  
 But what could single slavery do ?  
 Avenge his lord ? alas ! too late ;  
 Or save his son from such a fate ?  
 He chose the last, and when elate  
 With foes subdued, or friends betray'd,  
 Proud Giaffir in high triumph sate,  
 He led me helpless to his gate,  
 And not in vain it seems essay'd  
 To save the life for which he pray'd.  
 The knowledge of my birth secured  
 From all and each, but most from me ;  
 Thus Giaffir's safety was insured.  
 Removed he too from Roumelie  
 To this our Asiatic side.  
 Far from our seats by Danube's tide,  
 With none but Haroun, who retains  
 Such knowledge—and that Nubian feels  
 A tyrant's secrets are but chains,  
 From which the captive gladly steals,  
 And this and more to me reveals :  
 Such still to guilt just Alla sends—  
 Slaves, tools, accomplices—no friends !

“ All this, Zuleika, harshly sounds ;  
 But harsher still my tale must be :  
 Howe'er my tongue thy softness wounds,  
 Yet I must prove all truth to thee.  
 I saw thee start this garb to see,  
 Yet is it one I oft have worn,  
 And long must wear : this Galiongée,  
 To whom thy plighted vow is sworn,  
 Is leader of those pirate hordes,  
 Whose laws and lives are on their  
 swords ;  
 To hear whose desolating tale  
 Would make thy waning cheek more  
 pale :  
 Those arms thou see'st my band have  
 brought.  
 The hands that wield are not remote ;  
 This cup too for the rugged knaves  
 Is fill'd—once quaff'd, they ne'er repine :  
 Our prophet might forgive the slaves ;  
 They're only infidels in wine.

“ What could I be ? Proscribed at home,  
 And taunted to a wish to roam ;  
 And listless left—for Giaffir's fear  
 Denied the courser and the spear—  
 Though oft—Oh, Mahomet ! how oft—  
 In full Divan the despot scoff'd,  
 As if *my* weak unwilling hand  
 Refused the bridle or the brand :  
 He ever went to war alone,  
 And pent me here untried—unknown ;  
 To Haroun's care with women left,

By hope unblest, of fame bereft,  
 While thou—whose softness long en-  
 dear'd,  
 Though it unmann'd me, still had  
 cheer'd—

To Brusa's walls for safety sent,  
 Awaited'st there the field's event.  
 Haroun, who saw my spirit pining  
 Beneath inaction's sluggish yoke,  
 His captive, though with dread resign-  
 ing,

My thralldom for a season broke,  
 On promise to return before  
 The day when Giaffir's charge was o'er.  
 'T is vain—my tongue cannot impart  
 My almost drunkenness of heart,  
 When first this liberated eye  
 Survey'd Earth, Ocean, Sun, and Sky,  
 As if my spirit pierced them through,  
 And all their inmost wonders knew !  
 One word alone can paint to thee  
 That more than feeling—I was Free !  
 E'en for thy presence ceased to pine ;  
 The World—nay, Heaven itself was  
 mine !

“ The shallop of a trusty Moor  
 Convey'd me from this idle shore ;  
 I long'd to see the isles that gem  
 Old Ocean's purple diadem :  
 I sought by turns, and saw them all :  
 But when and where I join'd the  
 crew,  
 With whom I'm pledged to rise or fall,  
 When all that we design to do  
 Is done, 't will then be time more meet  
 To tell thee, when the tale's complete.

“ 'T is true, they are a lawless brood,  
 But rough in form, nor mild in mood ;  
 And every creed, and every race,  
 With them hath found—may find a  
 place ;  
 But open speech, and ready hand,  
 Obedience to their chief's command ;  
 A soul for every enterprise,  
 That never sees with terror's eyes ;  
 Friendship for each, and faith to all,  
 And vengeance vow'd for those who fall,  
 Have made them fitting instruments  
 For more than ev'n my own intents.  
 And some—and I have studied all  
 Distinguish'd from the vulgar rank,  
 But chiefly to my council call  
 The wisdom of the cautious Frank—  
 And some to higher thoughts aspire,  
 The last of Lambro's patriots there  
 Anticipated freedom share ;  
 And oft around the cavern fire



On visionary schemes debate,  
To snatch the Rayahs from their fate.  
So let them ease their hearts with prate  
Of equal rights, which man ne'er knew;  
I have a love for freedom too.

Ay! let me like the ocean-Patriarch roam  
Or only know on land the Tartar's home!  
My tent on shore, my galley on the sea,  
Are more than cities and Serais to me:  
Borne by my steed, or wafted by my sail,  
Across the desert, or before the gale,  
Bound where thou wilt, my barb! or  
glide, my prow!

But be the star that guides the wanderer,  
Thou!

Thou, my Zuleika, share and bless my  
bark;

The Dove of peace and promise to mine  
ark!

Or, since that hope denied in worlds of  
strife,

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of  
life!

The evening beam that smiles the clouds  
away,

And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!  
Blest—as the Muezzin's strain from Mec-  
ca's wall

To pilgrim's pure and prostrate at his  
call;

Soft—as the melody of youthful days,  
That steals the trembling tear of speech-  
less praise;

Dear—as his native song to Exile's ears,  
Shall sound each tone thy long-loved  
voice endears.

For thee in those bright isles is built a  
bower

Blooming as Aden in its earliest hour.

A thousand swords, with Selim's heart  
and hand,

Wait—wave—defend—destroy—at thy  
command!

Girt by my band, Zuleika at my side,  
The spoil of nations shall bedeck my  
bride.

The Haram's languid years of listless ease  
Are well resign'd for cares—for joys like  
these:

Not blind to fate, I see, where'er I rove,  
Unnumber'd perils—but one only love!  
Yet well my toils shall that fond breast  
repay,

Though fortune frown, or falser friends  
betray.

How dear the dream in darkest hours  
of ill,

Should all be changed, to find thee faith-  
ful still!

Be but thy soul, like Selim's, firmly  
shown;

To thee be Selim's tender as thine own;  
To soothe each sorrow: share in each de-  
light,

Blend every thought, do all—but dis-  
unite!

Once free, 'tis mine our horde again to  
guide;

Friends to each other, foes to aught be-  
side:

Yet there we follow but the bent assign'd  
By fatal Nature to man's warring kind:  
Mark! where his carnage and his con-  
quests cease!

He makes a solitude, and calls it—peace!  
I, like the rest, must use my skill or  
strength,

But ask no land beyond my sabre's  
length:

Power sways but by division—her re-  
source

The blest alternative of fraud or force!  
Ours be the last; in time deceit may  
come

When cities cage us in a social home:  
There ev'n thy soul might err—how oft  
the heart

Corruption shakes which peril could not  
part!

And woman, more than man, when  
death or woe,

Or even Disgrace, would lay her lover  
low,

Sunk in the lap of Luxury will shame—  
Away suspicion!—*not* Zuleika's name!

But life is hazard at the best; and here  
No more remains to win, and much to  
fear:

Yes, fear! the doubt, the dread of los-  
ing thee,

By Osman's power, and Giaffir's stern  
decree.

That dread shall vanish with the favour-  
ing gale,

Which Love to-night hath promised to  
my sail:

No danger daunts the pair his smile hath  
blest,

Their steps still roving, but their hearts  
at rest.

With thee all toils are sweet, each clime  
hath charms;

Earth—sea alike—our world within our  
arms!

Ay—let the loud winds whistle o'er the  
deck,

So that those arms cling closer round  
my neck:

The deepest murmur of this lip shall be.  
No sigh for safety, but a prayer for thee!  
The war of elements no fears impart  
To Love, whose deadliest bane is human  
Art:

*There* lie the only rocks our course can  
check;

*Here* moments menace—*there* are years  
of wreck!

But hence ye thoughts that rise in Hor-  
ror's shape!

This hour bestows, or ever bars, escape.  
Few words remain of mine my tale to  
close;

Of thine but *one* to waft us from our  
foes;

Yea—foes—to me will Giaffir's hate de-  
cline?

And is not Osman, who would part us,  
thine?

“His head and faith from doubt and  
death

Return'd in time my guard to save;  
Few heard, none told, that o'er the wave  
From isle to isle I roved the while;  
And since, though parted from my band,  
Too seldom now I leave the land,  
No deed they've done, nor deed shall do,  
Ere I have heard and doom'd it too:  
I form the plan, decree the spoil,  
'Tis fit I oftener share the toil.

But now too long I've held thine ear;  
Time presses, floats my bark, and here  
We leave behind but hate and fear.

To-morrow Osman with his train  
Arrives—to-night must break thy chain:  
And wouldst thou save that haughty  
Bey,—

Perchance *his* life who gave thee  
thine,—

With me this hour away—away!

But yet, though thou art plighted  
mine,

Wouldst thou recall thy willing vow,  
Appall'd by truths imparted now,  
Here rest I—not to see thee wed:  
But be that peril on *my* head!”

Zuleika, “mute and motionless,  
Stood like that statue of distress,  
When, her last hope for ever gone,  
The mother harden'd into stone:  
All in the maid that eye could see  
Was but a younger Niobè.  
But ere her lip, or even her eye,  
Essay'd to speak, or look reply,  
Beneath the garden's wicket porch  
Far flash'd on high a blazing torch!

Another—and another—and another—  
“Oh! fly—no more—yet now my more  
than brother!”

Far, wide, through every thicket spread  
The fearful lights are gleaming red;  
Nor these alone—for each right hand  
Is ready with a sheathless brand.

They part, pursue, return, and wheel  
With searching flambeau, shining steel;  
And last of all, his sabre waving,  
Stern Giaffir in his fury raving:  
And now almost they touch the cave—  
Oh! must that grot be Selim's grave?

Dauntless he stood—“'Tis come—soon  
past—

One kiss, Zuleika—'tis my last:

But yet my band not far from shore  
May hear this signal, see the flash;  
Yet now too few—the attempt were  
rash:

No matter—yet one effort more.”  
Forth to the cavern mouth he stept;

His pistol's echo rang on high,  
Zuleika started not, nor wept,  
Despair benumb'd her breast and  
eye!—

“They hear me not, or if they ply  
Their oars 'tis but to see me die;  
That sound hath drawn my foes more  
nigh.

Then forth my father's scimitar,  
Thou ne'er hast seen less equal war!  
Farewell, Zuleika!—sweet! retire:

Yet stay within—here linger safe,  
At thee his rage will only chafe.  
Stir not—lest even to thee perchance  
Some erring blade or ball should glance.  
Fear'st thou for him?—may I expire  
If in this strife I seek thy sire!  
No—though by him that poison pour'd;  
No—though again he call me coward!  
But tamely shall I meet their steel?  
No—as each crest save *his* may feel!”

One bound he made, and gain'd the  
sand:

Already at his feet hath sunk  
The foremost of the prying band,

A gasping head, a quivering trunk:  
Another falls—but round him close  
A swarming circle of his foes;  
From right to left his path he cleft,

And almost met the meeting wave:  
His boat appears—not five oars' length—  
His comrades strain with desperate  
strength—

Oh! are they yet in time to save?  
His feet the foremost breakers lave;



His band are plunging in the bay,  
 Their sabres glitter through the spray;  
 Wet—wild—unwearied to the strand  
 They struggle—now they touch the land!  
 They come—'tis but to add to slaughter—  
 His heart's best blood is on the water.

Escaped from shot, unharm'd by steel,  
 Or scarcely grazed its force to feel,  
 Had Selim won, betray'd, beset,  
 To where the strand and billows met;  
 There as his last step left the land—  
 And the last death-blow dealt his hand—  
 Ah! wherefore did he turn to look  
 For her his eye but sought in vain?  
 That pause, that fatal gaze he took.  
 Hath doom'd his death, or fix'd his  
 chain.

Sad proof, in peril and in pain,  
 How late will Lover's hope remain!  
 His back was to the dashing spray:  
 Behind, but close, his comrades lay,  
 When, at the instant, hiss'd the ball—  
 "So may the foes of Giaffir fall!"  
 Whose voice is heard? whose carbine  
 rang?

Whose bullet through the night-air sang,  
 Too nearly, deadly aim'd to err?  
 'Tis thine—Abdallah's Murderer!  
 The father slowly rued thy hate,  
 The son hath found a quicker fate:  
 Fast from his breast the blood is bub-  
 bling,  
 The whiteness of the sea-foam troub-  
 ling—  
 If aught his lips essay'd to groan,  
 The rushing billows choked the tone!

Morn slowly rolls the clouds away;  
 Few trophies of the fight are there:  
 The shouts that shook the midnight-bay  
 Are silent; but some signs of fray  
 That strand of strife may bear,  
 And fragments of each shiver'd brand  
 Steps stamp'd; and dash'd into the sand  
 The print of many a struggling hand  
 May there be mark'd; nor far remote  
 A broken torch, an oarless boat;  
 And tangled on the weeds that heap  
 The beach where shelving to the deep  
 There lies a white capote!  
 'T is rent in twain—one dark-red stain  
 The wave yet ripples o'er in vain;  
 But where is he who wore?  
 Ye! who would o'er his relics weep,  
 Go, seek them where the surges sweep  
 Their burthen round Sigæum's steep  
 And cast on Lemnos' shore:  
 The sea-birds shriek above the prey,

O'er which their hungry beaks delay,  
 As shaken on his restless pillow,  
 His head heaves with the heaving  
 billow;

That hand, whose motion is not life,  
 Yet feebly seems to menace strife,  
 Flung by the tossing tide on high,  
 Then levell'd with the wave—  
 What reck's it, though that corse shall  
 lie

Within a living grave?  
 The bird that tears that prostrate form  
 Hath only robb'd the meaner worm;  
 The only heart, the only eye  
 Had bled or wept to see him die,  
 Had seen those scatter'd limbs composed,  
 And mourn'd above his turban-stone,  
 That heart hath burst—that eye was  
 closed—

Yea—closed before his own!

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail!  
 And woman's eye is wet—man's cheek  
 is pale:

Zuleika! last of Giaffir's race,  
 Thy destined lord is come too late:  
 He sees not—ne'er shall see thy face!  
 Can he not hear

The loud Wul-wulleh warn his distant  
 ear?

Thy handmaids weeping at the gate,  
 The Koran-chanters of the hymn of fate,  
 The silent slaves with folded arms that  
 wait,

Sighs in the hall, and shrieks upon the  
 gale,

Tell him thy tale!  
 Thou didst not view thy Selim fall!  
 That fearful moment when he left the  
 cave

Thy heart grew chill:  
 He was thy hope—thy joy—thy love—  
 thine all,

And that last thought on him thou  
 couldst not save

Sufficed to kill;  
 Burst forth in one wild cry—and all was  
 still.

Peace to thy broken heart, and virgin  
 grave!

Ah! happy! but of life to lose the worst!  
 That grief—though deep—though fatal—  
 was thy first!

Thrice happy ne'er to feel nor fear the  
 force

Of absence, shame, pride, hate, revenge,  
 remorse!

And, oh! that pang where more than  
 madness lies!

The worm that will not sleep—and never dies;  
 Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly night,  
 That dreads the darkness, and yet loathes the light,  
 That winds around, and tears the quivering heart!  
 Ah! wherefore not consume it—and depart!

Woe to thee, rash and unrelenting chief!  
 Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy head,  
 Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs dost spread:  
 By that same hand Abdallah—Selim: bled.

Now let it tear thy beard in idle grief.  
 Thy pride of heart, thy bride for Osman's bed,

She, whom thy sultan had but seen to wed,

Thy Daughter's dead!  
 Hope of thine age, thy twilight's lonely beam,

The Star hath set that shone on Helle's stream.

What quench'd its ray?—the blood that thou hast shed!

Hark! to the hurried question of Despair:  
 "Where is my child?"—an Echo answers—"Where?"

Within the place of thousand tombs  
 That shine beneath, while dark above  
 The sad but living cypress glooms  
 And withers not, though branch and leaf

Are stamp'd with an eternal grief,  
 Like early unrequited Love,  
 One spot exists, which ever blooms,  
 Ev'n in that deadly grove—

A single rose is shedding there  
 Its lonely lustre, meek and pale:  
 It looks as planted by Despair—

So white—so faint—the slightest gale  
 Might whirl the leaves on high:  
 And yet, though storms and blight assail,

And hands more rude than wintry sky  
 May wring it from the stem—in vain—  
 To-morrow sees it bloom again:

The stalk some spirit gently rears,  
 And waters with celestial tears,

For well may maids of Helle deem  
 That this can be no earthly flower,  
 Which mocks the tempest's withering hour,

And buds unshelter'd by a bower;

Nor droops though Spring refuse her shower,

Nor woos the summer beam:  
 To it the livelong night there sings  
 A bird unseen—but not remote:

Invisible his airy wings,  
 But soft as harp that Houri strings  
 His long entrancing note!

It were the Bulbul; but his throat,  
 Though mournful, pours not such a strain:

For they who listen cannot leave  
 The spot, but linger there and grieve,  
 As if they loved in vain!

And yet so sweet the tears they shed,  
 'Tis sorrow so unmix'd with dread,  
 They scarce can bear the morn to break  
 That melancholy spell,

And longer yet would weep and wake,  
 He sings so wild and well!

But when the day-blush bursts from high  
 Expires that magic melody.

And some have been who could believe,  
 (So fondly youthful dreams deceive,  
 Yet harsh be they that blame,)

That note so piercing and profound  
 Will shape and syllable its sound  
 Into Zuleika's name.

'Tis from her cypress summit heard,  
 That melts in air the liquid word:

'Tis from her lowly virgin earth  
 That white rose takes its tender birth.  
 There late was laid a marble stone;

Eve saw it placed—the Morrow gone!  
 It was no mortal arm that bore

That deep-fix'd pillar to the shore;  
 For there, as Helle's legends tell,

Next morn 'twas found where Selim fell;  
 Lash'd by the tumbling tide, whose wave

Denied his bones a holier grave;  
 And there by night, reclined, 't is said,

Is seen a ghastly turban'd head:  
 And hence extended by the billow,

'Tis named the "Pirate-phantom's pillow!"

Where first it lay that mourning flower  
 Hath flourish'd; flourisheth this hour,  
 Alone and dewy, coldly pure and pale:  
 As weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's tale!

November, 1813. November 29, 1813.

#### ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE

"Expende Annibalem:—quot libras in duce  
 summo  
 Invenies?"—Juvenal, *Sat. x.*

'T is done—but yesterday a King!  
 And arm'd with Kings to strive—



And now thou art a nameless thing :  
 So object—yet alive !  
 Is this the man of thousand thrones,  
 Who strew'd our earth with hostile  
     bones,  
 And can he thus survive ?  
 Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,  
 Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

Ill-minded man ! why scourge thy kind  
 Who bow'd so low the knee ?  
 By gazing on thyself grown blind,  
 Thou taught'st the rest to see.  
 With might unquestion'd,—power to  
     save,—  
 Thine only gift hath been the grave,  
 To those that worshipp'd thee ;  
 Nor till thy fall could mortals guess  
 Ambition's less than littleness !

Thanks for that lesson—It will teach  
 To after-warriors more,  
 Than high Philosophy can preach,  
 And vainly preach'd before.  
 That spell upon the minds of men  
 Breaks never to unite again,  
 That led them to adore  
 Those Pagod things of sabre sway  
 With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

The triumph and the vanity,  
 The rapture of the strife—  
 The earthquake voice of Victory,  
 To thee the breath of life ;  
 The sword, the sceptre, and that sway  
 Which man seem'd made but to obey,  
 Wherewith renown was rife—  
 All quell'd !—Dark Spirit ! what must be  
 The madness of thy memory !

The Desolator desolate !  
 The Victor overthrown !  
 The Arbiter of others' fate  
 A Suppliant for his own !  
 Is it some yet imperial hope  
 That with such change can calmly cope ?  
 Or dread of death alone ?  
 To die a prince—or live a slave—  
 Thy choice is most ignobly brave !

He who of old would rend the oak,  
 Dream'd not of the rebound :  
 Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke—  
 Alone—how look'd he round ?  
 Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,  
 An equal deed hast done at length,  
 And darker fate hast found :  
 He fell, the forest prowlers' prey ;  
 But thou must eat thy heart away !

The Roman, when his burning heart  
 Was slaked with blood of Rome,  
 Threw down the dagger—dared depart,  
 In savage grandeur, home—  
 He dared depart in utter scorn  
 Of men that such a yoke had borne,  
 Yet left him such a doom !  
 His only glory was that hour  
 Of self-upheld abandon'd power.

The Spaniard,<sup>1</sup> when the lust of sway  
 Had lost its quickening spell,  
 Cast crowns for rosaries away,  
 An empire for a cell ;  
 A strict accountant of his beads,  
 A subtle disputant on creeds,  
 His dotage trifled well :  
 Yet better had he neither known  
 A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

But thou—from thy reluctant hand  
 The thunderbolt is wrung—  
 Too late thou leav'st the high command  
 To which thy weakness clung ;  
 All Evil Spirit as thou art,  
 It is enough to grieve the heart  
 To see thine own unstrung ;  
 To think that God's fair world hath been  
 The footstool of a thing so mean ;

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,  
 Who thus can hoard his own !  
 And Monarchs bow'd the trembling  
     limb,  
 And thank'd him for a throne !  
 Fair Freedom ! we may hold thee dear,  
 When thus thy mightiest foes their fear  
 In humblest guise have shown.  
 Oh ! ne'er may tyrant leave behind  
 A brighter name to lure mankind !

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,  
 Nor written thus in vain—  
 Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,  
 Or deepen every stain :  
 If thou hadst died as honor dies,  
 Some new Napoleon might arise,  
 To shame the world again—  
 But who would soar the solar height,  
 To set in such a starless night ?

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust  
 Is vile as vulgar clay ;  
 Thy scales, Mortality ! are just  
 To all that pass away :  
 But yet methought the living great  
 Some higher sparks should animate,  
 To dazzle and dismay :

<sup>1</sup> The Emperor Charles V.



Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make  
mirth  
Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

And she, proud Austria's mournful  
flower,  
Thy still imperial bride;  
How bears her breast the torturing  
hour?

Still clings she to thy side?  
Must she too bend, must she too share  
Thy late repentance, long despair,  
Thou throneless Homicide?  
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,—  
'T is worth thy vanish'd diadem!

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,  
And gaze upon the sea;  
That element may meet thy smile—  
It ne'er was ruled by thee!  
Or trace with thine all idle hand  
In loitering mood upon the sand  
That Earth is now as free!  
That Corinth's pedagogue<sup>1</sup> hath now  
Transferr'd his by-word to thy brow.

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage  
What thoughts will there be thine,  
While brooding in thy prison'd rage?  
But one—"The world *was* mine!"  
Unless, like he of Babylon,  
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,  
Life will not long confine  
That spirit pour'd so widely forth—  
So long obey'd—so little worth!

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,  
Wilt thou withstand the shock?  
And share with him, the unforgiven,  
His vulture and his rock!  
Foredoom'd by God—by man accurst,  
And that last act, though not thy worst,  
The very Fiend's arch mock;  
He in his fall preserved his pride  
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

There was a day—there was an hour,  
While earth was Gaul's—Gaul thine—  
When that immeasurable power  
Unsated to resign  
Had been an act of purer fame  
Than gathers round Marengo's name,  
And gilded thy decline,  
Through the long twilight of all time,  
Despite some passing clouds of crime.

<sup>1</sup> Dionysius the younger, tyrant of Syracuse, who after his second banishment earned his living by teaching, in Corinth.

But thou forsooth must be a king,  
And don the purple vest,  
As if that foolish robe could wring  
Remembrance from thy breast.  
Where is that faded garment? where  
The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,  
The star, the string, the crest?  
Vain froward child of empire! say,  
Are all thy playthings snatched away?

Where may the wearied eye repose  
When gazing on the Great;  
Where neither guilty glory glows,  
Nor despicable state?  
Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—  
The Cincinnatus of the West,  
Whom envy dared not hate,  
Bequeath'd the name of Washington,  
To make man blush there was but one!  
*April 9-10, 1814. April 16, 1814.*

#### SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

SHE walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:  
Thus mellow'd to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impair'd the nameless grace  
Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
How pure, how dear their dwelling-  
place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that  
glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent!

*June 12, 1814. 1815.*

#### OH! SNATCH'D AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM

OH! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom,  
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;  
But on thy turf shall roses rear  
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;  
And the wild cypress wave in tender  
gloom:

And oft by yon blue gushing stream  
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,



And feed deep thought with many a dream,  
And lingering pause and lightly tread;  
Fond wretch! as if her step disturb'd the dead!

Away! we know that tears are vain,  
That death nor heeds nor hears distress:

Will this unteach us to complain?  
Or make one mourner weep the less?  
And thou—who tell'st me to forget,  
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.  
*1814 or 1815. April 23, 1815.*

#### THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf  
on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:  
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;  
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,  
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail:

And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

*February 17, 1815. 1815.*

#### SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE

WARRIORS and chiefs! should the shaft or the sword  
Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,  
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path:  
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,  
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,  
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!  
Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.

Farewell to others, but never we part,  
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!  
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,  
Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day!  
*1815. 1815.*

#### STANZAS FOR MUSIC

"O Lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros  
Ducentium ortus ex animo: quater  
Felix! in imo qui scatentem  
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit."  
*GRAY'S Poemata.*

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like  
that it takes away,  
When the glow of early thought declines  
in feeling's dull decay;  
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the  
blush alone, which fades so fast,  
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere  
youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the  
wreck of happiness

Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or  
ocean of excess :  
The magnet of their course is gone, or  
only points in vain  
The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall  
never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like  
death itself comes down ;  
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not  
dream its own ;  
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the foun-  
tain of our tears,  
And though the eye may sparkle still, 't is  
where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips,  
and mirth distract the breast,  
Through midnight hours that yield no  
more their former hope of rest ;  
'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd  
turret wreath,  
All green and wildly fresh without, but  
worn and gray beneath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt,—or be what  
I have been,  
Or weep as I could once have wept o'er  
many a vanish'd scene ;  
As springs in deserts found seem sweet,  
all brackish though they be,  
So, midst the wither'd waste of life, those  
tears would flow to me.

*March, 1815. 1816.*

### FARE THEE WELL

"Alas ! they had been friends in youth ;  
But whispering tongues can poison truth  
And constancy lives in realms above ;  
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;  
And to be wroth with one we love,  
Doth work like madness in the brain ;

But never either found another  
To free the hollow heart from paining—  
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;  
A dreary sea now flows between,  
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
The marks of that which once hath been."

*COLERIDGE'S Christabel.*

FARE thee well ! and if for ever,  
Still for ever, fare thee well :  
Even though unforgiving, never  
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee  
Where thy head so oft hath lain,  
While that placid sleep came o'er thee  
Which thou ne'er canst know again :

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,  
Every inmost thought could show !  
Then thou wouldst at last discover  
'T was not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend  
thee—

Though it smile upon the blow,  
Even its praises must offend thee,  
Founded on another's woe :

Though my many faults defaced me,  
Could no other arm be found,  
Than the one which once embraced me,  
To inflict a cureless wound ?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not ;  
Love may sink by slow decay,  
But by sudden wrench, believe not  
Hearts can thus be torn away :

Still thine own life retaineth,  
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat ;  
And the undying thought which paineth  
Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow  
Than the wail above the dead ;  
Both shall live, but every morrow  
Wake us from a widow'd bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,  
When our child's first accents flow,  
Wilt thou teach her to say " Father !"  
Though his care she must forego ?

When her little hands shall press thee,  
When her lip to thine is press'd,  
Think of him whose prayer shall bless  
thee,  
Think of him thy love had bless'd !

Should her lineaments resemble  
Those thou never more may'st see,  
Then thy heart will softly tremble  
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,  
All my madness none can know ;  
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,  
Wither, yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken ;  
Pride, which not a world could bow,  
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,  
Even my soul forsakes me now :

But 't is done—all words are idle—  
Words from me are vainer still ;  
But the thoughts we cannot bridle  
Force their way without the will.



Fare thee well! thus disunited,  
Torn from every nearer tie,  
Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,  
More than this I scarce can die.

March 18, 1816. April 4, 1816.

### STANZAS FOR MUSIC

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters  
With a magic like thee;  
And like music on the waters  
Is thy sweet voice to me:  
When, as if its sound were causing  
The charmed ocean's pausing,  
The waves lie still and gleaming,  
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming;

And the midnight moon is weaving  
Her bright chain o'er the deep;  
Whose breast is gently heaving,  
As an infant's asleep:  
So the spirit bows before thee,  
To listen and adore thee;  
With a full but soft emotion,  
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.  
March 28, 1816. 1816.

### CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE CANTO THE THIRD

"Afin que cette application vous forcât de penser à autre chose; il n'y a en vérité de remède que celui-là et le temps." *Lettre du Roi de Prusse à D'Alembert, Sept. 7, 1776.*

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!  
ADA! sole daughter of my house and heart?  
When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,  
And then we parted,—not as now we part,  
But with a hope.—

Awaking with a start,  
The waters heave around me; and on high  
The winds lift up their voices: I depart,  
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,  
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine eye.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!  
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed  
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!

Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!

Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,

And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,

Still must I on; for I am as a weed,  
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam to sail

Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

In my youth's summer I did sing of One,  
The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind;

Again I seize the theme, then but begun,  
And bear it with me, as the rushing wind

Bears the cloud onwards: in that Tale I find

The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears,

Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,

O'er which all heavily the journeying years

Plod the last sands of life,—where not a flower appears.

Since my young days of passion—joy, or pain,

Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string,

And both may jar: it may be, that in vain I would essay as I have sung to sing.

Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling;

So that it wean me from the weary dream  
Of selfish grief or gladness—so it fling  
Forgetfulness around me—it shall seem  
To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful theme.

He, who grown aged in this world of woe,

In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life,

So that no wonder waits him; nor below  
Can love or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife,

Cut to his heart again with the keen knife

Of silent, sharp endurance: he can tell  
Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet rife

With airy images, and shapes which dwell

Still unimpair'd, though old, in the soul's haunted cell.

'T is to create, and in creating live  
 A being more intense that we endow  
 With form our fancy, gaining as we give  
 The life we image, even as I do now.  
 What am I? Nothing: but not so art  
     thou,  
 Soul of my thought! with whom I tra-  
     verse earth,  
 Invisible but gazing, as I glow  
 Mix'd with thy spirit, blended with thy  
     birth,  
 And feeling still with thee in my crush'd  
     feelings' dearth.

Yet must I think less wildly;—I *have*  
     thought  
 Too long and darkly, till my brain be-  
     came,  
 In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,  
 A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame:  
 And thus, untaught in youth my heart  
     to tame,  
 My springs of life were poison'd. 'T is  
     too late!  
 Yet am I changed; though still enough  
     the same  
 In strength to bear what time cannot  
     abate,  
 And feed on bitter fruits without ac-  
     cusing Fate.

Something too much of this:—but now  
     't is past,  
 And the spell closes with its silent seal.  
 Long absent HAROLD re-appears at last;  
 He of the breast which fain no more  
     would feel,  
 Wrung with the wounds which kill not  
     but ne'er heal;  
 Yet Time, who changes all, had alter'd  
     him  
 In soul and aspect as in age: years steal  
 Fire from the mind as vigor from the  
     limb;  
 And life's enchanted cup but sparkles  
     near the brim.

His had been quaff'd too quickly, and he  
     found  
 The dregs were wormwood,—but he  
     fill'd again,  
 And from a purer fount, on holier ground  
 And deem'd its spring perpetual; but in  
     vain!  
 Still round him clung invisibly a chain  
 Which gall'd for ever, fettering though  
     unseen,  
 And heavy though it clank'd not; worn  
     with pain,

Which pined although it spoke not, and  
     grew keen,  
 Entering with every step he took through  
     many a scene.

Secure in guarded coldness, he had mix'd  
 Again in fancied safety with his kind,  
 And deem'd his spirit now so firmly fix'd  
 And sheath'd with an invulnerable mind,  
 That, if no joy, no sorrow lurk'd behind;  
 And he, as one, might 'midst the many  
     stand  
 Unheeded, searching through the crowd  
     to find  
 Fit speculation; such as in strange land  
 He found in wonder-works of God and  
     Nature's hand.

But who can view the ripen'd rose, nor  
     seek  
 To wear it? who can curiously behold  
 The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's  
     cheek,  
 Nor feel the heart can never all grow  
     old?  
 Who can contemplate Fame through  
     clouds unfold  
 The star which rises o'er her steep, nor  
     climb?  
 Harold, once more within the vortex,  
     roll'd  
 On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,  
 Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth's  
     fond prime.

But soon he knew himself the most unfit  
 Of men to herd with Man; with whom he  
     held  
 Little in common; untaught to submit  
 His thoughts to others, though his soul  
     was quell'd  
 In youth by his own thoughts; still un-  
     compell'd,  
 He would not yield dominion of his  
     mind  
 To spirits against whom his own rebell'd;  
 Proud though in desolation; which  
     could find  
 A life within itself, to breathe without  
     mankind.

Where rose the mountains, there to him  
     were friends;  
 Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his  
     home;  
 Where a blue sky, and glowing clime,  
     extends,  
 He had the passion and the power to  
     roam;



The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,  
 Were unto him companionship; they  
     spake  
 A mutual language, clearer than the  
     tome  
 Of his land's tongue, which he would oft  
     forsake  
 For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams  
     on the lake.

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the  
     stars,  
 Till he had peopled them with beings  
     bright  
 As their own beams; and earth, and  
     earthborn jars,  
 And human frailties, were forgotten  
     quite:  
 Could he have kept his spirit to that flight  
 He had been happy; but this clay will  
     sink  
 Its spark immortal, envying it the light  
 To which it mounts, as if to break the  
     link  
 That keeps us from yon heaven which  
     woos us to its brink.

But in Man's dwellings he became a  
     thing  
 Restless and worn, and stern and weari-  
     some,  
 Droop'd as a wild-born falcon with clipt  
     wing,  
 To whom the boundless air alone were  
     home:  
 Then came his fit again, which to o'er-  
     come,  
 As eagerly the barr'd-up bird will beat  
 His breast and beak against his wiry  
     dome  
 Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the  
     heat  
 Of his impeded soul would through his  
     bosom eat.

Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,  
 With nought of hope left, but with less  
     of gloom;  
 The very knowledge that he lived in vain,  
 That all was over on this side the tomb,  
 Had made Despair a smilingness assume,  
 Which, though 't were wild,—as on the  
     plunder'd wreck  
 When mariners would madly meet their  
     doom  
 With draughts intemperate on the sink-  
     ing deck,—  
 Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forbore  
     to check.

Stop!—for thy tread is on an Empire's  
     dust!  
 An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred  
     below!  
 Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust?  
 Nor column trophied for triumphal show?  
 None; but the moral's truth tells simpler  
     so,  
 As the ground was before, thus let it  
     be:—  
 How that red rain hath made the harvest  
     grow!  
 And is this all the world has gain'd by  
     thee,  
 Thou first and last of fields! king-making  
     Victory?

And Harold stands upon this place of  
     skulls,  
 The grave of France, the deadly Water-  
     loo!  
 How in an hour the power which gave  
     annuls  
 Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting  
     too;  
 In "pride of place" here last the eagle  
     flew,  
 Then tore with bloody talon the rent  
     plain,  
 Pierced by the shaft of banded nations  
     through;  
 Ambition's life and labors all were vain;  
 He wears the shatter'd links of the  
     world's broken chain.

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the  
     bit  
 And foam in fetters;—but is Earth more  
     free?  
 Did nations combat to make *One* sub-  
     mit;  
 Or league to teach all kings true sov-  
     ereignty?  
 What! shall reviving Thraldom again  
     be  
 The patch'd-up idol of enlighten'd days?  
 Shall we, who struck the Lion down,  
     shall we  
 Pay the Wolf homage? proffering lowly  
     gaze  
 And servile knees to thrones? No;  
     *prove* before ye praise!

If not, o'er one fallen despot boast no  
     more!  
 In vain fair cheeks were furrow'd with  
     hot tears  
 For Europe's flowers long rooted up  
     before

The trampler of her vineyards; in vain  
 years  
 Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,  
 Have all been borne, and broken by the  
 accord  
 Of roused-up millions; all that most  
 endears  
 Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a  
 sword  
 Such as Harmodius drew on Athens'  
 tyrant lord.

There was a sound of revelry by night  
 And Belgium's capital had gather'd  
 then  
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright  
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and  
 brave men;  
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and  
 when  
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which  
 spake again,  
 And all went merry as a marriage bell;  
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes  
 like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the  
 wind,  
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony  
 street;  
 On with the dance! let joy be uncon-  
 fined;  
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and  
 Pleasure meet  
 To chase the glowing Hours with flying  
 feet—  
 But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in  
 once more,  
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than be-  
 fore!  
 Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's  
 opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high  
 hall  
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he  
 did hear  
 That sound the first amidst the fes-  
 tival,  
 And caught its tone with Death's pro-  
 phetic ear;  
 And when they smiled because he  
 deem'd it near,  
 His heart more truly knew that peal  
 too well  
 Which stretch'd his father on a bloody  
 bier,

And roused the vengeance blood alone  
 could quell;  
 He rush'd into the field, and, foremost  
 fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to  
 and fro,  
 And gathering tears, and tremblings  
 of distress,  
 And cheeks all pale, which but an  
 hour ago  
 Blush'd at the praise of their own love-  
 liness;  
 And there were sudden partings, such  
 as press  
 The life from out young hearts, and  
 choking sighs  
 Which ne'er might be repeated; who  
 could guess  
 If ever more should meet those mutual  
 eyes,  
 Since upon night so sweet such awful  
 morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste:  
 the steed,  
 The mustering squadron, and the clat-  
 tering car,  
 Went pouring forward with impetuous  
 speed,  
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of  
 war;  
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;  
 And near, the beat of the alarming  
 drum  
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning  
 star;  
 While throng'd the citizens with ter-  
 ror dumb,  
 Or whispering, with white lips—"The  
 foe, they come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's  
 gathering" rose!  
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's  
 hills  
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her  
 Saxon foes:—  
 How in the noon of night that pibroch  
 thrills,  
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath  
 which fills  
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the moun-  
 taineers  
 With the fierce native daring which  
 instils  
 The stirring memory of a thousand  
 years,  
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each  
 clansman's ears:



And Ardeennes waves above them her  
green leaves,  
Dewy with nature's tear-drops as they  
pass.

Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!  
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
Which now beneath them, but above  
shall grow

In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
Of living valor, rolling on the foe  
And burning with high hope shall  
moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,  
The midnight brought the signal-sound  
of strife.

The morn the marshalling in arms,—  
the day

Battle's magnificently stern array!  
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which  
when rent

The earth is cover'd thick with other  
clay,

Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd  
and pent,

Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one  
red burial blent!

Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps  
than mine:

Yet one I would select from that proud  
throng,

Partly because they blend me with his  
line,

And partly that I did his sire some wrong,  
And partly that bright names will hallow  
song;

And his was of the bravest, and when  
shower'd

The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd  
files along,

Even where the thickest of war's tem-  
pest lower'd.

They reach'd no nobler breast than thine,  
young gallant Howard!

There have been tears and breaking  
hearts for thee,

And mine were nothing had I such to  
give;

But when I stood beneath the fresh  
green tree,

Which living waves where thou didst  
cease to live,

And saw around me the wide field revive  
With fruits and fertile promise, and the  
Spring

Came forth her work of gladness to  
contrive,

With all her reckless birds upon the  
wing.

I turn'd from all she brought to those  
she could not bring.

I turn'd to thee, to thousands, of whom  
each

And one as all a ghastly gap did make  
In his own kind and kindred, whom to  
teach

Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake;  
The Archangel's trump, not Glory's,  
must awake

Those whom they thirst for; though the  
sound of Fame

May for a moment soothe, it cannot  
slake

The fever of vain longing, and the name  
So honor'd but assumes a stronger,  
bitterer claim.

They mourn, but smile at length; and,  
smiling, mourn:

The tree will wither long before it fall;  
The hull drives on, though mast and

sail be torn;  
The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on

the hall  
In massy hoariness; the ruin'd wall

Stands when its wind-worn battlements  
are gone;

The bars survive the captive they en-  
thral;

The day drags through, though storms  
keep out the sun;

And thus the heart will break, yet bro-  
kenly live on:

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass  
In every fragment multiplies; and makes

A thousand images of one that was,  
The same, and still the more, the more

it breaks;  
And thus the heart will do which not

forsakes,  
Living in shatter'd guise; and still, and

cold,  
And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow

aches,  
Yet withers on till all without is old,

Showing no visible sign, for such things  
are untold.

There is a very life in our despair,  
Vitality of poison,—a quick root

Which feeds these deadly branches; for  
it were

As nothing did we die ; but Life will suit  
 Itself to Sorrow's most detested fruit,  
 Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's  
     shore,  
 All ashes to the taste : Did man compute  
 Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er  
 Such hours 'gainst years of life,—say,  
     would he name threescore ?

The Psalmist number'd out the years of  
     man :  
 They are enough ; and if thy tale be  
     *true*,  
 Thou, who didst grudge him even that  
     fleeting span,  
 More than enough, thou fatal Waterloo !  
 Millions of tongues record thee, and  
     anew  
 Their children's lips shall echo them,  
     and say—  
 “ Here, where the sword united nations  
     drew,  
 Our countrymen were warring on that  
     day ! ”  
 And this is much, and all which will not  
     pass away.

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst  
     of men,  
 Whose spirit, antithetically mixt,  
 One moment of the mightiest, and again  
 On little objects with like firmness fixt ;  
 Extreme in all things ! hadst thou been  
     betwixt,  
 Thy throne had still been thine, or never  
     been ;  
 For daring made thy rise as fall : thou  
     seek'st  
 Even now to re-assume the imperial  
     mien,  
 And shake again the world, the Thun-  
     derer of the scene !

Conqueror and captive of the earth art  
     thou !  
 She trembles at thee still, and thy wild  
     name  
 Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds  
     than now  
 That thou art nothing, save the jest of  
     Fame,  
 Who woo'd thee once, thy vassal, and  
     became  
 The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou  
     wert  
 A god unto thyself ; nor less the same  
 To the astounded kingdoms all inert,  
 Who deem'd thee for a time whate'er  
     thou didst assert.

Oh, more or less than man—in high or  
     low,  
 Battling with nations, flying from the  
     field ;  
 Now making monarchs' necks thy foot-  
     stool, now  
 More than thy meanest soldier taught  
     to yield ;  
 An empire thou couldst crush, command,  
     rebuild,  
 But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,  
 However deeply in men's spirits skill'd,  
 Look through thine own, nor curb the  
     lust of war,  
 Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave  
     the loftiest star.

Yet well thy soul hath brook'd the turn-  
     ing tide  
 With that untaught innate philosophy,  
 Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep  
     pride,  
 Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.  
 When the whole host of hatred stood  
     hard by,  
 To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou  
     hast smiled  
 With a sedate and all-enduring eye ;—  
 When Fortune fled her spoil'd and  
     favorite child,  
 He stood unbow'd beneath the ills upon  
     him piled.

Sager than in thy fortunes ; for in them  
 Ambition steel'd thee on too far to show  
 That just habitual scorn, which could  
     contemn  
 Men and their thoughts ; 'twas wise to  
     feel, not so  
 To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,  
 And spurn the instruments thou wert to  
     use  
 Till they were turn'd unto thine over-  
     throw :  
 'Tis but a worthless world to win or lose ;  
 So bath it proved to thee, and all such  
     lot who choose.

If, like a tower upon a headland rock,  
 Thou hadst been made to stand or fall  
     alone,  
 Such scorn of man had help'd to brave  
     the shock ;  
 But men's thoughts were the steps which  
     paved thy throne,  
 Their admiration thy best weapon shone ;  
 The part of Philip's son was thine, not  
     then  
 (Unless aside thy purple had been  
     thrown)



Like stern Diogenes to mock at men ;  
For sceptred cynics earth were far too  
wide a den.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,  
And *there* hath been thy bane ; there is a  
fire  
And motion of the soul which will not  
dwell

In its own narrow being, but aspire  
Beyond the fitting medium of desire ;  
And, but once kindled, quenchless ever-  
more,  
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire  
Of aught but rest ; a fever at the core,  
Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever  
bore.

This makes the madmen who have made  
men mad  
By their contagion ; Conquerors and  
Kings,  
Founders of sects and systems, to whom  
add  
Sophists, Bards, Statesmen, all unquiet  
things  
Which stir too strongly the soul's secret  
springs,  
And are themselves the fools to those  
they fool ;  
Envied, yet how unenviable ! what stings  
Are theirs ! One breast laid open were a  
school  
Which would unteach mankind the lust  
to shine or rule :

Their breath is agitation, and their life  
A storm whereon they ride, to sink at  
last,  
And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife,  
That should their days, surviving perils  
past,  
Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast  
With sorrow and supineness, and so die ;  
Even as a flame unfed, which runs to  
waste  
With its own flickering, or a sword laid  
by,  
Which eats into itself, and rusts inglori-  
ously.

He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall  
find  
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds  
and snow ;  
He who surpasses or subdues mankind  
Must look down on the hate of those  
below.  
Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,

And far *beneath* the earth and ocean  
spread,  
*Round* him are icy rocks, and loudly blow  
Contending tempests on his naked head,  
And thus reward the toils which to those  
summits led.

Away with these ! true Wisdom's world  
will be  
Within its own creation, or in thine,  
Maternal Nature ! for who teems like  
thee,  
Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine ?  
There Harold gazes on a work divine,  
A blending of all beauties ; streams and  
dells,  
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield,  
mountain, vine,  
And chiefless castles breathing stern  
farewells  
From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin  
greenly dwells.

And there they stand, as stands a lofty  
mind,  
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,  
All tenantless, save to the crannying  
wind,  
Or holding dark communion with the  
cloud.  
There was a day when they were young  
and proud ;  
Banners on high, and battles pass'd  
below ;  
But they who fought are in a bloody  
shroud,  
And those which waved are shredless  
dust ere now,  
And the bleak battlements shall bear no  
future blow.

Beneath those battlements, within those  
walls,  
Power dwelt amidst her passions ; in  
proud state  
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,  
Doing his evil will, nor less elate  
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.  
What want these outlaws conquerors  
should have  
But history's purchased page to call them  
great ?  
A wider space, an ornamented grave ?  
Their hopes were not less warm, their  
souls were full as brave.

In their baronial feuds and single fields,  
What deeds of prowess unrecorded died !  
And Love, which lent a blazon to their  
shields,

With emblems well devised by amorous  
pride,  
Through all the mail of iron hearts  
would glide;  
But still their flame was fierceness, and  
drew on  
Keen contest and destruction near allied,  
And many a tower for some fair mis-  
chief won,  
Saw the discolored Rhine beneath its  
ruin run.

But Thou, exulting and abounding  
river!  
Making thy waves a blessing as they  
flow  
Through banks whose beauty would  
endure for ever  
Could man but leave thy bright crea-  
tion so,  
Nor its fair promise from the surface  
mow  
With the sharp scythe of conflict,—  
then to see  
Thy valley of sweet waters, were to  
know  
Earth paved like Heaven; and to seem  
such to me,  
Even now what wants thy stream?—  
that it should Lethe be.

A thousand battles have assailed thy  
banks,  
But these and half their fame have  
passed away,  
And Slaughter heap'd on high his welter-  
ing ranks;  
Their very graves are gone, and what  
are they?  
Thy tide wash'd down the blood of  
yesterday,  
And all was stainless, and on thy clear  
stream  
Glass'd, with its dancing light, the  
sunny ray;  
But o'er the blacken'd memory's blight-  
ing dream  
Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweep-  
ing as they seem.

Thus Harold inly said, and pass'd along,  
Yet not insensible to all which here  
Awoke the jocund birds to early song  
In glens which might have made even  
exile dear:  
Though on his brow were graven lines  
austere,  
And tranquil sternness, which had ta'en  
the place

Of feelings fierier far but less severe,  
Joy was not always absent from his face.  
But o'er it in such scenes would steal  
with transient trace.

Nor was all love shut from him, though  
his days  
Of passion had consumed themselves to  
dust.  
It is in vain that we would coldly gaze  
On such a smile upon us; the heart  
must  
Leap kindly back to kindness, though  
disgust  
Hath wean'd it from all worldlings: thus  
he felt,  
For there was soft remembrance, and  
sweet trust  
In one fond breast, to which his own  
would melt,  
And in its tenderer hour on that his  
bosom dwelt.

And he had learn'd to love,—I know not  
why,  
For this in such as him seems strange of  
mood,—  
The helpless looks of blooming infancy,  
Even in its earliest nurture; what sub-  
dued,  
To change like this, a mind so far im-  
bued  
With scorn of man, its little boots to  
know;  
But thus it was; and though in solitude  
Small power the nipp'd affections have  
to grow,  
In him this glow'd when all beside had  
ceased to glow.

And there was one soft breast, as hath  
been said,  
Which unto his was bound by stronger  
ties  
Than the church links withal; and,  
though unwed,  
That love was pure, and, far above dis-  
guise,  
Had stood the test of mortal enmities  
Still undivided, and cemented more  
By peril, dreaded most in female eyes;  
But this was firm, and from a foreign  
shore  
Well to that heart might his these ab-  
sent greetings pour!

The castled crag of Drachenfels  
Frowns o'er the wide and winding  
Rhine,



Whose breast of waters broadly swells  
Between the banks which bear the  
vine,  
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,  
And fields which promise corn and  
wine,  
And scatter'd cities crowning these,  
Whose far white walls along them  
shine,  
Have strew'd a scene, which I should  
see  
With double joy wert *thou* with me.

And peasant girls, with deep blue  
eyes,  
And hands which offer early flowers,  
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;  
Above, the frequent feudal towers  
Through green leaves lift their walls  
of gray;  
And many a rock which steeply  
lowers,  
And noble arch in proud decay,  
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;  
But one thing want these banks of  
Rhine,—  
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

I send the lilies given to me;  
Though long before thy hand they  
touch,  
I know that they must wither'd be,  
But yet reject them not as such;  
For I have cherish'd them as dear,  
Because they yet may meet thine eye,  
And guide thy soul to mine even here,  
When thou behold'st them drooping  
nigh,  
And know'st them gather'd by the  
Rhine,  
And offer'd from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,  
The charm of this enchanted ground,  
And all its thousand turns disclose  
Some fresher beauty varying round:  
The haughtiest breast its wish might  
bound  
Through life to dwell delighted here;  
Nor could on earth a spot be found  
To nature and to me so dear,  
Could thy dear eyes in following mine  
Still sweeten more these banks of  
Rhine!

By Coblentz, on a rise of gentle ground,  
There is a small and simple pyramid,  
Crowning the summit of the verdant  
mound;

Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid,  
Our enemy's—but let not that forbid  
Honor to Marceau! o'er whose early  
tomb  
Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough  
soldier's lid,  
Lamenting and yet envying such a  
doom,  
Falling for France, whose rights he  
battled to resume.

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young  
career,—  
His mourners were two hosts, his friends  
and foes;  
And fitly may the stranger lingering  
here  
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose;  
For he was Freedom's champion, one of  
those.  
The few in number, who had not  
o'erstept  
The charter to chastise which she be-  
stows  
On such as wield her weapons; he had  
kept  
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men  
o'er him wept.

Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shatter'd  
wall  
Black with the miner's blast, upon her  
height  
Yet shows of what she was, when shell  
and ball  
Rebounding idly on her strength did  
light:  
A tower of victory! from whence the  
flight  
Of baffled foes was watch'd along the  
plain:  
But Peace destroy'd what War could  
never blight,  
And laid those proud roofs bare to Sum-  
mer's rain—  
On which the iron shower for years had  
pour'd in vain.

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long  
delighted  
The stranger fain would linger on his  
way!  
Thine is a scene alike where souls united  
Or lonely Contemplation thus might  
stray;  
And could the ceaseless vultures cease  
to prey  
On self-condemning bosoms, it were  
here,

Where Nature, nor too sombre nor too  
gay,

Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,  
Is to the mellow Earth as Autumn to  
the year.

Adieu to thee again ! a vain adieu !  
There can be no farewell to scene like  
thine ;

The mind is color'd by thy every hue ;  
And if reluctantly the eyes resign  
Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely  
Rhine !

'T is with the thankful heart of parting  
praise ;

More mighty spots may rise, more glar-  
ing shine,

But none unite in one attaching maze  
The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories  
of old days,

The negligently grand, the fruitful  
bloom

Of coming ripeness, the white city's  
sheen,

The rolling stream, the precipice's  
gloom,

The forest's growth, and Gothic walls  
between,

The wild rocks shaped as they had  
turrets been,

In mockery of man's art ; and these  
withal

A race of faces happy as the scene,  
Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,  
Still springing o'er thy banks, though  
Empires near them fall.

But these recede. Above me are the  
Alps,

The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls  
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy  
scalps,

And throned Eternity in icy halls  
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls  
The avalanche — the thunderbolt of  
snow !

All that expands the spirit, yet appalls,  
Gather around these summits, as to  
show

How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet  
leave vain man below.

But ere these matchless heights I dare  
to scan,

There is a spot should not be pass'd in  
vain,—

Morat ! the proud, the patriot field !  
where man

May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,  
Nor blush for those who conquer'd on  
that plain ;

Here Burgundy bequeath'd his tomb-  
less host,

A bony heap, through ages to remain,  
Themselves their monument ; — the  
Stygian coast

Unsepulchred they roam'd, and shriek'd  
each wandering ghost.

While Waterloo with Cannæ's carnage  
vies.

Morat and Marathon twin names shall  
stand ;

They were true Glory's stainless vic-  
tories,

Won by the unambitious heart and  
hand

Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band,  
All unbought champions in no princely  
cause

Of vice-entail'd Corruption ; they no  
land

Doom'd to bewail the blasphemy of  
laws

Making kings' rights divine, by some  
Draconic clause.

By a lone wall a lonelier column rears  
A gray and grief-worn aspect of old  
days ;

'T is the last remnant of the wreck of  
years,

And looks as with the wild-bewilder'd  
gaze

Of one to stone converted by amaze,  
Yet still with consciousness ; and there  
it stands

Making a marvel that it not decays,  
When the coeval pride of human hands,  
Levell'd Adventicum,<sup>1</sup> hath strew'd her  
subject lands.

And there—oh ! sweet and sacred be  
the name !—

Julia—the daughter, the devoted—gave  
Her youth to Heaven ; her heart, be-  
neath a claim

Nearest to Heaven's, broke o'er a father's  
grave.

Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and hers  
would crave

The life she lived in ; but the judge was  
just,

And then she died on him she could  
not save.

<sup>1</sup> The Roman capital of Helvetia ; now Aven-  
ches.



Their tomb was simple, and without  
a bust,  
And held within their urn one mind,  
one heart, one dust.

But these are deeds which should not  
pass away,  
And names that must not wither,  
though the earth  
Forgets her empires with a just decay,  
The enslavers and the enslaved, their  
death and birth ;  
The high, the mountain-majesty of worth  
Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe,  
And from its immortality look forth  
In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine  
snow,  
Imperishably pure beyond all things  
below.

Lake Leman woos me with its crystal  
face,  
The mirror where the stars and moun-  
tains view  
The stillness of their aspect in each trace  
Its clear depth yields of their far  
height and hue ;  
There is too much of man here, to look  
through  
With a fit mind the might which I  
behold ;  
But soon in me shall Loneliness renew  
Thoughts hid, but not less cherish'd  
than of old,  
Ere mingling with the herd had penn'd  
me in their fold.

To fly from, need not be to hate, man-  
kind :  
All are not fit with them to stir and toil,  
Nor is it discontent to keep the mind  
Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil  
In the hot throng, where we become  
the spoil  
Of our infection, till too late and long  
We may deplore and struggle with the  
coil,  
In wretched interchange of wrong for  
wrong  
Midst a contentious world, striving  
where none are strong.

There, in a moment we may plunge our  
years  
In fatal penitence, and in the blight  
Of our own soul turn all our blood to  
tears,  
And color things to come with hues  
of Night ;

The race of life becomes a hopeless  
flight  
To those who walk in darkness : on the  
sea  
The boldest steer but where their ports  
invite ;  
But there are wanderers o'er Eternity  
Whose bark drives on and on, and  
anchor'd ne'er shall be.

Is it not better, then, to be alone,  
And love Earth only for its earthly sake ?  
By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,  
Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,  
Which feeds it as a mother who doth  
make  
A fair but froward infant her own care,  
Kissing its cries away as these awake ;—  
Is it not better thus our lives to wear,  
Than join the crushing crowd, doom'd  
to inflict or bear ?

I live not in myself, but I become  
Portion of that around me ; and to me  
High mountains are a feeling, but the  
hum  
Of human cities torture : I can see  
Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be  
A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,  
Class'd among creatures, when the soul  
can flee,  
And with the sky, the peak, the heaving  
plain  
Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not  
in vain.

And thus I am absorb'd, and this is life :  
I look upon the peopled desert past,  
As on a place of agony and strife,  
Where, for some sin, to sorrow I was  
cast,  
To act and suffer, but remount at last  
With a fresh pinion ; which I feel to  
spring,  
Though young, yet waxing vigorous as  
the blast  
Which it would cope with, on de-  
lighted wing,  
Spurning the clay-cold bonds which  
round our being cling.

And when, at length, the mind shall be  
all free  
From what it hates in this degraded  
form,  
Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be  
Existent happier in the fly and worm--  
When elements to elements conform,  
And dust is as it should be, shall I not

Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm?

The bodiless thought? the Spirit of each spot?

Of which, even now, I share at times the immortal lot?

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part

Of me and of my soul, as I of them?

Is not the love of these deep in my heart With a pure passion? should I not condemn

All objects, if compared with these? and stem

A tide of suffering, rather than forego Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm

Of those whose eyes are only turn'd below,

Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare not glow?

But this is not my theme; and I return To that which is immediate, and require Those who find contemplation in the urn, To look on One, whose dust was once all fire,

A native of the land where I respire The clear air for a while—a passing guest Where he became a being,—whose desire Was to be glorious; 't was a foolish quest.

The which to gain and keep, he sacrificed all rest.

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,

The apostle of affliction, he who threw Enchantment over passion, and from woe Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew

The breath which made him wretched; yet he knew

How to make madness beautiful and cast O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue

Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they past

The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly and fast.

His love was passion's essence:—as a tree On fire by lightning, with ethereal flame Kindled he was, and blasted; for to be Thus, and enamor'd, were in him the same.

But his was not the love of living dame, Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,

But of ideal beauty, which became In him existence, and o'erflowing teems Along his burning page, distemper'd though it seems.

*This* breathed itself to life in Julie, *this* Invested her with all that's wild and sweet;

This hallow'd, too, the memorable kiss Which every morn his fever'd lip would greet,

From hers, who but with friendship his would meet;

But to that gentle touch through brain and breast

Flash'd the thrill'd spirit's love-devouring heat;

In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest

Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek possess.

His life was one long war with self-sought foes,

Or friends by him self-banish'd; for his mind

Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and chose,

For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind, 'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and blind.

But he was phrensied,—wherefore, who may know?

Since cause might be which skill could never find;

But he was phrensied by disease or woe, To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reasoning show.

For then he was inspired, and from him came,

As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,

Those oracles which set the world in flame,

Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more:

Did he not this for France? which lay before

Bow'd to the inborn tyranny of years? Broken and trembling to the yoke she bore,

Till by the voice of him and his compeers Roused up to too much wrath, which follows o'ergrown fears?

They made themselves a fearful monument!

The wreck of old opinions—things which grew,



Breathed from the birth of time: the  
veil they rent,  
And what behind it lay, all earth shall  
view.

But good with ill they also overthrew,  
Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild  
Upon the same foundation, and renew  
Dungeons and thrones, which the same  
hour refill'd,  
As heretofore, because ambition was self-  
will'd.

But this will not endure, nor be endured!  
Mankind have felt their strength, and  
made it felt.

They might have used it better, but,  
allured

By their new vigor, sternly have they  
dealt

On one another; pity ceased to melt  
With her once natural charities. But  
they,

Who in oppression's darkness caved had  
dwelt,

They were not eagles, nourish'd with  
the day;

What marvel then, at times, if they  
mistook their prey?

What deep wounds ever closed with-  
out a scar?

The heart's bleed longest, and but heal  
to wear

That which disfigures it; and they who  
war

With their own hopes, and have been  
vanquish'd, bear

Silence, but not submission: in his  
lair

Fix'd Passion holds his breath, until  
the hour

Which shall atone for years; none need  
despair:

It came, it cometh, and will come,—  
the power

To punish or forgive—in *one* we shall be  
slower.

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted  
lake,

With the wild world I dwelt in, is a  
thing

Which warns me, with its stillness, to  
forsake

Earth's troubled waters for a purer  
spring.

This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing  
To waft me from distraction; once I  
loved

Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft mur-  
muring

Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice re-  
proved,

That I with stern delights should e'er  
have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between  
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk,  
yet clear,

Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly  
seen,

Save darken'd Jura, whose capt heights  
appear

Precipitously steep; and drawing near,  
There breathes a living fragrance from  
the shore,

Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on  
the ear

Drops the light drip of the suspended  
oar,

Or chirps the grasshopper one good-  
night carol more;

He is an evening reveller, who makes  
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;  
At intervals, some bird from out the  
brakes

Starts into voice a moment, then is  
still.

There seems a floating whisper on the  
hill,

But that is fancy, for the starlight dews  
All silently their tears of love instil,

Weeping themselves away, till they  
infuse

Deep into nature's breast the spirit of  
her hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of  
heaven!

If in your bright leaves we would read  
the fate

Of men and empires,—'tis to be for-  
given,

That in our aspirations to be great,  
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,  
And claim a kindred with you; for ye  
are

A beauty and a mystery, and create  
In us such love and reverence from  
afar,

That fortune, fame, power, life, have  
named themselves a star.

All heaven and earth are still—though  
not in sleep,

But breathless, as we grow when feeling  
most;

And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep :—  
 All heaven and earth are still : From the high host  
 Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain coast,  
 All is concentr'd in a life intense,  
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,  
 But hath a part of being, and a sense  
 Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt  
 In solitude, where we are *least* alone ;  
 A truth, which through our being then doth melt,  
 And purifies from self : it is a tone,  
 The soul and source of music, which makes known  
 Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm  
 Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,  
 Binding all things with beauty :—  
 't would disarm  
 The spectre Death, had he substantial  
 power to harm.

Not vainly did the early Persian make  
 His altar the high places, and the peak  
 Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus take  
 A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek  
 The Spirit, in whose honor shrines are weak,  
 Uprear'd of human hands. Come, and compare  
 Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,  
 With Nature's realms of worship, earth and air,  
 Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe  
 thy prayer !

The sky is changed !—and such a change !  
 Oh night,  
 And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,  
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
 Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along,  
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among  
 Leaps the live thunder ! Not from one lone cloud,  
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue,  
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,  
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud !

And this is in the night :—Most glorious night !  
 Thou wert not sent for slumber ! let me be  
 A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—  
 A portion of the tempest and of thee !  
 How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,  
 And the big rain comes dancing to the earth !  
 And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee  
 Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,  
 As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between  
 Heights which appear as lovers who have parted  
 In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,  
 That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted ;  
 Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,  
 Love was the very root of the fond rage  
 Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed :  
 Itself expired, but leaving them an age  
 Of years all winters,—war within themselves to wage :

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,  
 The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand :  
 For here, not one, but many, make their play,  
 And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,  
 Flashing and cast around ; of all the band,  
 The brightest through these parted hills hath fork'd  
 His lightnings,—as if he did understand,  
 That in such gaps as desolation work'd,  
 There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurk'd.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings ! ye !  
 With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul  
 To make these felt and feeling, well may be  
 Things that have made me watchful ;  
 the far roll



Of your departing voices, is the knoll  
Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.  
But where of ye, O tempests! is the  
goal?  
Are ye like those within the human  
breast?  
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles,  
some high nest?

Could I embody and unbosom now  
That which is most within me,—could  
I wreak  
My thoughts upon expression, and thus  
throw  
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings,  
strong or weak,  
All that I would have sought, and all I  
seek,  
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—  
into *one* word,  
And that one word were Lightning, I  
would speak;  
But as it is, I live and die unheard,  
With a most voiceless thought, sheath-  
ing it as a sword.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,  
With breath all incense, and with  
cheek all bloom,  
Laughing the clouds away with playful  
scorn,  
And living as if earth contain'd no  
tomb,—  
And glowing into day: we may resume  
The march of our existence: and thus I,  
Still on thy shores, fair Leman! may  
find room  
And food for meditation, nor pass by  
Much, that may give us pause, if pon-  
der'd fittingly.

Clarens! sweet Clarens, birthplace of  
deep Love!  
Thine air is the young breath of pas-  
sionate thought;  
Thy trees take root in Love; the snows  
above  
The very Glaciers have his colors  
caught,  
And sunset into rose-hues sees them  
wrought  
By rays which sleep there lovingly; the  
rocks,  
The permanent crags, tell here of Love,  
who sought  
In them a refuge from the worldly  
shocks,  
Which stir and sting the soul with hope  
that woos, then mocks.

Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are  
trod,—  
Undying Love's, who here ascends a  
throne  
To which the steps are mountains;  
where the god  
Is a pervading life and light,—so shown  
Not on those summits solely, nor alone  
In the still cave and forest; o'er the  
flower  
His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath  
blown,  
His soft and summer breath, whose  
tender power  
Passes the strength of storms in their  
most desolate hour.

All things are here of *him*; from the  
black pines,  
Which are his shade on high, and the  
loud roar  
Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the  
vines  
Which slope his green path downward  
to the shore,  
Where the bow'd waters meet him, and  
adore,  
Kissing his feet with murmurs; and the  
wood,  
The covert of old trees, with trunks all  
hoar,  
But light leaves, young as joy, stands  
where it stood,  
Offering to him, and his, a populous  
solitude;

A populous solitude of bees and birds,  
And fairy-form'd and many color'd  
things,  
Who worship him with notes more sweet  
than words,  
And innocently open their glad wings,  
Fearless and full of life: the gush of  
springs,  
And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend  
Of stirring branches, and the bud which  
brings  
The swiftest thought of beauty, here  
extend,  
Mingling, and made by Love, unto one  
mighty end.

He who hath loved not, here would learn  
that lore,  
And make his heart a spirit; he who  
knows  
That tender mystery, will love the more;  
For this is Love's recess, where vain men's  
woes,

And the world's waste, have driven him  
 far from those,  
 For 't is his nature to advance or die ;  
 He stands not still, but or decays, or  
 grows  
 Into a boundless blessing, which may vie  
 With the immortal lights, in its eternity !

'T was not for fiction chose Rousseau  
 this spot,  
 Peopling it with affections ; but he found  
 It was the scene which Passion must allot  
 To the mind's purified beings ; 't was the  
 ground  
 Where early Love his Psyche's zone  
 unbound,  
 And hallow'd it with loveliness ; 't is lone,  
 And wonderful, and deep, and hath a  
 sound,  
 And sense, and sight of sweetness ; here  
 the Rhone  
 Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps  
 have rear'd a throne.

Lausanne ! and Ferney ! ye have been  
 the abodes  
 Of names which unto you bequeath'd  
 a name ;  
 Mortals, who sought and found, by  
 dangerous roads,  
 A path to perpetuity of fame :  
 They were gigantic minds, and their  
 steep aim  
 Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile  
 Thoughts which should call down  
 thunder, and the flame  
 Of Heaven again assail'd, if Heaven the  
 while  
 On man and man's research could deign  
 do more than smile.

The one<sup>1</sup> was fire and fickleness, a child  
 Most mutable in wishes, but in mind  
 A wit as various,—gay, grave, sage, or  
 wild,—  
 Historian, bard, philosopher, combined ;  
 He multiplied himself among mankind,  
 The Proteus of their talents : But his own  
 Breathed most in ridicule,—which, as  
 the wind,  
 Blew where it listed, laying all things  
 prone,—  
 Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to  
 shake a throne.

The other,<sup>2</sup> deep and slow, exhausting  
 thought,

<sup>1</sup> Voltaire.<sup>2</sup> Gibbon.

And hiving wisdom with each studious  
 year,  
 In meditation dwelt, with learning  
 wrought,  
 And shaped his weapon with an edge  
 severe,  
 Sapping a solemn creed with solemn  
 sneer ;  
 The lord of irony,—that master-spell,  
 Which stung his foes to wrath, which  
 grew from fear,  
 And doom'd him to the zealot's ready  
 Hell,  
 Which answers to all doubts so elo-  
 quently well.

Yet, peace be with their ashes,—for by  
 them,  
 If merited, the penalty is paid ;  
 It is not ours to judge,—far less con-  
 demn ;  
 The hour must come when such things  
 shall be made  
 Known unto all, or hope and dread  
 allay'd  
 By slumber, on one pillow, in the dust,  
 Which, thus much we are sure, must  
 lie decay'd ;  
 And when it shall revive, as is our  
 trust,  
 'T will be to be forgiven, or suffer what  
 is just.

But let me quit man's works, again to  
 read  
 His Maker's, spread around me, and  
 suspend  
 This page, which from my reveries I feed,  
 Until it seems prolonging without end.  
 The clouds above me to the white Alps  
 tend,  
 And I must pierce them, and survey  
 whate'er  
 May be permitted, as my steps I bend  
 To their most great and growing region,  
 where  
 The earth to her embrace compels the  
 powers of air.

Italia ! too, Italia ! looking on thee,  
 Full flashes on the soul the light of ages,  
 Since the fierce Carthaginian almost  
 won thee,  
 To the last halo of the chiefs and sages  
 Who glorify thy consecrated pages ;  
 Thou wert the throne and grave of  
 empires ; still,  
 The fount at which the panting mind  
 assuages



Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing there  
her fill,  
Flows from the eternal source of Rome's  
imperial hill.

Thus far have I proceeded in a theme  
Renew'd with no kind auspices: to feel  
We are not what we have been, and to  
deem  
We are not what we should be, and to  
steel  
The heart against itself; and to conceal,  
What a proud caution, love, or hate, or  
aught,—  
Passion or feeling, purpose, grief or  
zeal,—  
Which is the tyrant spirit of our  
thought,  
Is a stern task of soul:—No matter,—it  
is taught.

And for these words, thus woven into  
song,  
It may be that they are a harmless  
wile,—  
The coloring of the scenes which fleet  
along,  
Which I would seize, in passing, to be-  
guile  
My breast, or that of others, for a while.  
Fame is the thirst of youth, but I am  
not  
So young as to regard men's frown or  
smile,  
As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot:  
I stood and stand alone,—remember'd or  
forgot.

I have not loved the world, nor the world  
me;  
I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor  
bow'd  
To its idolatries a patient knee,  
Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles, nor cried  
aloud  
In worship of an echo; in the crowd  
They could not deem me one of such; I  
stood  
Among them, but not of them; in a  
shroud  
Of thoughts which were not their  
thoughts, and still could,  
Had I not filed my mind, which thus  
itself subdued.

I have not loved the world, nor the world  
me,—  
But let us part fair foes; I do believe,  
Though I have found them not, that  
there may be

Words which are things, hopes which  
will not deceive,  
And virtues which are merciful, nor  
weave  
Snares for the failing; I would also  
deem  
O'er others' griefs that some sincerely  
grieve;  
That two, or one, are almost what they  
seem,  
That goodness is no name, and hap-  
piness no dream

My daughter! with thy name this song  
begun;  
My daughter! with thy name thus much  
shall end;  
I see thee not, I hear thee not, but none  
Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the  
friend  
To whom the shadows of far years ex-  
tend;  
Albeit my brow thou never shouldst  
behold,  
My voice shall with thy future visions  
blend,  
And reach into thy heart, when mine is  
cold,  
A token and a tone, even from thy  
father's mould.

To aid thy mind's development, to watch  
Thy dawn of little joys, to sit and see  
Almost thy very growth, to view thee  
catch  
Knowledge of objects,—wonders yet to  
thee!  
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,  
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's  
kiss,—  
This, it should seem, was not reserved  
for me;  
Yet this was in my nature: as it is,  
I know not what is there, yet something  
like to this.

Yet, though dull Hate as duty should  
be taught,  
I know that thou wilt love me; though  
my name  
Should be shut from thee, as a spell still  
fraught  
With desolation, and a broken claim;  
Though the grave closed between us,—  
't were the same,  
I know that thou wilt love me; though  
to drain  
My blood from out thy being were an  
aim,

And an attainment,—all would be in  
vain,—  
Still thou wouldst love me, still that  
more than life retain.

The child of love, though born in bit-  
terness,  
And nurtured in convulsion. Of thy sire  
These were the elements, and thine no  
less.

As yet such are around thee, but thy fire  
Shall be more temper'd, and thy hope  
far higher.

Sweet be thy cradled slumbers! O'er  
the sea

And from the mountains where I now  
respire,

Fain would I waft such blessing upon  
thee,

As with a sigh, I deem thou might'st  
have been to me.

*May-June, 1816. November 18, 1816.*

#### SONNET ON CHILLON.

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind!  
Brightest in dungeons. Liberty! thou art,  
For there thy habitation is the heart—  
The heart which love of thee alone can  
bind;

And when thy sons to fetters are con-  
sign'd—

To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless  
gloom,

Their country conquers with their mar-  
tyrdom,

And Freedom's fame finds wings on  
every wind.

Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,  
And thy sad floor an altar—for 't was  
trod,

Until his very steps have left a trace  
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,  
By Bonnivard! May none those marks  
efface!

For they appeal from tyranny to God.

*June, 1816. December 5, 1816.*

#### THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

My hair is gray, but not with years,  
Nor grew it white

In a single night,

As men's have grown from sudden fears:  
My limbs are bow'd, though not with  
toil,

But rusted with a vile repose,  
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,  
And mine has been the fate of those

To whom the goodly earth and air  
Are bann'd, and barr'd—forbidden fare;  
But this was for my father's faith  
I suffer'd chains and courted death;  
That father perish'd at the stake  
For tenets he would not forsake;  
And for the same his lineal race  
In darkness found a dwelling-place;  
We were seven—who now are one,  
Six in youth, and one in age,  
Finish'd as they had begun,  
Proud of Persecution's rage;  
One in fire, and two in field  
Their belief with blood have seal'd,  
Dying as their father died,  
For the God their foes denied;  
Three were in a dungeon cast,  
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,  
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,  
There are seven columns, massy and  
gray,

Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,  
A sunbeam which hath lost its way  
And through the crevice and the cleft  
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;  
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,  
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:

And in each pillar there is a ring,  
And in each ring there is a chain;  
That iron is a cankering thing,

For in these limbs its teeth remain,  
With marks that will not wear away,  
Till I have done with this new day,  
Which now is painful to these eyes,  
Which have not seen the sun so rise  
For years—I cannot count them o'er,  
I lost their long and heavy score,  
When my last brother droop'd and died,  
And I lay living by his side.

They chain'd us each to a column stone  
And we were three—yet, each alone,  
We could not move a single pace,  
We could not see each other's face,  
But with that pale and livid light  
That made us strangers in our sight:  
And thus together—yet apart,  
Fetter'd in hand, but join'd in heart,  
'T was still some solace, in the dearth  
Of the pure elements of earth,  
To hearken to each other's speech,  
And each turn comforter to each  
With some new hope, or legend old,  
Or song heroically bold;  
But even these at length grew cold.  
Our voices took a dreary tone,  
An echo of the dungeon stone,



A grating sound, not full and free,  
As they of yore were wont to be;  
It might be fancy, but to me  
They never sounded like our own.

I was the eldest of the three,  
And to uphold and cheer the rest  
I ought to do—and did my best—  
And each did well in his degree.  
The youngest, whom my father loved,  
Because our mother's brow was given  
To him, with eyes as blue as heaven—  
For him my soul was sorely moved;  
And truly might it be distress'd  
To see such bird in such a nest;  
For he was beautiful as day—  
(When day was beautiful to me  
As to young eagles, being free)—  
A polar day, which will not see  
A sunset till its summer's gone,  
Its sleepless summer of long light,  
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:  
And thus he was as pure and bright,  
And in his natural spirit gay,  
With tears for nought but others' ills,  
And then they flow'd like mountain rills,  
Unless he could assuage the woe  
Which he abhorr'd to view below.

The other was as pure of mind,  
But form'd to combat with his kind;  
Strong in his frame, and of a mood  
Which 'gainst the world in war had  
stood,  
And perish'd in the foremost rank  
With joy:—but not in chains to pine:  
His spirit wither'd with their clank,  
I saw it silently decline—  
And so perchance in sooth did mine:  
But yet I forced it on to cheer  
Those relics of a home so dear.  
He was a hunter of the hills,  
Had follow'd there the deer and wolf;  
To him his dungeon was a gulf,  
And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

Lake Lemán lies by Chillon's walls:  
A thousand feet in depth below  
Its massy waters meet and flow;  
Thus much the fathom-line was sent  
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,  
Which round about the wave inthralls:  
A double dungeon wall and wave  
Have made—and like a living grave  
Below the surface of the lake  
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,  
We heard it ripple night and day;  
Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd;  
And I have felt the winter's spray

Wash though the bars when winds were  
high  
And wanton in the happy sky;  
And then the very rock hath rock'd,  
And I have felt it shake, unshock'd  
Because I could have smiled to see  
The death that would have set me free.

I said my nearer brother pined,  
I said his mighty heart declined,  
He loathed and put away his food;  
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,  
For we were used to hunter's fare,  
And for the like had little care:  
The milk drawn from the mountain goat  
Was changed for water from the moat,  
Our bread was such as captives' tears  
Have moisten'd many a thousand years,  
Since man first pent his fellow men  
Like brutes within an iron den;  
But what were these to us or him?  
These wasted not his heart or limb;  
My brother's soul was of that mould  
Which in a palace had grown cold,  
Had his free breathing been denied  
The range of the steep mountain's side;  
But why delay the truth?—he died.  
I saw, and could not hold his head,  
Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,—  
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain  
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.  
He died, and they unlock'd his chain,  
And scoop'd for him a shallow grave  
Even from the cold earth of our cave,  
I begg'd them as a boon to lay  
His corse in dust whereon the day  
Might shine—it was a foolish thought,  
But then within my brain it wrought,  
That even in death his freeborn breast  
In such a dungeon could not rest.  
I might have spared my idle prayer—  
They coldly laugh'd, and laid him there:  
The flat and turfless earth above  
The being we so much did love;  
His empty chain above it leant,  
Such murder's fitting monument!

But he, the favorite and the flower,  
Most cherish'd since his natal hour,  
His mother's image in fair face,  
The infant love of all his race,  
His martyr'd father's dearest thought  
My latest care, for whom I sought  
To hoard my life, that his might be  
Less wretched now, and one day free;  
He, too, who yet had held untired  
A spirit natural or inspired—  
He, too, was struck, and day by day  
Was wither'd on the stalk away.

Oh, God ! it is a fearful thing  
 To see the human soul take wing  
 In any shape, in any mood :  
 I've seen it rushing forth in blood,  
 I've seen it on the breaking ocean  
 Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,  
 I've seen the sick and ghastly bed  
 Of Sin delirious with its dread ;  
 But these were horrors—this was woe  
 Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow :  
 He faded, and so calm and meek,  
 So softly worn, so sweetly weak,  
 So tearless, yet so tender, kind,  
 And grieved for those he left behind ;  
 With all the while a cheek whose bloom  
 Was as a mockery of the tomb,  
 Whose tints as gently sunk away  
 As a departing rainbow's ray ;  
 An eye of most transparent light,  
 That almost made the dungeon bright,  
 And not a word of murmur, not  
 A groan o'er his untimely lot,—  
 A little talk of better days,  
 A little hope my own to raise,  
 For I was sunk in silence—lost  
 In this last loss, of all the most ;  
 And then the sighs he would suppress  
 Of fainting nature's feebleness,  
 More slowly drawn, grew less and less :  
 I listen'd, but I could not hear ;  
 I call'd, for I was wild with fear ;  
 I knew 't was hopeless, but my dread  
 Would not be thus admonished ;  
 I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—  
 I burst my chain with one strong bound,  
 And rush'd to him :—I found him not,  
 I only stirr'd in this black spot,  
 I only lived, I only drew  
 The accursed breath of dungeon-dew ;  
 The last, the sole, the dearest link  
 Between me and the eternal brink,  
 Which bound me to my failing race,  
 Was broken in this fatal place.  
 One on the earth, and one beneath—  
 My brothers—both had ceased to breathe :  
 I took that hand which lay so still,  
 Alas ! my own was full as chill ;  
 I had not strength to stir, or strive,  
 But felt that I was still alive—  
 A frantic feeling, when we know  
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.  
     I know not why  
     I could not die,  
 I had no earthly hope but faith,  
 And that forbade a selfish death.

What next befell me then and there  
 I know not well—I never knew—  
 First came the loss of light, and air,

And then of darkness too :  
 I had no thought, no feeling—none—  
 Among the stones I stood a stone,  
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,  
 As shrubless crags within the mist ;  
 For all was blank, and bleak, and gray ;  
 It was not night, it was not day ;  
 It was not even the dungeon-light,  
 So hateful to my heavy sight,  
 But vacancy absorbing space,  
 And fixedness without a place ;  
 There were no stars, no earth, no time,  
 No check, no change, no good, no crime,  
 But silence, and a stirless breath  
 Which neither was of life nor death ;  
 A sea of stagnant idleness,  
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless !

A light broke in upon my brain,—  
 It was the carol of a bird ;  
 It ceased, and then it came again,  
 The sweetest song ear ever heard,  
 And mine was thankful till my eyes  
 Ran over with the glad surprise,  
 And they that moment could not see  
 I was the mate of misery ;  
 But then by dull degrees came back  
 My senses to their wonted track ;  
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor  
 Close slowly round me as before,  
 I saw the glimmer of the sun  
 Creeping as it before had done,  
 But through the crevice where it came  
 That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,  
 And tamer than upon the tree ;  
 A lovely bird, with azure wings,  
 And song that said a thousand things,  
 And seem'd to say them all for me !  
 I never saw its like before,  
 I ne'er shall see its likeness more :  
 It seem'd like me to want a mate,  
 But was not half so desolate,  
 And it was come to love me when  
 None lived to love me so again,  
 And cheering from my dungeon's brink,  
 Had brought me back to feel and think.  
 I know not if it late were free,  
 Or broke its cage to perch on mine,  
 But knowing well captivity,  
 Sweet bird ! I could not wish for thine !  
 Or if it were, in winged guise,  
 A visitant from Paradise ;  
 For—Heaven forgive that thought ! the  
     while  
 Which made me both to weep and  
     smile—  
 I sometimes deem'd that it might be  
 My brother's soul come down to me ;  
 But then at last away it flew,



And then 'twas mortal well I knew,  
For he would never thus have flown,  
And left me twice so doubly lone,  
Lone as the corse within its shroud,  
Lone as a solitary cloud,—

A single cloud on a sunny day,  
While all the rest of heaven is clear,  
A frown upon the atmosphere,  
That hath no business to appear  
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

A kind of change came in my fate,  
My keepers grew compassionate ;  
I know not what had made them so,  
They were inured to sights of woe,  
But so it was :—my broken chain  
With links unfasten'd did remain,  
And it was liberty to stride  
Along my cell from side to side,  
And up and down, and then athwart,  
And tread it over every part ;  
And round the pillars one by one,  
Returning where my walk begun,  
Avoiding only, as I trod,  
My brothers' graves without a sod ;  
For if I thought with heedless tread  
My step profaned their lowly bed,  
My breath came gaspingly and thick,  
And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

I made a footing in the wall,  
It was not therefrom to escape,  
For I had buried one and all  
Who loved me in a human shape ;  
And the whole earth would henceforth  
be  
A wider prison unto me :  
No child, no sire, no kin had I,  
No partner in my misery ;  
I thought of this, and I was glad,  
For thought of them had made me mad ;  
But I was curious to ascend  
To my barr'd windows, and to bend  
Once more, upon the mountains high,  
The quiet of a loving eye.

I saw them, and they were the same,  
They were not changed like me in frame ;  
I saw their thousand years of snow  
On high—their wide long lake below,  
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow ;  
I heard the torrents leap and gush  
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush ;  
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,  
And whiter sails go skimming down ;  
And then there was a little isle,  
Which in my very face did smile,  
The only one in view ;

A small green isle, it seem'd no more,  
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,  
But in it there were three tall trees,  
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,  
And by it there were waters flowing,  
And on it there were young flowers  
growing,

Of gentle breath and hue.  
The fish swam by the castle wall,  
And they seem'd joyous each and all ;  
The eagle rode the rising blast,  
Methought he never flew so fast  
As then to me he seem'd to fly ;  
And then new tears came in my eye,  
And I felt troubled—and would fain  
I had not left my recent chain ;  
And when I did descend again,  
The darkness of my dim abode  
Fell on me as a heavy load ;  
It was as is a new-dug grave,  
Closing o'er one we sought to save,—  
And yet my glance, too much oppress'd,  
Had almost need of such a rest.

It might be months, or years, or days,  
I kept no count, I took no note,  
I had no hope my eyes to raise,  
And clear them of their dreary mote ;  
At last men came to set me free ;  
I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where ;  
It was at length the same to me,  
Fetter'd or fetterless to be,

I learn'd to love despair.  
And thus when they appear'd at last,  
And all my bonds aside were cast,  
These heavy walls to me had grown  
A hermitage—and all my own !  
And half I felt as they were come  
To tear me from a second home :  
With spiders I had friendship made,  
And watch'd them in their sullen trade,  
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,  
And why should I feel less than they ?  
We were all inmates of one place,  
And I, the monarch of each race,  
Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell !  
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell ;  
My very chains and I grew friends,  
So much a long communion tends  
To make us what we are :—even I  
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

*June 27-29-July 10, 1816. December 5,  
1816.*

#### STANZAS TO AUGUSTA

THOUGH the day of my destiny's over,  
And the star of my fate hath declined,  
Thy soft heart refused to discover  
The faults which so many could find.

Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,  
 It shrunk not to share it with me,  
 And the love which my spirit hath painted  
 It never hath found but in *thee*.

Then when nature around me is smiling,  
 The last smile which answers to mine,  
 I do not believe it beguiling,  
 Because it reminds me of thine ;  
 And when winds are at war with the ocean,  
 As the breasts I believed in with me,  
 If their billows excite an emotion,  
 It is that they bear me from *thee*.

Though the rock of my last hope is shiver'd,  
 And its fragments are sunk in the wave,

Though I feel that my soul is deliver'd  
 To pain—it shall not be its slave.  
 There is many a pang to pursue me :  
 They may crush, but they shall not condemn ;  
 They may torture, but shall not subdue me ;  
 'Tis of *thee* that I think—not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,

Though woman, thou didst not forsake,  
 Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,

Though slander'd, thou never couldst shake ;

Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,

Though parted, it was not to fly,  
 Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,

Nor, mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,  
 Nor the war of the many with one ;

If my soul was not fitted to prize it,  
 'Twas folly not sooner to shun :

And if dearly that error hath cost me,  
 And more than I once could foresee,  
 I have found that, whatever it lost me,  
 It could not deprive me of *thee*.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perish'd,

Thus much I at least may recall,  
 It hath taught me that what I most cherish'd

Deserved to be dearest of all :

In the desert a fountain is springing,  
 In the wide waste there still is a tree  
 And a bird in the solitude singing,  
 Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*.  
*July 24, 1816. December 5, 1816.*

#### EPISTLE TO AUGUSTA

My sister ! my sweet sister ! if a name  
 Dearer and purer were, it should be  
 thine ;  
 Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim  
 No tears, but tenderness to answer mine:  
 Go where I will, to me thou art the  
 same—  
 A loved regret which I would not resign.  
 There yet are two things in my destiny,—  
 A world to roam through, and a home  
 with thee.

The first were nothing—had I still the  
 last,

It were the haven of my happiness ;  
 But other claims and other ties thou hast,  
 And mine is not the wish to make them  
 less.

A strange doom is thy father's son's, and  
 past

Recalling, as it lies beyond redress ;  
 Reversed for him our grandsire's fate of  
 yore,—

He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

If my inheritance of storms hath been  
 In other elements, and on the rocks  
 Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,  
 I have sustain'd my share of worldly  
 shocks,

The fault was mine ; nor do I seek to  
 screen

My errors with defensive paradox ;  
 I have been cunning in mine overthrow,  
 The careful pilot of my proper woe.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their  
 reward.

My whole life was a contest, since the  
 day

That gave me being, gave me that which  
 marr'd

The gift,—a fate, or will, that walk'd  
 astray ;

And I at times have found the struggle  
 hard,

And thought of shaking off my bonds of  
 clay :

But now I fain would for a time survive,  
 If but to see what next can well arrive.



Kingdoms and empires in my little day  
I have outlived, and yet I am not old ;  
And when I look on this, the petty spray  
Of my own years of trouble, which have  
roll'd

Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away:  
Something—I know not what—does still  
uphold

A spirit of slight patience ;—not in vain,  
Even for its own sake, do we purchase  
pain.

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir  
Within me—or perhaps a cold despair,  
Brought on when ills habitually recur,—  
Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,  
(For even to this may change of soul  
refer,

And with light armor we may learn to  
bear,)

Have taught me a strange quiet, which  
was not

The chief companion of a calmer lot.

I feel almost at times as I have felt  
In happy childhood ; trees, and flowers,  
and brooks,

Which do remember me of where I dwelt  
Ere my young mind was sacrificed to  
books,

Come as of yore upon me, and can melt  
My heart with recognition of their looks;  
And even at moments I could think I  
see

Some living thing to love—but none like  
thee.

Here are the Alpine landscapes which  
create

A fund for contemplation ;—to admire  
Is a brief feeling of a trivial date ;  
But something worthier do such scenes  
inspire ;

Here to be lonely is not desolate,  
For much I view which I could most de-  
sire,

And, above all, a lake I can behold  
Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

Oh that thou wert but with me !—but I  
grow

The fool of my own wishes, and forget  
The solitude which I have vaunted so  
Has lost its praise in this but one regret;  
There may be others which I less may  
show !—

I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet  
I feel an ebb in my philosophy,  
And the tide rising in my alter'd eye.

I did remind thee of our own dear Lake  
By the old Hall which may be mine no  
more.

Leman's is fair ; but think not I forsake  
The sweet remembrance of a dearer  
shore :

Sad havoc Time must with my memory  
make,

Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes  
before ;

Though, like all things which I have  
loved, they are

Resign'd for ever, or divided far.

The world is all before me ; I but ask  
Of Nature that with which she will  
comply—

It is but in her summer's sun to bask,  
To mingle with the quiet of her sky,  
To see her gentle face without a mask,  
And never gaze on it with apathy.

She was my early friend, and now shall  
be

My sister—till I look again on thee.

I can reduce all feelings but this one ;  
And that I would not ;—for at length  
I see

Such scenes as those wherein my life  
began.

The earliest—even the only paths for  
me—

Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to  
shun,

I had been better than I now can be ;  
The passions which have torn me would  
have slept ;

I had not suffer'd and *thou* hadst not  
wept.

With false Ambition what had I to do ?  
Little with Love, and least of all with  
Fame ;

And yet they came unsought, and with  
me grew,

And made me all which they can make  
—a name.

Yet this was not the end I did pursue ;  
Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.

But all is over—I am one the more  
To baffled millions which have gone  
before.

And for the future, this world's future  
may

From me demand but little of my care ;  
I have outlived myself by many a day ;  
Having survived so many things that  
were ;

My years have been no slumber, but the  
 prey  
 Of ceaseless vigils ; for I had the share  
 Of life which might have fill'd a century,  
 Before its fourth in time had pass'd  
 me by.

And for the remnant which may be to  
 come  
 I am content ; and for the past I feel  
 Not thankless,—for within the crowded  
 sum  
 Of struggles, happiness at times would  
 steal,  
 And for the present, I would not benumb  
 My feelings further.—Nor shall I conceal  
 That with all this I still can look around,  
 And worship Nature with a thought  
 profound.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy  
 heart  
 I know myself secure, as thou in mine ;  
 We were and are—I am, even as thou  
 art—  
 Beings who ne'er each other can resign :  
 It is the same, together or apart,  
 From life's commencement to its slow  
 decline  
 We are entwined—let death come slow  
 or fast,  
 The tie which bound the first endures  
 the last ! *July, 1816. 1830.*

#### STANZAS FOR MUSIC

THEY say that Hope is happiness ;  
 But genuine Love must prize the past,  
 And Memory wakes the thoughts that  
 bless :  
 They rose the first—they set the last ;

And all that Memory loves the most  
 Was once our only Hope to be,  
 And all that Hope adored and lost  
 Hath melted into Memory.

Alas ! it is delusion all ;  
 The future cheats us from afar,  
 Nor can we be what we recall,  
 Nor dare we think on what we are.  
*?. . . 1839.*

#### DARKNESS

I HAD a dream, which was not all a  
 dream.  
 The bright sun was extinguish'd, and  
 the stars

Did wander darkling in the eternal  
 space,  
 Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth  
 Swung blind and blackening in the  
 moonless air ;  
 Morn came and went—and came, and  
 brought no day,  
 And men forgot their passions in the  
 dread  
 Of this their desolation : and all hearts  
 Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for  
 light ;  
 And they did live by watchfires—and  
 the thrones,  
 The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,  
 The habitations of all things which  
 dwell,  
 Were burnt for beacons ; cities were  
 consumed,  
 And men were gather'd round their  
 blazing homes  
 To look once more into each other's  
 face ;  
 Happy were those who dwelt within the  
 eye  
 Of the volcanos, and their mountain-  
 torch ;  
 A fearful hope was all the world con-  
 tain'd ;  
 Forests were set on fire—but hour by  
 hour  
 They fell and faded—and the crackling  
 trunks  
 Extinguish'd with a crash—and all was  
 black.  
 The brows of men by the despairing light  
 Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits  
 The flashes fell upon them ; some lay  
 down  
 And hid their eyes and wept ; and some  
 did rest  
 Their chins upon their clenched hands,  
 and smiled ;  
 And others hurried to and fro, and fed  
 Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd  
 up  
 With mad disquietude on the dull sky,  
 The pall of a past world ; and then again  
 With curses cast them down upon the  
 dust,  
 And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd : the  
 wild birds shriek'd  
 And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,  
 And flap their useless wings ; the wild-  
 est brutes  
 Came tame and tremulous ; and vipers  
 crawl'd  
 And twined themselves among the mul-  
 titude,



Hissing, but stingless—they were slain  
for food !  
And War, which for a moment was no  
more,  
Did glut himself again:—a meal was  
bought  
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart  
Gorging himself in gloom : no love was  
left ;  
All earth was but one thought—and that  
was death  
Immediate and inglorious ; and the pang  
Of famine fed upon all entrails—men  
Died, and their bones were tombless as  
their flesh ;  
The meagre by the meagre were de-  
vour'd,  
Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save  
one,  
And he was faithful to a corse, and  
kept  
The birds and beasts and famish'd men  
at bay,  
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping  
dead  
Lured their lank jaws ; himself sought  
out no food,  
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,  
And a quick desolate cry, licking the  
hand  
Which answer'd not with a caress—he  
died.  
The crowd was famish'd by degrees ; but  
two  
Of an enormous city did survive,  
And they were enemies : they met beside  
The dying embers of an altar-place  
Where had been heap'd a mass of holy  
things  
For an unholy usage ; they raked up,  
And shivering scraped with their cold  
skeleton hands  
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath  
Blew for a little life, and made a flame  
Which was a mockery ; then they lifted  
up  
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld  
Each other's aspects—saw, and shriek'd,  
and died—  
Even of their mutual hideousness they  
died,  
Unknowing who he was upon whose  
brow  
Famine had written Fiend. The world  
was void,  
The populous and the powerful was a  
lump,  
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless,  
lifeless,

A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.  
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood  
still,  
And nothing stirr'd within their silent  
depths ;  
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,  
And their masts fell down piecemeal :  
as they dropp'd  
They slept on the abyss without a  
surge—  
The waves were dead ; the tides were in  
their grave,  
The moon, their mistress, had expired  
before ;  
The winds were wither'd in the stagnant  
air,  
And the clouds perish'd ; Darkness had  
no need  
Of aid from them—She was the Uni-  
verse.

*July, 1816. December 5, 1816.*

#### PROMETHEUS

TITAN ! to whose immortal eyes  
The sufferings of mortality,  
Seen in their sad reality,  
Were not as things that gods despise ;  
What was thy pity's recompense ?  
A silent suffering, and intense ;  
The rock, the vulture, and the chain,  
All that the proud can feel of pain,  
The agony they do not show,  
The suffocating sense of woe,  
Which speaks but in its loneliness,  
And then is jealous lest the sky  
Should have a listener, nor will sigh  
Until its voice is echoless.

Titan ! to thee the strife was given  
Between the suffering and the will,  
Which torture where they cannot  
kill ;  
And the inexorable Heaven,  
And the deaf tyranny of Fate,  
The ruling principle of Hate,  
Which for its pleasure doth create  
The things it may annihilate,  
Refused thee even the boon to die ;  
The wretched gift eternity.  
Was thine—and thou hast borne it well.  
All that the Thunderer wrung from  
thee  
Was but the menace which flung back  
On him the torments of thy rack ;  
The fate thou didst so well foresee,  
But would not to appease him tell ;  
And in thy Silence was his Sentence,  
And in his Soul a vain repentance,

And evil dread so ill dissembled,  
That in his hand the lightnings  
trembled.

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,  
To render with thy precepts less  
The sum of human wretchedness,  
And strengthen Man with his own mind ;  
But baffled as thou wert from high,  
Still in thy patient energy,  
In the endurance, and repulse

Of thine impenetrable Spirit,  
Which Earth and Heaven could not  
convulse,

A mighty lesson we inherit:  
Thou art a symbol and a sign

To Mortals of their fate and force ;  
Like thee, Man is in part divine,

A troubled stream from a pure source ;  
And Man in portions can foresee

His own funereal destiny ;  
His wretchedness, and his resistance,

And his sad unallied existence :  
To which his Spirit may oppose

Itself—and equal to all woes,

And a firm will, and a deep sense,  
Which even in torture can descry

Its own concentr'd recompense,  
Triumphant where it dare defy,

And making Death a Victory.

*July, 1816. December, 1816.*

#### SONNET TO LAKE LEMAN

ROUSSEAU—Voltaire—our Gibbon—and  
De Staël—

Leman ! these names are worthy of thy  
shore,

Thy shore of names like these ! wert  
thou no more

Their memory thy remembrance would  
recall :

To them thy banks were lovely as to  
all,

But they have made them lovelier, for  
the lore

Of mighty minds doth hallow in the  
core

Of human hearts the ruin of a wall

Where dwelt the wise and wondrous ;  
but by *thee*

How much more, Lake of Beauty ! do  
we feel,

In sweetly gliding o'er thy crystal sea,  
The wild glow of that not ungentle zeal,

Which of the heirs of immortality  
Is proud, and makes the breath of glory  
real !

*July, 1816. December 5, 1816.*

## MANFRED

### A DRAMATIC POEM

"There are more things in heaven and earth,  
Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MANFRED  
CHAMOIS HUNTER  
ABBOT OF ST. MAURICE  
MANUEL  
HERMAN  
WITCH OF THE ALPS  
ARIMANES  
NEMESIS  
THE DESTINIES  
SPIRITS, &c.

*The Scene of the Drama is amongst the  
Higher Alps—partly in the Castle of  
Manfred, and partly in the Moun-  
tains.*

### ACT I

SCENE I.—MANFRED *alone*.—*Scene, a  
Gothic Gallery.—Time, Midnight.*

*Man.* The lamp must be replenish'd, but  
even then

It will not burn so long as I must watch :  
My slumbers—if I slumber—are not sleep,  
But a continuance of enduring thought,  
Which then I can resist not : in my heart  
There is a vigil, and these eyes but close  
To look within ; and yet I live, and bear  
The aspect and the form of breathing men.  
But grief should be the instructor of the  
wise ;

Sorrow is knowledge : they who know the  
most

Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal  
truth,

The Tree of Knowledge is not that of  
Life.

Philosophy and science, and the springs  
Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world,  
I have essay'd, and in my mind there is  
A power to make these subject to itself—  
But they avail not : I have done men good,  
And I have met with good even among  
men—

But this avail'd not : I have had my foes,  
And none have baffled, many fallen be-  
fore me—



But this avail'd not :—Good, or evil, life,  
Powers, passions, all I see in other beings,  
Have been to me as rain unto the sands,  
Since that all-nameless hour. I have no  
dread,

And feel the curse to have no natural fear,  
Nor fluttering throb, that beats with  
hopes or wishes,  
Or lurking love of something on the earth.  
Now to my task.—

Mysterious agency !

Ye spirits of the unbounded Universe !  
Whom I have sought in darkness and in  
light—

Ye, who do compass earth about, and  
dwell

In subtler essence—ye, to whom the tops  
Of mountains inaccessible are haunts,  
And earth's and ocean's caves familiar  
things—

I call upon ye by the written charm  
Which gives me power upon you—Rise !  
Appear ! [A pause.]

They come not yet.—Now by the voice  
of him

Who is the first among you—by this sign,  
Which makes you tremble—by the claims  
of him

Who is undying,—Rise ! Appear !—  
Appear ! [A pause.]

If it be so—Spirits of earth and air,  
Ye shall not thus elude me : by a power,  
Deeper than all yet urged, a tyrant-spell,  
Which had its birthplace in a star con-  
demn'd,

The burning wreck of a demolish'd  
world,

A wandering hell in the eternal space ;  
By the strong curse which is upon my  
soul,

The thought which is within me and  
around me,

I do compel ye to my will—Appear !

[A star is seen at the darker end  
of the gallery : it is stationary ; and a  
voice is heard singing.]

#### FIRST SPIRIT

Mortal ! to thy bidding bow'd,  
From my mansion in the cloud,  
Which the breath of twilight builds,  
And the summer's sunset gilds  
With the azure and vermilion,  
Which is mix'd for my pavilion ;  
Though thy quest may be forbidden,  
On a star-beam I have ridden :  
To thine adjuration bow'd,  
Mortal—be thy wish avow'd !

#### SECOND SPIRIT

Mont Blanc is the monarch of moun-  
tains ;

They crown'd him long ago

On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,  
With a diadem of snow.

Around his waist are forests braced,

The Avalanche in his hand ;

But ere it fall, that thundering ball

Must pause for my command.

The Glacier's cold and restless mass

Moves onward day by day ;

But I am he who bids it pass,

Or with its ice delay.

I am the spirit of the place,

Could make the mountain bow

And quiver to his cavern'd base—

And what with me wouldst *Thou* ?

#### THIRD SPIRIT

In the blue depth of the waters,

Where the wave hath no strife,

Where the wind is a stranger,

And the sea-snake hath life,

Where the Mermaid is decking

Her green hair with shells,

Like the storm on the surface

Came the sound of thy spells ;

O'er my calm Hall of Coral

The deep echo roll'd—

To the Spirit of Ocean

Thy wishes unfold !

#### FOURTH SPIRIT

Where the slumbering earthquake

Lies pillow'd on fire,

And the lakes of bitumen

Rise boilingly higher ;

Where the roots of the Andes

Strike deep in the earth,

As their summits to heaven

Shoot soaringly forth ;

I have quitted my birthplace,

Thy bidding to bide—

Thy spell hath subdued me,

Thy will be my guide !

#### FIFTH SPIRIT

I am the Rider of the wind,

The stirrer of the storm ;

The hurricane I left behind

Is yet with lightning warm ;

To speed to thee, o'er shore and sea

I swept upon the blast :

The fleet I met sail'd well, and yet

'Twill sink ere night be past.

## SIXTH SPIRIT

My dwelling is the shadow of the night,  
Why doth thy magic torture me with  
light?

## SEVENTH SPIRIT

The star which rules thy destiny  
Was ruled, ere earth began, by me :  
It was a world as fresh and fair  
As e'er revolved round sun in air ;  
Its course was free and regular,  
Space bosom'd not a lovelier star.  
The hour arrived—and it became  
A wandering mass of shapeless flame,  
A pathless comet, and a curse,  
The menace of the universe ;  
Still rolling on with innate force,  
Without a sphere, without a course,  
A bright deformity on high,  
The monster of the upper sky !  
And thou ! beneath its influence born—  
Thou worm ! whom I obey and scorn—  
Forced by a power (which is not thine,  
And lent thee but to make thee mine)  
For this brief moment to descend,  
Where these weak spirits round thee bend  
And parley with a thing like thee—  
What wouldst thou, Child of Clay ! with  
me ?

## The SEVEN SPIRITS

Earth, ocean, air, night, mountains,  
winds, thy star,  
Are at thy beck and bidding, Child of  
Clay !  
Before thee at thy quest their spirits  
are—  
What wouldst thou with us, son of  
mortals—say ?

*Man.* Forgetfulness—

*First Spirit.* Of what—of whom—and  
why ?

*Man.* Of that which is within me ;  
read it there —

Ye know it, and I cannot utter it.

*Spirit.* We can but give thee that  
which we possess :

Ask of us subjects, sovereignty, the  
power

O'er earth—the whole, or portion—or a  
sign

Which shall control the elements, where-  
of

We are the dominators,—each and all,  
These shall be thine.

*Man.* Oblivion, self-oblivion !

Can ye not wring from out the hidden  
realms

Ye offer so profusely what I ask ?

*Spirit.* It is not in our essence, in our  
skill ;

But—thou may'st die.

*Man.* Will death bestow it on me ?

*Spirit.* We are immortal, and do not  
forget ;

We are eternal ; and to us the past

Is, as the future, present. Art thou  
answer'd ?

*Man.* Ye mock me—but the power  
which brought ye here

Hath made you mine. Slaves, scoff not  
at my will !

The mind, the spirit, the Promethean  
spark,

The lightning of my being, is as bright,  
Pervading, and far darting as your own,  
And shall not yield to yours, though  
coop'd in clay !

Answer, or I will teach you what I am.

*Spirit.* We answer as we answer'd ;  
our reply

Is even in thine own words.

*Man.* Why say ye so ?

*Spirit.* If, as thou say'st, thine  
essence be as ours,

We have replied in telling thee, the thing  
Mortals call death hath nought to do  
with us.

*Man.* I then have call'd ye from your  
realms in vain ;

Ye cannot, or ye will not, aid me.

*Spirit.* Say,

What we possess we offer ; it is thine :  
Bethink ere thou dismiss us ; ask again ;  
Kingdom, and sway, and strength, and  
length of days—

*Man.* Accursed ! what have I to do  
with days ?

They are too long already.—Hence—be-  
gone !

*Spirit.* Yet pause : being here, our  
will would do thee service ;

Bethink thee, is there then no other gift  
Which we can make not worthless in  
thine eyes ?

*Man.* No, none : yet stay—one mo-  
ment, ere we part,

I would behold ye face to face. I hear  
Your voices, sweet and melancholy  
sounds,

As music on the waters ; and I see

The steady aspect of a clear large star ;

But nothing more. Approach me as ye  
are,

Or one, or all, in your accustom'd forms.



*Spirit.* We have no forms, beyond  
the elements  
Of which we are the mind and principle :  
But choose a form—in that we will appear.

*Man.* I have no choice; there is no  
form on earth  
Hideous or beautiful to me. Let him,  
Who is most powerful of ye, take such  
aspect  
As unto him may seem most fitting—  
Come!

*Seventh Spirit (appearing in the shape  
of a beautiful female figure).* Be-  
hold!

*Man.* Oh God! if it be thus, and thou  
Art not a madness and a mockery,  
I yet might be most happy, I will clasp  
thee,  
And we again will be—

[*The figure vanishes.*  
My heart is crush'd!  
[*MANFRED falls senseless.*

(*A voice is heard in the Incantation  
which follows.*)

When the moon is on the wave,  
And the glow-worm in the grass,  
And the meteor on the grave,  
And the wisp on the morass;  
When the falling stars are shooting,  
And the answer'd owls are hooting,  
And the silent leaves are still  
In the shadow of the hill,  
Shall my soul be upon thine,  
With a power and with a sign.

Though thy slumber may be deep  
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;  
There are shades which will not vanish,  
There are thoughts thou canst not  
banish;

By a power to thee unknown,  
Thou canst never be alone;  
Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,  
Thou art gather'd in a cloud;  
And for ever shalt thou dwell  
In the spirit of this spell.

Though thou seest me not pass by,  
Thou shalt feel me with thine eye  
As a thing that, though unseen,  
Must be near thee, and hath been;  
And when in that secret dread  
Thou hast turn'd around thy head,  
Thou shalt marvel I am not  
As thy shadow on the spot,  
And the power which thou dost feel  
Shall be what thou must conceal.

And a magic voice and verse  
Hath baptized thee with a curse;  
And a spirit of the air  
Hath begirt thee with a snare;  
In the wind there is a voice  
Shall forbid thee to rejoice;  
And to thee shall night deny  
All the quiet of her sky;  
And the day shall have a sun,  
Which shall make thee wish it done.

From thy false tears I did distil  
An essence which hath strength to kill;  
From thy own heart I then did wring  
The black blood in its blackest spring;  
From thy own smile I snatch'd the  
snake,  
For there it coil'd as in a brake;  
From thy own lip I drew the charm  
Which gave all these their chiefest  
harm;  
In proving every poison known,  
I found the strongest was thine own.

By thy cold breast and serpent smile,  
By thy unfathom'd gulfs of guile,  
By that most seeming virtuous eye,  
By thy shut soul's hypocrisy;  
By the perfection of thine art  
Which pass'd for human thine own  
heart;  
By thy delight in others' pain,  
And by thy brotherhood of Cain,  
I call upon thee! and compel  
Thyself to be thy proper Hell!

And on thy head I pour the vial  
Which doth devote thee to this trial;  
Nor to slumber, nor to die,  
Shall be in thy destiny;  
Though thy death shall still seem near  
To thy wish, but as a fear;  
Lo! the spell now works around thee,  
And the clankless chain hath bound thee;  
O'er thy heart and brain together  
Hath the word been pass'd—now wither!

## SCENE II

*The Mountain of the Jungfrau.—Time,  
Morning.—MANFRED alone upon the  
Cliffs.*

*Man.* The spirits I have raised abandon me,  
The spells which I have studied baffle me,  
The remedy I reck'd of tortured me;  
I lean no more on superhuman aid;  
It hath no power upon the past, and for  
The future, till the past be gulf'd in  
darkness,

It is not of my search. My mother  
Earth!  
And thou fresh breaking Day, and you,  
ye Mountains,  
Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye.  
And thou, the bright eye of the universe,  
That openest over all, and unto all  
Art a delight—thou shin'st not on my  
heart.  
And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme  
edge  
I stand, and on the torrent's brink be-  
neath  
Behold the tall pines dwindled as to  
shrubs  
In dizziness of distance ; when a leap,  
A stir, a motion, even a breath, would  
bring  
My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed  
To rest for ever—wherefore do I pause?  
I feel the impulse—yet I do not plunge;  
I see the peril—yet do not recede;  
And my brain reels—and yet my foot is  
firm:  
There is a power upon me which with-  
holds,  
And makes it my fatality to live,—  
if it be life to wear within myself  
This barrenness of spirit, and to be  
My own soul's sepulchre, for I have  
ceased  
To justify my deeds unto myself—  
The last infirmity of evil. Ay,  
Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minis-  
ter, [An eagle passes.  
Whose happy flight is highest into  
heaven,  
Well may'st thou swoop so near me—I  
should be  
Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets; thou  
art gone  
Where the eye cannot follow thee; but  
thine  
Yet pierces downward, onward, or above,  
With a pervading vision.—Beautiful!  
How beautiful is all this visible world!  
How glorious in its action and itself!  
But we, who name ourselves its sover-  
eigns, we,  
Half dust, half deity, alike unfit  
To sink or soar, with our mix'd essence  
make  
A conflict of its elements, and breathe  
The breath of degradation and of pride,  
Contending with low wants and lofty  
will,  
Till our mortality predominates,  
And men are—what they name not to  
themselves,

And trust not to each other. Hark! the  
note, [The Shepherd's pipe in  
the distance is heard.  
The natural music of the mountain  
reed—  
For here the patriarchal days are not  
A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air,  
Mix'd with the sweet bells of the saun-  
tering herd;  
My soul would drink those echoes. Oh,  
that I were  
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,  
A living voice, a breathing harmony,  
A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying  
With the blest tone which made me!

*Enter from below a CHAMOIS HUNTER.*

*Chamois Hunter.* Even so  
This way the chamois leapt: her nimble  
feet  
Have baffled me; my gains to-day will  
scarce  
Repay my break-neck travail.—What is  
here?  
Who seems not of my trade, and yet  
hath reach'd  
A height which none even of our moun-  
taineers,  
Save our best hunters, may attain: his  
garb  
Is goodly, his mien manly, and his air  
Proud as a free-born peasant's, at this  
distance:  
I will approach him nearer.  
*Man. (not perceiving the other).* To be  
thus—  
Gray-hair'd with anguish, like these  
blasted pines,  
Wrecks of a single winter, barkless,  
branchless,  
A blighted trunk upon a cursed root,  
Which but supplies a feeling to decay—  
And to be thus, eternally but thus,  
Having been otherwise! now furrow'd  
o'er  
With wrinkles, plough'd by moments,—  
not by years,—  
And hours, all tortured into ages—  
hours  
Which I outlive!—Ye toppling crags of  
ice!  
Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws  
down  
In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and  
crush me!  
I hear ye momentarily above, beneath,  
Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye  
pass,



And only fall on things that still would live;

On the young flourishing forest, or the hut

And hamlet of the harmless villager.

*C. Hun.* The mists begin to rise from up the valley;

I'll warn him to descend, or he may chance

To lose at once his way and life together.

*Man.* The mists boil up around the glaciers; clouds

Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,

Like foam from the roused ocean of deep Hell,

Whose every wave breaks on a living shore,

Heap'd with the damn'd like pebbles.—I am giddy.

*C. Hun.* I must approach him cautiously; if near,

A sudden step will startle him, and he seems tottering already.

*Man.* Mountains have fallen, leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock

Rocking their alpine brethren; filling up

The ripe green valleys with destruction's splinters;

Damming the rivers with a sudden dash, which crush'd the waters into mist and made

Their fountains find another channel—thus,

Thus, in its old age, did Mount Rosenberg—

Why stood I not beneath it?

*C. Hun.* Friend! have a care, Your next step may be fatal!—for the love

Of him who made you, stand not on that brink!

*Man. (not hearing him).* Such would have been for me a fitting tomb;

My bones had then been quiet in their depth;

They had not then been strewn upon the rocks

For the wind's pastime—as thus—thus they shall be—

In this one plunge.—Farewell, ye opening heavens!

Look not upon me thus reproachfully—You were not meant for me—Earth!

take these atoms!

[*As MANFRED is in act to spring from the cliff, the CHAMOIS HUNTER*

*seizes and retains him with a sudden grasp.*

*C. Hun.* Hold, madman!—though a weary of thy life,

Stain not our pure vales with thy guilty blood:

Away with me—I will not quit my hold.

*Man.* I am most sick at heart—nay, grasp me not—

I am all feebleness—the mountains whirl

Spinning around me—I grow blind—What art thou?

*C. Hun.* I'll answer that anon. Away with me—

The clouds grow thicker—there—now lean on me—

Place your foot here—here, take this staff, and cling

A moment to that shrub—now give me your hand.

And hold fast by my girdle—softly—well—

The Chalet will be gain'd within an hour: Come on, we'll quickly find a surer footing,

And something like a pathway, which the torrent

Hath wash'd since winter.—Come, 't is bravely done—

You should have been a hunter.—Follow me.

[*As they descend the rocks with difficulty, the scene closes.*

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*A Cottage amongst the Bernese Alps.*

MANFRED and the CHAMOIS HUNTER.

*C. Hun.* No, no—yet pause—thou must not yet go forth:

Thy mind and body are alike unfit To trust each other, for some hours, at least;

When thou art better, I will be thy guide—

But whither?

*Man.* It imports not: I do know My route full well, and need no further guidance

*C. Hun.* Thy garb and gait bespeak thee of high lineage—

One of the many chiefs, whose castled crags

Look o'er the lower valleys—which of these

May call thee lord? I only know their  
portals;  
My way of life leads me but rarely down  
To bask by the huge hearths of those old  
halls,  
Carousing with the vassals; but the paths,  
Which step from out our mountains to  
their doors,  
I know from childhood—which of these  
is thine?

*Man.* No matter.

*C. Hun.* Well, sir, pardon me the  
question,  
And be of better cheer. Come, taste my  
wine;  
'Tis of an ancient vintage; many a day  
'T has thaw'd my veins among our  
glaciers  
Let it do thus for thine—Come, pledge  
me fairly.

*Man.* Away, away! there's blood upon  
the brim!  
Will it then never—never sink in the  
earth?

*C. Hun.* What dost thou mean? thy  
senses wander from thee.

*Man.* I say 'tis blood—my blood! the  
pure warm stream  
Which ran in the veins of my fathers,  
and in ours  
When we were in our youth, and had  
one heart,  
And loved each other as we should not  
love,  
And this was shed: but still it rises up,  
Coloring the clouds, that shut me out  
from heaven,

Where thou art not—and I shall never be.

*C. Hun.* Man of strange words, and  
some half-maddening sin,  
Which makes thee people vacancy,  
whate'er  
Thy dread and sufferance be, there's  
comfort yet—

The aid of holy men, and heavenly  
patience—

*Man.* Patience and patience!  
Hence—that word was made  
For brutes of burthen, not for birds of  
prey;  
Preach it to mortals of a dust like  
thine,—

I am not of thine order.

*C. Hun.* Thanks to heaven!  
I would not be of thine for the free fame  
Of William Tell; but whatsoe'er thine  
ill,

It must be borne, and these wild starts  
are useless.

*Man.* Do I not bear it?—Look on me—  
I live.

*C. Hun.* This is convulsion, and no  
healthful life.

*Man.* I tell thee, man! I have lived  
many years,  
Many long years, but they are nothing  
now  
To those which I must number: ages—  
ages—

Space and eternity—and consciousness.  
With the fierce thirst of death—and still  
unslaked!

*C. Hun.* Why, on thy brow the seal  
of middle age  
Hath scarce been set; I am thine elder  
far.

*Man.* Think'st thou existence doth  
depend on time?

It doth; but actions are our epochs: mine  
Have made my days and nights im-  
perishable,  
Endless, and all alike, as sands on the  
shore.

Innumerable atoms; and one desert,  
Barren and cold, on which the wild  
waves break,  
But nothing rests, save carcasses and  
wrecks,  
Rocks and the salt-surf weeds of bitter-  
ness.

*C. Hun.* Alas! he's mad—but yet  
I must not leave him.

*Man.* I would I were—for then the  
things I see  
Would be but a distemper'd dream.

*C. Hun.* What is it  
That thou dost see, or think thou look'st  
upon?

*Man.* Myself, and thee—a peasant of  
the Alps—

Thy humble virtues, hospitable home,  
And spirit patient, pious, proud, and  
free;

Thy self-respect, grafted on innocent  
thoughts;

The days of health, and nights of sleep;  
thy toils,

By danger dignified, yet guiltless; hopes  
Of cheerful old age and a quiet grave,  
With cross and garland over its green  
turf,

And thy grandchildren's love for epi-  
taph;

This do I see—and then I look within—  
It matters not—my soul was scorch'd al-  
ready!

*C. Hun.* And wouldst thou then ex-  
change thy lot for mine?



*Man.* No, friend! I would not wrong thee, nor exchange  
My lot with living being: I can bear—  
However wretchedly, 'tis still to bear—  
In life what others could not brook to dream,  
But perish in their slumber.

*C. Hun.* And with this—  
This cautious feeling for another's pain,  
Canst thou be black with evil?—say not so.

Can one of gentle thoughts have wreak'd  
revenge

Upon his enemies?

*Man.* Oh! no, no, no!  
My injuries came down on those who  
loved me—

On those whom I best loved: I never  
quelled

An enemy, save in my just defence—  
But my embrace was fatal.

*C. Hun.* Heaven give thee rest!  
And penitence restore thee to thyself;  
My prayers shall be for thee.

*Man.* I need them not—  
But can endure thy pity. I depart—  
'Tis time—farewell!—Here's gold, and  
thanks for thee—

No words—it is thy due.—Follow me  
not—

I know my path—the mountain peril's  
past:

And once again I charge thee, follow  
not!  
[*Exit MANFRED.*]

## SCENE II

*A lower Valley in the Alps.—A Cataract.*

*Enter MANFRED.*

It is not noon—the sunbow's rays still  
arch

The torrent with the many hues of  
heaven,

And roll the sheeted silver's waving  
column

O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,  
And fling its lines of foaming light along,  
And to and fro, like the pale courser's  
tail,

The Giant steed, to be bestrode by Death,  
As told in the Apocalypse. No eyes  
But mine now drink this sight of love-  
liness;

I should be sole in this sweet solitude,  
And with the Spirit of the place divide  
The homage of these waters.—I will call  
her.

[*MANFRED takes some of the water into the palm of his hand, and flings it into the air, muttering the adjuration. After a pause, the WITCH OF THE ALPS rises beneath the arch of the sunbow of the torrent.*]

Beautiful Spirit! with thy hair of light,  
And dazzling eyes of glory, in whose  
form

The charms of earth's least mortal  
daughters grow

To an unearthly stature, in an essence  
Of purer elements; while the hues of  
youth,—

Carnation'd like a sleeping infant's  
cheek,

Rock'd by the beating of her mother's  
heart,

Or the rose tints, which summer's twi-  
light leaves

Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow,  
The blush of earth embracing with her  
heaven—

Tinge thy celestial aspect, and make  
tame

The beauties of the sunbow which bends  
o'er thee.

Beautiful Spirit! in thy calm clear brow,  
Wherein is glass'd serenity of soul,  
Which of itself shows immortality,  
I read that thou wilt pardon to a Son  
Of Earth, whom the abstruser powers  
permit

At times to commune with them—if  
that he

Avail him of his spells—to call thee  
thus,

And gaze on thee a moment.

*Witch.* Son of Earth!

I know thee, and the powers which give  
thee power;

I know thee for a man of many thoughts,  
And deeds of good and ill, extreme in  
both,

Fatal and fated in thy sufferings.

I have expected this—what wouldst thou  
with me?

*Man.* To look upon thy beauty—noth-  
ing further.

The face of the earth hath madden'd me,  
and I

Take refuge in her mysteries, and pierce  
To the abodes of those who govern her—  
But they can nothing aid me. I have  
sought

From them what they could not bestow,  
and now

I search no further.

*Witch.* What could be the quest  
Which is not in the power of the most  
powerful,  
The rulers of the invisible?

*Man.* A boon ;  
But why should I repeat it? 'twere in  
vain.

*Witch.* I know not that ; let thy lips  
utter it.

*Man.* Well, though it torture me, 'tis  
but the same ;  
My pang shall find a voice. From my  
youth upwards

My spirit walk'd not with the souls of  
men,

Nor look'd upon the earth with human  
eyes ;

The thirst of their ambition was not  
mine,

The aim of their existence was not  
mine ;

My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my  
powers,

Made me a stranger ; though I wore the  
form,

I had no sympathy with breathing flesh,  
Nor midst the creatures of clay that  
girded me

Was there but one who—but of her anon.  
I said with men, and with the thoughts of  
men,

I held but slight communion ; but instead  
My joy was in the wilderness,—to  
breathe

The difficult air of the iced mountain's  
top,

Where the birds dare not build, nor in-  
sect's wing

Flit o'er the herbless granite ; or to plunge  
Into the torrent, and to roll along

On the swift whirl of the new breaking  
wave

Of river-stream, or ocean, in their flow.  
In these my early strength exulted ; or

To follow through the night the moving  
moon,

The stars and their development ; or  
catch

The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew  
dim ;

Or to look, list'ning, on the scattered  
leaves,

While Autumn winds were at their even-  
ing song.

These were my pastimes. and to be alone ;  
For if the beings, of whom I was one,—

Hating to be so,—cross'd me in my path,  
I felt myself degraded back to them,

And was all clay again. And then I dived,

In my lone wanderings, to the caves of  
death.

Searching its cause in its effect ; and  
drew

From wither'd bones, and skull, and  
heap'd up dust,

Conclusions most forbidden. Then I  
pass'd

The nights of years in sciences untaught  
Save in the old time ; and with time and

toil,  
And terrible ordeal, and such penance

As in itself hath power upon the air,  
And spirits that do compass air and

earth,  
Space, and the peopled infinite, I made

Mine eyes familiar with Eternity,  
Such as, before me, did the Magi, and

He who from out their fountain dwell-  
ings raised

Eros and Anteros, at Gadara,  
As I do thee ;—and with my knowledge

grew  
The thirst of knowledge, and the power

and joy  
Of this most bright intelligence, until—

*Witch.* Proceed.

*Man.* Oh ! I but thus prolong'd my  
words,

Boasting these idle attributes, because  
As I approach the core of my heart's

grief—  
But to my task, I have not named to thee

Father or mother, mistress, friend, or  
being,

With whom I wore the chain of human  
ties ;

If I had such, they seem'd not such to me ;  
Yet there was one—

*Witch.* Spare not thyself—proceed.

*Man.* She was like me in lineaments ;  
her eyes.

Her hair, her features, all, to the very  
tone

Even of her voice, they said were like  
to mine ;

But soften'd all, and temper'd into  
beauty :

She had the same lone thoughts and  
wanderings,

The quest of hidden knowledge, and a  
mind

To comprehend the universe : nor these  
Alone, but with them gentler powers

than mine,  
Pity, and smiles, and tears—which I had

not :  
And tenderness—but that I had for her ;  
Humility—and that I never had.



Her faults were mine—her virtues were  
her own—

I loved her, and destroy'd her !

*Witch.* With thy hand ?

*Man.* Not with my hand, but heart,  
which broke her heart ;

It gazed on mine, and wither'd. I have  
shed

Blood, but not hers—and yet her blood  
was shed ;

I saw—and could not stanch it.

*Witch* And for this—  
A being of the race thou dost despise,  
The order, which thine own would rise  
above,

Mingling with us and ours,—thou dost  
forego

The gifts of our great knowledge, and  
shrink'st back

To recreant mortality—Away !

*Man.* Daughter of Air ! I tell thee,  
since that hour—

But words are breath—look on me in my  
sleep,

Or watch my watchings—Come and sit  
by me !

My solitude is solitude no more,

But peopled with the Furies ;—I have  
gnash'd

My teeth in darkness till returning morn,  
Then cursed myself till sunset ;—I have  
pray'd

For madness as a blessing—'tis denied  
me.

I have affronted death—but in the war  
Of elements the waters shrunk from me,  
And fatal things pass'd harmless ; the  
cold hand

Of an all-pitiless demon held me back,  
Back by a single hair, which would not  
break

In fantasy, imagination, all  
The affluence of my soul—which one day  
was

A Croesus in creation—I plunged deep  
But, like an ebbing wave, it dash'd me  
back

Into the gulf of my unfathom'd thought.  
I plunged amidst mankind—Forgetful-  
ness

I sought in all, save where 'tis to be  
found,

And that I have to learn ; my sciences,  
My long-pursued and superhuman art,  
Is mortal here : I dwell in my despair—  
And live—and live for ever.

*Witch.* It may be

That I can aid thee.

*Man.* To do this thy power

Must wake the dead, or lay me low with  
them.

Do so—in any shape—in any hour—

With any torture—so it be the last.

*Witch.* That is not in my province ;  
but if thou

Wilt swear obedience to my will, and do  
My bidding, it may help thee to thy  
wishes.

*Man.* I will not swear—Obey ! and  
whom ? the spirits

Whose presence I command, and be the  
slave

Of those who served me—Never !

*Witch.* Is this all ?

Hast thou no gentler answer ?—Yet be-  
think thee,

And pause ere thou rejectest.

*Man.* I have said it.

*Witch.* Enough ! I may retire then—  
say !

*Man.* Retire !

[*The WITCH disappears.*]

*Man. (alone).* We are the fools of time  
and terror : Days

Steal on us, and steal from us ; yet we live,  
Loathing our life, and dreading still to die.

In all the days of this detested yoke—

This vital weight upon the struggling  
heart,

Which sinks with sorrow, or beats quick  
with pain,

Or joy that ends in agony or faintness—  
In all the days of past and future, for

In life there is no present, we can number  
How few—how less than few—wherein  
the soul

Forbears to pant for death, and yet draws  
back

As from a stream in winter, though the  
chill

Be but a moment's. I have one resource  
Still in my science—I can call the dead,

And ask them what it is we dread to be ;  
The sternest answer can but be the Grave,

And that is nothing. If they answer  
not—

The buried Prophet answered to the Hag  
Of Endor ; and the Spartan Monarch

drew  
From the Byzantine maid's unsleeping  
spirit

An answer and his destiny—he slew  
That which he loved, unknowing what

he slew,  
And died unpardon'd—though he call'd  
in aid

The Phyxian Jove, and in Phigalia  
roused

The Arcadian Evocators to compel  
 The indignant shadow to depose her  
 wrath,  
 Or fix her term of vengeance—she replied  
 In words of dubious import, but fulfill'd.  
 If I had never lived, that which I love  
 Had still been living ; had I never loved,  
 That which I love would still be beautiful,  
 Happy and giving happiness. What is  
 she ?  
 What is she now ?—a sufferer for my  
 sins—  
 A thing I dare not think upon—or nothing.  
 Within few hours I shall not call in  
 vain—  
 Yet in this hour I dread the thing I dare :  
 Until this hour I never shrunk to gaze  
 On spirit, good or evil—now I tremble,  
 And feel a strange cold thaw upon my  
 heart.  
 But I can act even what I most abhor,  
 And champion human fears.—The night  
 approaches. *[Exit.]*

## SCENE III

*The Summit of the Jungfrau Mountain.*

*Enter FIRST DESTINY.*

The moon is rising broad, and round, and  
 bright ;  
 And here on snows, where never human  
 foot  
 Of common mortal trod, we nightly  
 tread,  
 And leave no traces : o'er the savage sea,  
 The glassy ocean of the mountain ice,  
 We skim its rugged breakers, which put  
 on  
 The aspect of a tumbling tempest's foam,  
 Frozen in a moment—a dead whirlpool's  
 image :  
 And this most steep fantastic pinnacle,  
 The fretwork of some earthquake—  
 where the clouds  
 Pause to repose themselves in passing  
 by—  
 Is sacred to our revels, or our vigils ;  
 Here do I wait my sisters, on our way  
 To the Hall of Arimanes, for to-night  
 Is our great festival—'t is strange they  
 come not.

*A Voice without, singing.*

The Captive Usurper,  
 Hurl'd down from the throne,

Lay buried in torpor,  
 Forgotten and lone ;  
 I broke through his slumbers,  
 I shiver'd his chain,  
 I leagu'd him with numbers—  
 He's Tyrant again !  
 With the blood of a million he'll answer  
 my care,  
 With a nation's destruction—his flight  
 and despair.

*Second Voice, without.*

The ship sail'd on, the ship sail'd fast,  
 But I left not a sail, and I left not a  
 mast ;  
 There is not a plank of the hull or the  
 deck,  
 And there is not a wretch to lament o'er  
 his wreck ;  
 Save one, whom I held, as he swam, by  
 the hair,  
 And he was a subject well worthy my  
 care ;  
 A traitor on land, and a pirate at sea,—  
 But I saved him to wreak further havoc  
 for me !

*FIRST DESTINY, answering.*

The city lies sleeping ;  
 The morn, to deplore it,  
 May dawn on it weeping :  
 Sullenly, slowly,  
 The black plague flew o'er it—  
 Thousands lie lowly ;  
 Tens of thousands shall perish ;  
 The living shall fly from  
 The sick they should cherish ;  
 But nothing can vanquish  
 The touch that they die from.  
 Sorrow and anguish,  
 And evil and dread,  
 Envelop a nation ;  
 The blest are the dead,  
 Who see not the sight  
 Of their own desolation ;  
 This work of a night—  
 This wreck of a realm—this deed of my  
 doing—  
 For ages I've done, and shall still be re-  
 newing !

*Enter the SECOND and THIRD DESTINIES*

*The Three.*

Our hands contain the hearts of men,  
 Our footsteps are their graves ;  
 We only give to take again  
 The spirits of our slaves !



*First Des.* Welcome!—Where's Nemesis?

*Second Des.* At some great work;  
But what I know not, for my hands were full.

*Third Des.* Behold she cometh.

*Enter NEMESIS.*

*First Des.* Say, where hast thou been?  
My sisters and thyself are slow to-night.

*Nem.* I was detain'd repairing  
shatter'd thrones,  
Marrying fools, restoring dynasties,  
Avenging men upon their enemies,  
And making them repent their own revenge;

Goading the wise to madness; from the dull

Shaping out oracles to rule the world  
Afresh, for they were waxing out of date,  
And mortals dared to ponder for themselves,

To weigh kings in the balance, and to speak

Of freedom, the forbidden fruit.—Away!  
We have outstay'd the hour—mount we  
our clouds! [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV

*The Hall of Arimanes—Arimanes on his Throne, a Globe of Fire, surrounded by the Spirits.*

*Hymn of the SPIRITS.*

Hail to our Master!—Prince of Earth  
and Air!

Who walks the clouds and waters—in  
his hand

The sceptre of the elements, which tear  
Themselves to chaos at his high  
command!

He breatheth—and a tempest shakes  
the sea;

He speaketh—and the clouds reply in  
thunder;

He gazeth—from his glance the sun-  
beams flee;

He moveth—earthquakes rend the  
world asunder.

Beneath his footsteps the volcanoes rise;  
His shadow in the Pestilence; his path  
The comets herald through the crackling  
skies;

And planets turn to ashes at his wrath.  
To him War offers daily sacrifice;

To him Death pays his tribute; Life  
is his,

With all its infinite of agonies—  
And his the spirit of whatever is!

*Enter the DESTINIES and NEMESIS.*

*First Des.* Glory to Arimanes! on the  
earth  
His power increaseth—both my sisters  
did

His bidding, nor did I neglect my duty!

*Second Des.* Glory to Arimanes! we  
who bow

The necks of men, bow down before his  
throne!

*Third Des.* Glory to Arimanes! we  
await His nod!

*Nem.* Sovereign of Sovereigns! we are  
thine,

And all that liveth, more or less, is ours,  
And most things wholly so; still to  
increase

Our power, increasing thine, demands  
our care,

And we are vigilant. Thy late commands  
Have been fulfill'd to the utmost.

*Enter MANFRED.*

*A Spirit.* What is here?  
A mortal!—Thou most rash and fatal  
wretch,

Bow down and worship!

*Second Spirit.* I do know the man—  
A Magian of great power, and fearful  
skill!

*Third Spirit.* Bow down and worship,  
slave!—

What, know'st thou not  
Thine and our Sovereign?—Tremble,  
and obey!

*All the Spirits.* Prostrate thyself, and  
thy condemned clay,

Child of the Earth! or dread the worst.

*Man.* I know it;  
And yet ye see I kneel not.

*Fourth Spirit.* 'T will be taught thee.

*Man.* 'T is taught already;—many a  
night on the earth,

On the bare ground, have I bow'd down  
my face,

And strew'd my head with ashes; I have  
known

The fulness of humiliation, for  
I sunk before my vain despair, and knelt  
To my own desolation.

*Fifth Spirit.* Dost thou dare  
Refuse to Arimanes on his throne  
What the whole earth accords, behold-  
ing not

The terror of his glory?—Crouch, I say.

*Man.* Bid *him* bow down to that  
which is above him.

The overruling Infinite—the Maker  
Who made him not for worship—let  
him kneel,

And we will kneel together.

*The Spirits.* Crush the worm!  
Tear him in pieces!—

*First Des.* Hence! avaunt! — he's  
mine.

Prince of the Powers invisible! This  
man

Is of no common order, as his port  
And presence here denote; his sufferings  
Have been of an immortal nature, like  
Our own; his knowledge, and his powers  
and will,

As far as is compatible with clay,  
Which clogs the ethereal essence, have  
been such

As clay hath seldom borne; his aspira-  
tions

Have been beyond the dwellers of the  
earth,

And they have only taught him what  
we know—

That knowledge is not happiness, and  
science

But an exchange of ignorance for that  
Which is another kind of ignorance.

This is not all—the passions, attributes  
Of earth and heaven, from which no  
power, nor being,

Nor breath from the worm upwards is  
exempt,

Have pierced his heart, and in their  
consequence

Made him a thing which I, who pity not,  
Yet pardon those who pity. He is mine,  
And thine, it may be; be it so, or not,  
No other Spirit in this region hath

A soul like his—or power upon his soul.

*Nem.* What doth he here then?

*First Des.* Let him answer that.

*Man.* Ye know what I have known;  
and without power

I could not be amongst ye: but there are  
Powers deeper still beyond—I come in  
quest

Of such, to answer unto what I seek.

*Nem.* What wouldst thou?

*Man.* Thou canst not reply to me.  
Call up the dead—my question is for  
them.

*Nem.* Great Arimanes, doth thy will  
avouch

The wishes of this mortal?

*Ari.* Yea.

*Nem.* Whom wouldst thou  
Uncharnel?

*Man.* One without a tomb—call up  
Astarte.

#### NEMESIS

Shadow! or Spirit!

Whatever thou art.

Which still doth inherit

The whole or a part

Of the form of thy birth,

Of the mould of thy clay,

Which return'd to the earth,

Re-appear to the day!

Bear what thou borest,

The heart and the form,

And the aspect thou worst

Redeem from the worm.

Appear!—Appear!—Appear!

Who sent thee there requires thee here!

[*The Phantom of ASTARTE rises  
and stands in the midst.*]

*Man.* Can this be death? there's  
bloom upon her cheek:

But now I see it is no living hue,

But a strange hectic—like the unnatural  
red

Which Autumn plants upon the perish'd  
leaf.

It is the same! Oh, God! that I should  
dread

To look upon the same—Astarte!—No.

I cannot speak to her—but bid her  
speak—

Forgive me or condemn me.

#### NEMESIS

By the power which hath broken

The grave which enthrall'd thee,

Speak to him who hath spoken,

Or those who have call'd thee!

*Man.* She is silent,  
And in that silence I am more than an-  
swer'd.

*Nem.* My power extends no further,  
Prince of Air!

It rests with thee alone—command her  
voice.

*Ari.* Spirit—obey this sceptre!

*Nem.* Silent still!  
She is not of our order, but belongs  
To the other powers. Mortal! thy quest  
is vain,

And we are baffled also.

*Man.* Hear me, hear me—  
Astarte! my beloved! speak to me:  
I have so much endured—so much  
endure—



Look on me ! the grave hath not  
 changed thee more  
 Than I am changed for thee. Thou  
 lovedst me  
 Too much, as I loved thee : we were not  
 made  
 To torture thus each other, though it  
 were  
 The deadliest sin to love as we have  
 loved.  
 Say that thou loath'st me not—that I do  
 bear  
 This punishment for both—that thou  
 wilt be  
 One of the blessed—and that I shall die ;  
 For hitherto all hateful things conspire  
 To bind me in existence—in a life  
 Which makes me shrink from immor-  
 tality—  
 A future like the past. I cannot rest.  
 I know not what I ask, nor what I seek ;  
 I feel but what thou art, and what I am ;  
 And I would hear yet once before I perish  
 The voice which was my music—Speak  
 to me !  
 For I have call'd on thee in the still  
 night,  
 Startled the slumbering birds from the  
 hush'd boughs,  
 And woke the mountain wolves, and  
 made the caves  
 Acquainted with thy vainly echoed  
 name,  
 Which answer'd me — many things  
 answer'd me—  
 Spirits and men—but thou wert silent  
 all.  
 Yet speak to me ! I have outwatch'd  
 the stars,  
 And gazed o'er heaven in vain search of  
 thee.  
 Speak to me ! I have wander'd o'er the  
 earth,  
 And never found thy likeness—Speak to  
 me !  
 Look on the fiends around—they feel for  
 me :  
 I fear them not, and feel for thee alone—  
 Speak to me ! though it be in wrath ; —  
 but say—  
 I reckon not what — but let me hear thee  
 once—  
 This once—once more !  
*Phantom of Astarte.* Manfred.  
*Man.* Say on, say on—  
 I live but in the sound—it is thy voice !  
*Phan.* Manfred ! To-morrow ends  
 thine earthly ills.  
 Farewell !

*Man.* Yet one word more—am I for-  
 given ?  
*Phan.* Farewell !  
*Man.* Say, shall we meet again ?  
*Phan.* Farewell !  
*Man.* One word for mercy ! Say, thou  
 lovest me.  
*Phan.* Manfred !  
 [*The Spirit of ASTARTE disappears.*]  
*Nem.* She's gone, and will not be  
 recall'd ;  
 Her words will be fulfill'd. Return to  
 the earth.  
*A Spirit.* He is convulsed.—This is to  
 be a mortal  
 And seek the things beyond mortality.  
*Another Spirit.* Yet, see, he mas-  
 tereth himself, and makes  
 His torture tributary to his will.  
 Had he been one of us, he would have  
 made  
 An awful spirit.  
*Nem.* Hast thou further question  
 Of our great sovereign, or his worship-  
 pers ?  
*Man.* None.  
*Nem.* Then for a time farewell.  
*Man.* We meet then ! where ? On the  
 earth ?—  
 Even as thou wilt : and for the grace ac-  
 corded  
 I now depart a debtor. Fare ye well !  
 [*Exit MANFRED.*]  
 (*Scene closes.*)

## ACT III

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Castle of Manfred.*

MANFRED and HERMAN.

*Man.* What is the hour ?  
*Her.* It wants but one till sunset,  
 And promises a lovely twilight.  
*Man.* Say,  
 Are all things so disposed of in the tower  
 As I directed ?  
*Her.* All, my lord, are ready :  
 Here is the key and casket.  
*Man.* It is well :  
 Thou may'st retire. [*Exit HERMAN.*]  
*Man. (alone).* There is a calm upon me—  
 Inexplicable stillness ! which till now  
 Did not belong to what I knew of life.  
 If that I did not know philosophy  
 To be of all our vanities the motliest,  
 The merest word that ever fool'd the ear  
 From out the schoolman's jargon, I  
 should deem

The golden secret, the sought "Kalon,"  
 found.  
 And seated in my soul. It will not last,  
 But it is well to have known it, though  
 but once :  
 It hath enlarged my thoughts with a  
 new sense,  
 And I within my tablets would note  
 down  
 That there is such a feeling. Who is  
 there ?

*Re-enter HERMAN.*

*Her.* My lord, the abbot of St. Maurice  
 craves  
 To greet your presence.

*Enter the ABBOT OF ST. MAURICE.*

*Abbot.* Peace be with Count Manfred !

*Man.* Thanks, holy father ! welcome  
 to these walls ;  
 Thy presence honors them, and blesseth  
 those  
 Who dwell within them.

*Abbot.* Would it were so, Count !—  
 But I would fain confer with thee alone.

*Man.* Herman, retire.—What would  
 my reverend guest ?

*Abbot.* Thus, without prelude :—Age  
 and zeal, my office,  
 And good intent, must plead my privilege ;

Our near, though not acquainted neighborhood,  
 May also be my herald. Rumors  
 strange,

And of unholy nature, are abroad,  
 And busy with thy name ; a noble name  
 For centuries : may he who bears it now  
 Transmit it unimpaired !

*Man.* Proceed.—I listen.

*Abbot.* 'T is said thou holdest converse  
 with the things

Which are forbidden to the search of  
 man ;

That with the dwellers of the dark  
 abodes,

The many evil and unheavenly spirits  
 Which walk the valley of the shade of  
 death,

Thou communest. I know that with  
 mankind,

Thy fellows in creation, thou dost rarely  
 Exchange thy thoughts, and that thy  
 solitude

Is as an anchorite's, were it but holy.

*Man.* And what are they who do  
 avouch these things ?

*Abbot.* My pious brethren—the scared  
 peasantry—

Even thy own vassals—who do look on  
 thee

With most unquiet eyes. Thy life's in  
 peril.

*Man.* Take it.

*Abbot.* I come to save, and not des-  
 troy :

I would not pry into thy secret soul ;  
 But if these things be sooth, there still is  
 time

For penitence and pity : reconcile thee  
 With the true church, and through the  
 church to heaven.

*Man.* I hear thee. This is my reply :  
 whate'er

I may have been, or am, doth rest be-  
 tween

Heaven and myself. I shall not choose  
 a mortal

To be my mediator. Have I sinn'd  
 Against your ordinances ? prove and  
 punish !

*Abbot.* My son ! I did not speak of  
 punishment,

But penitence and pardon ;—with myself  
 The choice of such remains—and for the  
 last,

Our institutions and our strong belief  
 Have given me power to smooth the  
 path from sin

To higher hope and better thoughts ; the  
 first

I leave to heaven,—“ Vengeance is mine  
 alone !”

So saith the Lord, and with all humble-  
 ness

His servant echoes back the awful word.

*Man.* Old man ! there is no power in  
 holy men,

Nor charm in prayer, nor purifying form  
 Of penitence, nor outward look, nor fast,

Nor agony—nor, greater than all these,  
 The innate tortures of that deep despair,

Which is remorse without the fear of  
 hell,

But all in all sufficient to itself  
 Would make a hell of heaven—can ex-

orcise

From out the unbound spirit the quick  
 sense

Of its own sins, wrongs, sufferance, and  
 revenge

Upon itself ; there is no future pang  
 Can deal that justice on the self-con-

demn'd



He deals on his own soul.

*Abbot.* All this is well ;  
For this will pass away, and be succeeded  
By an auspicious hope, which shall look  
up

With calm assurance to that blessed  
place,

Which all who seek may win, whatever  
be

Their earthly errors, so they be atoned :  
And the commencement of atonement is  
The sense of its necessity. Say on—

And all our church can teach thee shall  
be taught ;

And all we can absolve thee shall be  
pardon'd.

*Man.* When Rome's sixth emperor  
was near his last,

The victim of a self-inflicted wound,  
To shun the torments of a public death  
From senates once his slaves, a certain  
soldier,

With show of loyal pity, would have  
stanch'd

The gushing throat with his officious  
robe ;

The dying Roman thrust him back, and  
said—

Some empire still in his expiring glance—  
“It is too late—is this fidelity?”

*Abbot.* And what of this?

*Man.* I answer with the Roman—  
“It is too late!”

*Abbot.* It never can be so,  
To reconcile thyself with thy own soul,  
And thy own soul with heaven. Hast  
thou no hope?

'Tis strange—even those who do de-  
spair above,

Yet shape themselves some fantasy on  
earth,

To which frail twig they cling, like  
drowning men.

*Man.* Ay—father! I have had those  
earthly visions,

And noble aspirations in my youth,  
To make my own the mind of other

men,  
The enlightener of nations; and to rise  
I knew not whither—it might be to fall ;

But fall, even as the mountain-cataract,  
Which having leapt from its more daz-  
zling height,

Even in the foaming strength of its  
abyss,

(Which casts up misty columns that be-  
come

Clouds raining from the re-ascended  
skies,)

Lies low but mighty still.—But this is  
past,

My thoughts mistook themselves.

*Abbot.* And wherefore so?

*Man.* I could not tame my nature  
down ; for he

Must serve who fain would sway ; and  
soothe, and sue,

And watch all time, and pry into all  
place,

And be a living lie, who would become  
A mighty thing amongst the mean, and  
such

The mass are ; I disdain'd to mingle with  
A herd, though to be leader—and of  
wolves.

The lion is alone, and so am I.

*Abbot.* And why not live and act with  
other men?

*Man.* Because my nature was averse  
from life ;

And yet not cruel ; for I would not make,  
But find a desolation. Like the wind,

The red-hot breath of the most lone  
simoom,

Which dwells but in the desert, and  
sweeps o'er

The barren sands which bear no shrubs  
to blast,

And revels o'er their wild and arid  
waves,

And seeketh not, so that it is not sought,  
But being met is deadly,—such hath  
been

The course of my existence ; but there  
came

Things in my path which are no more.

*Abbot.* Alas!

I 'gin to fear that thou art past all aid  
From me and from my calling ; yet so

young,  
I still would—

*Man.* Look on me ! there is an order  
Of mortals on the earth, who do become

Old in their youth, and die ere middle  
age,

Without the violence of warlike death ;  
Some perishing of pleasure, some of

study,  
Some worn with toil, some of mere

weariness,  
Some of disease, and some insanity,

And some of wither'd or of broken  
hearts ;

For this last is a malady which slays  
More than are number'd in the lists of

Fate,  
Taking all shapes, and bearing many  
names.

Look upon me! for even of all these things

Have I partaken; and of all these things,  
One were enough; then wonder not that I  
Am what I am, but that I ever was,  
Or having been, that I am still on earth.

*Abbot.* Yet, hear me still—

*Man.* Old man! I do respect  
Thine order, and revere thine years; I  
deem

Thy purpose pious, but it is in vain:  
Think me not churlish; I would spare  
thyself.

Far more than me, in shunning at this  
time

All further colloquy—and so—farewell.

[*Exit* MANFRED.]

*Abbot.* This should have been a noble  
creature; he  
Hath all the energy which would have  
made

A goodly frame of glorious elements,  
Had they been wisely mingled; as it is,  
It is an awful chaos—light and darkness,  
And mind and dust, and passions and  
pure thoughts

Mix'd, and contending without end or  
order,—

All dormant or destructive: he will  
perish,

And yet he must not; I will try once  
more

For such are worth redemption; and my  
duty

Is to dare all things for a righteous end.  
I'll follow him—but cautiously, though  
surely. [*Exit* ABBOT.]

## SCENE II

*Another Chamber.*

MANFRED and HERMAN.

*Her.* My lord, you bade me wait on  
you at sunset:

He sinks behind the mountain.

*Man.* Doth he so?  
I will look on him. [*MANFRED advances  
to the Window of the Hall.*

Glorious Orb! the idol  
Of early nature, and the vigorous race  
Of undiseased mankind, the giant sons  
Of the embrace of angels, with a sex  
More beautiful than they, which did  
draw down

The erring spirits who can ne'er return.—  
Most glorious orb! that wert a worship,  
ere

The mystery of thy making was re-  
veal'd!

Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,  
Which gladden'd, on their mountain  
tops, the hearts

Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they  
pour'd

Themselves in orisons! Thou material  
God!

And representative of the unknown—  
Who chose thee for his shadow! Thou  
chief star!

Centre of many stars! which mak'st our  
earth

Endurable, and temperest the hues  
And hearts of all who walk within thy  
rays!

Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the  
climes,

And those who dwell in them! for near  
or far,

Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee  
Even as our outward aspects;—thou dost  
rise,

And shine, and set in glory. Fare thee  
well!

I ne'er shall see thee more. As my first  
glance

Of love and wonder was for thee, then  
take [one

My latest look: thou wilt not beam on  
To whom the gifts of life and warmth  
have been

Of a more fatal nature. He is gone:  
I follow. [*Exit* MANFRED.]

## SCENE III

*The Mountains—The Castle of Manfred  
at some distance—A Terrace before a  
Tower—Time, Twilight.*

HERMAN, MANUEL and other Dependents  
of MANFRED.

*Her.* 'Tis strange enough; night after  
night, for years,  
He hath pursued long vigils in this tower,  
Without a witness. I have been within  
it,—

So have we all been oft-times; but from it,  
Or its contents, it were impossible  
To draw conclusions absolute, of aught  
His studies tend to. To be sure, there is  
One chamber where none enter: I would  
give

The fee of what I have to come these  
three years,

To pore upon its mysteries.

*Manuel.* 'Twere dangerous;  
Content thyself with what thou know'st  
already.



*Her.* Ah! Manuel! thou art elderly and wise,  
And couldst say much; thou hast dwelt  
within the castle—

How many years is't?

*Manuel.* Ere Count Manfred's birth,  
I served his father, whom he nought re-  
sembles.

*Her.* There be more sons in like pre-  
dicament.

But wherein do they differ?

*Manuel.* I speak not  
Of features or of form, but mind and  
habits;  
Count Sigismund was proud, but gay and  
free,—

A warrior and a reveller; he dwelt not  
With books and solitude, nor made the  
night

A gloomy vigil, but a festal time,  
Merrier than day; he did not walk the  
rocks

And forests like a wolf, nor turn aside  
From men and their delights.

*Her.* Beshrew the hour,  
But those were jocund times! I would  
that such

Would visit the old walls again; they  
look

As if they had forgotten them.

*Manuel.* These walls  
Must change their chieftain first. Oh! I  
have seen

Some strange things in them, Herman.

*Her.* Come, be friendly:  
Relate me some to while away our  
watch:

I've heard thee darkly speak of an event  
Which happen'd hereabouts, by this  
same tower.

*Manuel.* That was a night indeed! I  
do remember

'Twas twilight, as it may be now, and  
such

Another evening;—yon red cloud, which  
rests

On Eiger's pinnacle, so rested then,—  
So like that it might be the same; the  
wind

Was faint and gusty, and the mountain  
snows

gan to glitter with the climbing moon;  
But Manfred was, as now, within his  
tower,—

How occupied, we knew not, but with  
him

The sole companion of his wanderings  
And watchings—her, whom of all earthly  
things

That lived, the only thing he seem'd to  
love,—

As he, indeed, by blood was bound to do  
The lady Astarte, his—

Hush! who comes here?

*Enter the ABBOT.*

*Abbot.* Where is your master?

*Her.* Yonder in the tower.

*Abbot.* I must speak with him.

*Manuel.* 'Tis impossible;  
He is most private, and must not be thus  
Intruded on.

*Abbot.* Upon myself I take  
The forfeit of my fault, if fault there be—  
But I must see him.

*Her.* Thou hast seen him once  
This eve already.

*Abbot.* Herman! I command thee,  
Knock, and apprize the Count of my ap-  
proach.

*Her.* We dare not.

*Abbot.* Then it seems I must be herald  
Of my own purpose.

*Manuel.* Reverend father, stop—  
I pray you pause.

*Abbot.* Why so?

*Manuel.* But step this way,  
And I will tell you further. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

*Interior of the Tower.*

MANFRED *alone.*

The stars are forth, the moon above the  
tops

Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beau-  
tiful!

I linger yet with Nature, for the Night  
Hath been to me a more familiar face  
Than that of man; and in her starry  
shade

Of dim and solitary loveliness,  
I learn'd the language of another world.  
I do remember me, that in my youth,  
When I was wandering,—upon such a  
night

I stood within the Coliseum's wall,  
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;  
The trees which grew along the broken  
arches

Waved dark in the blue midnight, and  
the stars

Shone through the rents of ruin; from  
afar

The watch-dog bay'd beyond the Tiber:  
and

B. did not care for the world, but was always  
 really a student of criticism  
 Compare Jane Austen's heroines with the  
 stiff creations of Scott.

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BRITISH POETS

More near from out the Cæsars' palace  
 came

The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,  
 Of distant sentinels the fitful song  
 Begun and died upon the gentle wind.  
 Some cypresses beyond the time-worn  
 breach

Appear'd to skirt the horizon, yet they  
 stood

Within a bowshot. Where the Cæsars  
 dwelt,  
 And dwell the tuneless birds of night,  
 amidst

A grove which springs through levell'd  
 battlements,  
 And twines its roots with the imperial  
 hearths,

Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;  
 But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,  
 A noble wreck in ruinous perfection,  
 While Cæsar's chambers, and the Au-  
 gustan halls,

Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.  
 And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon,  
 upon

All this, and cast a wide and tender light,  
 Which soften'd down the hoar austerity  
 Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,  
 As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;  
 Leaving that beautiful which still was so,  
 And making that which was not, till the  
 place

Became religion, and the heart ran o'er  
 With silent worship of the great of old, —  
 The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who  
 still rule

Our spirits from their urns.

'Twas such a night!  
 'T is strange that I recall it at this time;  
 But I have found our thoughts take  
 wildest flight

Even at the moment when they should  
 array

Themselves in pensive order.

*Enter the ABBOT.*

*Abbot.* My good lord!  
 I crave a second grace for this approach;  
 But yet let not my humble zeal offend  
 By its abruptness — all it hath of ill  
 Recoils on me; its good in the effect  
 May light upon your head — could I say  
 heart —

Could I touch *that*, with words or prayers,  
 I should

Recall a noble spirit which hath wan-  
 der'd;

But is not yet all lost.

*Man.* Thou know'st me not;

My days are number'd, and my deeds re-  
 corded :

Retire, or 'twill be dangerous—Away!  
*Abbot.* Thou dost not mean to menace  
 me?

*Man.* Not I;  
 I simply tell thee peril is at hand,  
 And would preserve thee.

*Abbot.* What dost thou mean?

*Man.* Look there!

What dost thou see?  
*Abbot.* Nothing.

*Man.* Look there I say.  
 And steadfastly;—now tell me what  
 thou seest?

*Abbot.* That which should shake me,  
 but I fear it not :

I see a dusk and awful figure rise,  
 Like an infernal god, from out the earth ;  
 His face wrapt in a mantle, and his form  
 Robed as with angry clouds : he stands be-  
 tween

Thyself and me—but I do fear him not.

*Man.* Thou hast no cause—he shall not  
 harm thee—but

His sight may shock thine old limbs into  
 palsy.

I say to thee—Retire !

*Abbot.* And I reply—  
 Never—till I have battled with this  
 fiend :—

What doth he here ?

*Man.* Why—ay—what doth he here ?  
 I did not send for him,—he is unbidden.

*Abbot.* Alas ! lost mortal ! what with  
 guests like these

Hast thou to do ? I tremble for thy sake :  
 Why doth he gaze on thee, and thou on  
 him ?

Ah ! he unveils his aspect : on his brow  
 The thunder-scars are graven : from his  
 eye

Glares forth the immortality of hell—

Avaunt !—

*Man.* Pronounce—what is thy mission ?  
*Spirit.* Come !—

*Abbot.* What art thou, unknown being ?  
 answer !—speak !

*Spirit.* The genius of this mortal.—  
 Come ! 'tis time.

*Man.* I am prepared for all things, but  
 deny

The power which summons me. Who sent  
 thee here ?

*Spirit.* Thou'lt know anon—Come !  
 Come !

*Man.* I have commanded  
 Things of an essence greater far than  
 thine,



Byron is a gifted amateur rather than a professional. So is Scott.  
There is egotism and immaturity in Byron.

And striven with thy masters. Get thee hence!

*Spirit.* Mortal! thine hour is come—  
Away! I say.

*Man.* I knew, and know my hour is come, but not

To render up my soul to such as thee:  
Away! I'll die as I have lived—alone.

*Spirit.* Then I must summon up my brethren.—Rise!

[*Other Spirits rise up.*]

*Abbot.* Avaunt! ye evil ones! —  
Avaunt! I say;

Ye have no power where piety hath power,

And I do charge ye in the name——

*Spirit.* Old man! We know ourselves, our mission, and thine order;

Waste not thy holy words on idle uses,  
It were in vain: this man is forfeited.

Once more I summon him—Away!  
Away!

*Man.* I do defy ye,—though I feel my soul

Is ebbing from me, yet I do defy ye;  
Nor will I hence, while I have earthly breath

To breathe my scorn upon ye—earthly strength

To wrestle, though with spirits; what ye take

Shall be ta'en limb by limb.

*Spirit.* Reluctant mortal! Is this the Magian who would so pervade The world invisible, and make himself Almost our equal? Can it be that thou Art thus in love with life? the very life Which made thee wretched!

*Man.* Thou false fiend, thou liest! My life is in its last hour,—that I know, Nor would redeem a moment of that hour;

I do not combat against death, but thee  
And thy surrounding angels; my past power,

Was purchased by no compact with thy crew,

But by superior science—penance, daring,

And length of watching, strength of mind, and skill

In knowledge of our fathers—when the earth

Saw men and spirits walking side by side,

And gave ye no supremacy: I stand  
Upon my strength—I do defy—deny—  
Spurn back, and scorn ye!—

*Spirit.*

But thy many crimes

Have made thee——

*Man.* What are they to such as thee?  
Must crimes be punish'd but by other crimes, [hell!

And greater criminals?—Back to thy  
Thou hast no power upon me, *that* I feel; [know:

Thou never shalt possess me, *that* I  
What I have done is done; I bear within  
A torture which could nothing gain from thine:

The mind which is immortal makes itself  
Requital for its good or evil thoughts,—  
Is its own origin of ill and end

And its own place and time: its innate sense,

When stripp'd of this mortality, derives  
No color from the fleeting things without,

But is absorb'd in sufferance or in joy,  
Born from the knowledge of its own desert.

*Thou* didst not tempt me, and thou couldst not tempt me;

I have not been thy dupe, nor am thy prey—

But was my own destroyer and will be  
My own hereafter.—Back, ye baffled fiends!—

The hand of death is on me—but not yours! [*The Demons disappear.*]

*Abbot.* Alas! how pale thou art—thy lips are white—

And thy breast heaves—and in thy gasping throat

The accents rattle: Give thy prayers to heaven—

Pray—albeit but in thought,—but die not thus.

*Man.* 'Tis over—my dull eyes can fix thee not;

But all things swim around me, and the earth

Heaves as it were beneath me. Fare thee well!

Give me thy hand.

*Abbot.* Cold — cold — even to the heart—

But yet one prayer—Alas! how fares it with thee?

*Man.* Old man! 'tis not so difficult to die. [*MANFRED expires.*]

*Abbot.* He's gone—his soul hath ta'en its earthless flight;

Whither? I dread to think—but he is gone.

September, 1816—May, 1817. June 16, 1817.

Some of B's poems have a stirring martial quality.

## TO THOMAS MOORE

My boat is on the shore,  
 And my bark is on the sea ;  
 But, before I go, Tom Moore,  
 Here's a double health to thee !

Here's a sigh to those who love me,  
 And a smile to those who hate ;  
 And, whatever sky's above me,  
 Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,  
 Yet it still shall bear me on ;  
 Though a desert should surround me,  
 It liath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,  
 As I gasp'd upon the brink,  
 Ere my fainting spirit fell,  
 'Tis to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,  
 The libation I would pour  
 Should be—peace with thine and mine,  
 And a health to thee, Tom Moore.  
*July, 1817. 1821.*

## FROM CHILDE HAROLD.

## CANTO IV

I STOOD in Venice, on the Bridge of  
 Sighs ; [Stanza 1  
 A palace and a prison on each hand :  
 I saw from out the wave her structures  
 rise  
 As from the stroke of the enchanter's  
 wand :  
 A thousand years their cloudy wings  
 expand  
 Around me, and a dying Glory smiles  
 O'er the far times, when many a sub-  
 ject land  
 Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,  
 Where Venice sate in state, throned on  
 her hundred isles !

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,  
 Rising with her tiara of proud towers  
 At airy distance, with majestic motion,  
 A ruler of the waters and their powers ;  
 And such she was ;—her daughters had  
 their dowers  
 From spoils of nations, and the exhaust-  
 less East  
 Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling  
 showers.  
 In purple was she robed, and of her feast  
 Monarchs partook, and deem'd their  
 dignity increased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,  
 And silent rows the songless gondolier ;  
 Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,  
 And music meets not always now the  
 ear :

Those days are gone—but Beauty still is  
 here.

States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth  
 not die.

Nor yet forget how Venice once was  
 dear,

The pleasant place of all festivity,  
 The revel of the earth, the masque of  
 Italy !

But unto us she hath a spell beyond  
 Her name in story, and her long array  
 Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms  
 despond

Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway ;  
 Ours is a trophy which will not decay  
 With the Rialto ; Shylock and the Moor,  
 And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn  
 away—

The keystones of the arch ! though all  
 were o'er,

For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

The beings of the mind are not of clay ;  
 Essentially immortal, they create  
 And multiply in us a brighter ray  
 And more beloved existence : that which  
 Fate

Prohibits to dull life, in this our state  
 Of mortal bondage, by these spirits sup-  
 plied,

First exiles, then replaces what we hate ;  
 Watering the heart whose early flowers  
 have died,  
 And with a fresher growth replenishing  
 the void.

When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,  
 And fetter'd thousands bore the yoke of  
 war, [St. 16

Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse,  
 Her voice their only ransom from afar :  
 See ! as they chant the tragic hymn, the  
 car

Of the o'ernmaster'd victor stops, the  
 reins

Fall from his hands, his idle scimitar  
 Starts from its belt—he rends his cap-  
 tive's chains,

And bids him thank the bard for free-  
 dom and his strains.

Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were  
 thine,



Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,  
 Thy choral memory of the Bard divine,  
 Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the  
     knot  
 Which ties thee to thy tyrants; and thy  
     lot  
 Is shameful to the nations,—most of all,  
 Albion! to thee: the Ocean queen  
     should not  
 Abandon Ocean's children; in the fall  
 Of Venice think of thine, despite thy  
     watery wall.

I loved her from my boyhood; she to me  
 Was as a fairy city of the heart,  
 Rising like water-columns from the sea,  
 Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the  
     mart;  
 And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shake-  
     speare's art,  
 Had stamp'd her image in me, and even  
     so,  
 Although I found her thus, we did not  
     part,  
 Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,  
 Than when she was a boast, a marvel  
     and a show.

I can repeople with the past—and of  
 The present there is still for eye and  
     thought,  
 And meditation chasten'd down, enough;  
 And more, it may be, than I hoped or  
     sought;  
 And of the happiest moments which  
     were wrought  
 Within the web of my existence, some  
 From thee, fair Venice! have their  
     colors caught:  
 There are some feelings Time cannot  
     benumb,  
 Nor Torture shake, or mine would now  
     be cold and dumb.

But my soul wanders; I demand it back  
 To meditate amongst decay, and  
     stand [St. 25  
 A ruin amidst ruins; there to track  
 Fall'n states and buried greatness, o'er a  
     land  
 Which *was* the mightiest in its old com-  
     mand,  
 And *is* the loveliest, and must ever be  
 The master-mould of Nature's heavenly  
     hand;  
 Wherein were cast the heroic and the  
     free,  
 The beautiful, the brave, the lords of  
     earth and sea,

The commonwealth of kings, the men of  
     Rome!  
 And even since, and now, fair Italy!  
 Thou art the garden of the world, the  
     home  
 Of all Art yields, and Nature can de-  
     cree;  
 Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?  
 Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste  
 More rich than other climes' fertility;  
 Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced  
 With an immaculate charm which can-  
     not be defaced.

The moon is up, and yet it is not night;  
 Sunset divides the sky with her; a sea  
 Of glory streams along the Alpine  
     height  
 Of blue Friuli's mountains; Heaven is  
     free  
 From clouds, but of all colors seems to  
     be,—  
 Melted to one vast Iris of the West,—  
 Where the Day joins the past Eternity,  
 While, on the other hand, meek Dian's  
     crest  
 Floats through the azure air—an island  
     of the blest!

A single star is at her side, and reigns  
 With her o'er half the lovely heaven;  
     but still  
 Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and re-  
     mains  
 Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhætian  
     hill,  
 As Day and Night contending were,  
     until  
 Nature reclaim'd her order:—gently  
     flows  
 The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues  
     instil  
 The odorous purple of a new-born rose,  
 Which streams upon her stream, and  
     glass'd within it glows,

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which,  
     from afar,  
 Comes down upon the waters; all its  
     hues.  
 From the rich sunset to the rising star,  
 Their magical variety diffuse:  
 And now they change; a paler shadow  
     strews  
 Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting  
     day  
 Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang  
     imbues  
 With a new color as it gasps away,

The last still loveliest,—till—'t is gone  
—and all is gray.

Italia ! oh Italia ! thou who hast [St. 42  
The fatal gift of beauty, which became  
A funeral dower of present woes and  
past,

On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd  
by shame,  
And annals graved in characters of  
flame.

Oh, God ! that thou wert in thy naked-  
ness  
Less lovely or more powerful, and  
couldst claim  
Thy right, and awe the robbers back,  
who press  
To shed thy blood, and drink the tears  
of thy distress ;

Then might'st thou more appal ; or, less  
desired,

Be homely and be peaceful, undeplord  
For thy destructive charms ; then, still  
untired,

Would not be seen the armed torrents  
pour'd

Down the deep Alps ; nor would the  
hostile horde

Of many-nation'd spoilers from the Po  
Quaff blood and water ; nor the stranger's  
sword

Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so,  
Victor or vanquish'd, thou the slave of  
friend or foe.

Yet, Italy ! through every other  
land [St. 47

Thy wrongs should ring, and shall, from  
side to side ;

Mother of Arts ! as once of arms ; thy  
hand

Was then our guardian, and is still our  
guide ;

Parent of our religion ! whom the wide  
Nations have knelt to for the keys of  
heaven !

Europe, repentant of her parricide,  
Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward  
driven,

Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be  
forgiven.

Oh Rome ! my country ! city of the  
soul [St. 78

The orphans of the heart must turn to  
thee, [trol

Lone mother of dead empires ! and con-

In their shut breast their petty misery.  
What are our woes and sufferance ?  
Come and see

The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your  
way

O'er steps of broken thrones and tem-  
ples, Ye !

Whose agonies are evils of a day—  
A world is at our feet as fragile as our  
clay.

The Niobe of nations ! there she stands,  
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless  
woe ;

An empty urn within her wither'd  
hands,

Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago ;  
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now ;  
The very sepulchres lie tenantless  
Of their heroic dwellers : dost thou flow,  
Old 'Tiber ! through a marble wilder-  
ness ?

Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle  
her distress.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War,  
Flood, and Fire,

Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's  
pride ;

She saw her glories star by star expire,  
And up the steep barbarian monarchs  
ride,

Where the car climb'd the Capitol ; far  
and wide

Temple and tower went down, nor left a  
site :

Chaos of ruins ! who shall trace the void,  
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar  
light,

And say, "here was, or is," where all is  
doubly night ?

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquer'd be,  
And Freedom find no champion and no  
child

Such as Columbia saw arise when she  
Sprung forth a Pallas, arm'd and un-  
defiled ?

Or must such minds be nourish'd in the  
wild,

Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the  
roar

Of cataracts, where nursing Nature  
smiled

On infant Washington ? Has Earth no  
more

Such seeds within her breast, or Europe  
no such shore ?



Where is the rock of Triumph, the high  
place [St. 112  
Where Rome embraced her heroes?  
where the steep  
Tarpeian? fittest goal of Treason's race,  
The promontory whence the Traitor's  
Leap  
Cured all ambition. Did the conquerors  
heap  
Their spoils here? Yes; and in yon field  
below,  
A thousand years of silenced factions  
sleep—  
The Forum, where the immortal accents  
glow,  
And still the eloquent air breathes—  
burns with Cicero!

Arches on arches! as it were that Rome,  
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,  
Would build up all her triumphs in one  
dome,  
Her Coliseum stands; the moonbeams  
shine  
As 'twere its natural torches, for divine  
Should be the light which streams here  
to illumine  
This long-explored but still exhaustless  
mine  
Of contemplation. and the azure gloom  
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies  
assume

Hues which have words, and speak to ye  
of heaven,  
Floats o'er this vast and wondrous  
monument,  
And shadows forth its glory. There is  
given  
Unto the things of earth, which Time  
hath bent,  
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath  
leant  
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is  
a power  
And magic in the ruin'd battlement,  
For which the palace of the present hour  
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages  
are its dower.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,  
In murmur'd pity, or loud-roar'd ap-  
plause,  
As man was slaughter' by his fellow-  
man.  
And wherefore slaughter'd? wherefore,  
but because  
Such were the bloody Circus' genial  
laws,

And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore  
not?  
What matters where we fall to fill the  
maws  
Of worms—on battle-plains or listed  
spot?  
Both are but theatres where the chief  
actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator lie [St. 140  
He leans upon his hand—his manly  
brow  
Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
And his droop'd head sinks gradually  
low—  
And through his side the last drops,  
ebbing slow  
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by  
one,  
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and  
now  
The arena swims around him—he is  
gone,  
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which  
hail'd the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes  
Were with his heart, and that was far  
away;  
He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,  
But where his rude hut by the Danube  
lay,  
There were his young barbarians all at  
play,  
There was their Dacian mother—he,  
their sire,  
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—  
All this rush'd with his blood—Shall he  
expire  
And unavenged? Arise! ye Goths, and  
glut your ire!

But here, where Murder breathed her  
bloody steam;  
And here, where buzzing nations choked  
the ways,  
And roar'd or murmur'd like a mountain  
stream  
Dashing or winding as its torrent strays;  
Here, where the Roman million's blame  
or praise  
Was death or life, the playthings of a  
crowd,  
My voice sounds much—and fall the  
stars' faint rays  
On the arena void—seats crush'd, walls  
bow'd—  
And galleries, where my steps seem  
echoes strangely loud.

A ruin—yet what ruin ! from its mass  
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been  
rear'd ;

Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,  
And marvel where the spoil could have  
appear'd.

Hath it indeed been plunder'd, or but  
clear'd ?

Alas ! developed, opens the decay,  
When the colossal fabric's form is near'd :  
It will not bear the brightness of the day,  
Which streams too much on all years,  
man, have reft away.

But when the rising moon begins to  
climb

Its topmost arch, and gently pauses  
there ;

When the stars twinkle through the  
loops of time,

And the low night-breeze waves along  
the air

The garland-forest, which the gray walls  
wear,

Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's  
head ;

When the light shines serene but doth  
not glare,

Then in this magic circle raise the dead :  
Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their  
dust ye tread.

But where is he, the Pilgrim of my song,  
The being who upheld it through the  
past ? [St. 164

Methinks he cometh late and tarries long.  
He is no more—these breathings are his  
last ;

His wanderings done, his visions ebbing  
fast

And he himself as nothing :—if he was  
Aught but a phantasy, and could be  
class'd

With forms which live and suffer—let  
that pass—

His shadow fades away into Destruction's mass,

Which gathers shadow, substance, life,  
and all

That we inherit in its mortal shroud,  
And spreads the dim and universal pall  
Through which all things grow phan-  
toms ; and the cloud

Between us sinks, and all which ever  
glow'd,

Till Glory's self is twilight, and displays  
A melancholy halo scarce allow'd

To hover on the verge of darkness ; rays

Sadder than saddest night, for they dis-  
tract the gaze,

And send us prying into the abyss,  
To gather what we shall be when the  
frame

Shall be resolved to something less than  
this

Its wretched essence ; and to dream of  
fame.

And wipe the dust from off the idle name  
We never more shall hear,—but never  
more,

Oh, happier thought ! can we be made  
the same :

It is enough in sooth that *once* we bore  
These fardels of the heart—the heart  
whose sweat was gore.

But I forget.—My Pilgrim's shrine is won,  
And he and I must part,—so let it be—  
His task and mine alike are nearly done ;  
Yet once more let us look upon the sea ;  
The midland ocean breaks on him and  
me ;

And from the Alban Mount we now be-  
hold

Our friend of youth, that Ocean, which  
when we

Beheld it last by Calpe's rock unfold  
Those waves, we follow'd on till the  
dark Euxine roll'd

Upon the blue Symplegades: long years—  
Long, though not very many—since  
have done [St. 176

Their work on both ; some suffering  
and some tears

Have left us nearly where we had begun :  
Yet not in vain our mortal race hath run ;  
We have had our reward, and it is here,—  
That we can yet feel gladden'd by the sun,  
And reap from earth, sea, joy almost as  
dear

As if there were no man to trouble what  
is clear.

Oh ! that the Desert were my dwelling-  
place,

With one fair Spirit for my minister,  
That I might all forget the human race,  
And, hating no one, love but only her !  
Ye elements !—in whose ennobling stir  
I feel myself exalted—Can ye not  
Accord me such a being ! Do I err  
In deeming such inhabit many a spot ?  
Though with them to converse can rare-  
ly be our lot.



There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
 There is society, where none intrudes,  
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :  
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,  
 From these our interviews, in which I  
 steal

From all I may be, or have been before,  
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel  
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot  
 all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean  
 —roll !

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in  
 vain ;

Man marks the earth with ruin—his  
 control

Stops with the shore ; upon the watery  
 plain

The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth  
 remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling  
 groan,

Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd,  
 and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy  
 fields

Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise  
 And shake him from thee ; the vile  
 strength he wields

For earth's destruction thou dost all de-  
 spise,

Spurning him from thy bosom to the  
 skies,

And send'st him, shivering in thy play-  
 ful spray

And howling, to his Gods, where haply  
 lies

His petty home in some near port or bay  
 And dashest him again to earth :—there  
 let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the  
 walls,

Of rock-built cities, bidding nations  
 quake,

And monarchs tremble in their capitals,  
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs  
 make

Their clay creator the vain title take  
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—  
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy  
 flake,

They melt into thy yeast of waves,  
 which mar

Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of  
 Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all  
 save thee—

Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what  
 are they ?

Thy waters wash'd them power while  
 they were free,

And many a tyrant since ; their shores  
 obey

The stranger, slave, or savage ; their de-  
 cay

Has dried up realms to deserts : not so  
 thou ;—

Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves'  
 play,

Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure  
 brow :

Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou  
 rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Al-  
 mighty's form

Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,—  
 Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale,  
 or storm,

Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
 Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and  
 sublime,

The image of eternity, the throne  
 Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime  
 The monsters of the deep are made ;  
 each zone

Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread,  
 fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my  
 joy

Of youthful sports was on thy breast to  
 be

Borne, like thy bubbles, onward ; from  
 a boy

I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to  
 me

Were a delight ; and if the fresheening sea  
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing  
 fear,

For I was as it were a child of thee,  
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I  
 do here.

My task is done, my song hath ceased,  
 my theme

Has died into an echo ; it is fit  
 The spell should break of this protracted  
 dream.

The torch shall be extinguish'd which  
hath lit  
My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is  
writ;  
Would it were worthier! but I am not  
now  
That which I have been—and my visions  
flit  
Less palpably before me—and the glow  
Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering,  
faint, and low.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath  
been—  
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—  
farewell!  
Ye! who have traced the Pilgrim to the  
scene  
Which is his last, if in your memories  
dwell  
A thought which once was his, if on ye  
swell  
A single recollection, not in vain  
He wore his sandal-shoon and scallop-  
shell;  
Farewell! with *him* alone may rest the  
pain,  
If such there were—with *you*, the moral  
of his strain.

*June 26—July 20, 1817. 1818.*

### DON JUAN

#### DEDICATION

BOB SOUTHEY! You're a poet—Poet-  
laureate,  
And representative of all the race;  
Although 't is true that you turn'd out a  
Tory at  
Last,—yours has lately been a com-  
mon case;  
And now, my Epic Renegade! what are  
ye at?  
With all the Lakers, in and out of  
place?  
A nest of tuneful persons, to my eye  
Like “four and twenty Blackbirds in a  
pye;  
“Which pye being open'd they began to  
sing”  
(This old song and new simile holds  
good).  
“A dainty dish to set before the King,”  
Or Regent, who admires such kind of  
food;—  
And Coleridge, too, has lately taken  
wing,

But like a hawk encumber'd with his  
hood,—  
Explaining metaphysics to the nation—  
I wish he would explain his Explanation.

You, Bob! are rather insolent, you  
know,  
At being disappointed in your wish  
To supersede all warblers here below.  
And be the only Blackbird in the dish;  
And then you overstrain yourself, or so,  
And tumble downward like the flying  
fish  
Gasping on deck, because you soar too  
high, Bob,  
And fall for lack of moisture quite  
a-dry, Bob!

And Wordsworth, in a rather long “Ex-  
cursion”  
(I think the quarto holds five hundred  
pages),  
Has given a sample from the vasty ver-  
sion  
Of his new system to perplex the  
sages;  
'T is poetry—at least by his assertion,  
And may appear so when the dog-star  
rages—  
And he who understands it would be able  
To add a story to the Tower of Babel.

You—Gentlemen! by dint of long seclu-  
sion  
From better company, have kept your  
own  
At Keswick, and through still continued  
fusion  
Of one another's minds, at last have  
grown  
To deem as a most logical conclusion,  
That poesy has wreaths for you alone;  
There is a narrowness in such a notion,  
Which makes me wish you'd change  
your lakes for ocean.

I would not imitate the petty thought,  
Nor coin my self-love to so base a vice,  
For all the glory your conversion  
brought,  
Since gold alone should not have been  
its price,  
You have your salary; was 't for that  
you wrought?  
And Wordsworth has his place in the  
Excise.  
You're shabby fellows—true—but poets  
still,  
And duly seated on the immortal hill.



Your bays may hide the baldness of your brows—

Perhaps some virtuous blushes;—let them go—

To you I envy neither fruit nor boughs—  
And for the fame you would engross below,

The field is universal, and allows  
Scope to all such as feel the inherent glow;

Scott, Rogers, Campbell, Moore and Crabbe will try

'Gainst you the question with posterity.

For me, who, wandering with pedestrian Muses,

Contend not with you on the winged steed,

I wish your fate may yield ye, when she chooses,

The fame you envy, and the skill you need;

And recollect a poet nothing loses  
In giving to his brethren their full meed

Of merit, and complaint of present days  
Is not the certain path to future praise.

He that reserves his laurels for posterity  
(Who does not often claim the bright reversion)

Has generally no great crop to spare it,  
he

Being only injured by his own assertion;

And although here and there some glorious rarity

Arise like Titan from the sea's immersion,

The major part of such appellants go  
To—God knows where—for no one else can know.

If, fallen in evil days on evil tongues,  
Milton appealed to the Avenger, Time,  
If Time, the Avenger, execrates his wrongs,

And makes the word "Miltonic" mean  
"sublime,"

He deign'd not to belie his soul in songs,  
Nor turn his very talent to a crime;

He did not loathe the Sire to laud the Son,

But closed the tyrant-hater he begun.

Think'st thou, could he—the blind Old Man,—arise,

Like Samuel from the grave, to freeze once more

The blood of monarchs with his prophecies.

Or be alive again—again all hoar  
With time and trials, and those helpless eyes,

And heartless daughters—worn—and pale—and poor;

Would *he* adore a sultan? *he* obey  
The intellectual eunuch Castlereagh?

Cold-blooded, smooth-faced, placid miscreant!

Dabbling its sleek young hands in Erin's gore

And thus for wider carnage taught to pant,

Transferr'd to gorge upon a sister shore,

The vulgarest tool that Tyranny could want,

With just enough of talent, and no more,

To lengthen fetters by another fix'd,  
And offer poison long already mix'd.

An orator of such set trash of phrase  
Ineffably—legitimately vile.

That even its grossest flatterers dare not praise,

Nor foes—all nations—condescend to smile;

Not even a sprightly blunder's spark can blaze

From that Ixion grindstone's ceaseless toil,

That turns and turns to give the world a notion

Of endless torments and perpetual motion.

A bungler even in its disgusting trade,  
And botching, patching, leaving still behind

Something of which its masters are afraid,

States to be curb'd, and thoughts to be confined,

Conspiracy or Congress to be made—  
Cobbling at manacles for all mankind—

A tinkering slave-maker, who mends old chains,

With God and man's abhorrence for its gains.

If we may judge of matter by the mind,  
Emasculated to the marrow *It*

Hath but two objects, how to serve, and bind,

Deeming the chain it wears even men  
may fit,  
Eutropius of its many masters—blind  
To worth as freedom, wisdom as to wit,  
Fearless—because *no* feeling dwells in  
ice,  
Its very courage stagnates to a vice.

Where shall I turn me not to *view* its  
bonds,

For I will never *feel* them ;—Italy !  
Thy late reviving Roman soul desponds  
Beneath the lie this State-thing  
breathed o'er thee—

Thy clanking chain, and Erin's yet green  
wounds,

Have voices—tongues to cry aloud for  
me.

Europe has slaves, allies, kings, armies  
still,

And Southey lives to sing them very ill.

Meantime, Sir Laureate, I proceed to ded-  
icate,

In honest simple verse, this song to  
you.

And, if in flattering strains I do not pred-  
icate,

'T is that I still retain my "buff and  
blue ;"

My politics as yet are all to educate :

Apostasy's so fashionable, too,  
To keep *one* creed's a task grown quite  
Herculean :

Is it not so, my Tory, Ultra-Julian ?  
*September, 1818. July 15, 1819.*

#### FROM CANTO I

##### POETICAL COMMANDMENTS

If ever I should condescend to prose,  
I'll write poetical commandments,  
which [St. 204

Shall supersede beyond all doubt all  
those

That went before ; in these I shall en-  
rich

My text with many things that no one  
knows,

And carry precept to the highest pitch :  
I'll call the work "Longinus o'era Bottle,  
Or, Every Poet his *own* Aristotle."

Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden,  
Pope ;

Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth,  
Coleridge, Southey ;

Because the first is crazed beyond all  
hope,

The second drunk, the third so quaint  
and mouthy :

With Crabbe it may be difficult to cope,  
And Campbell's Hippocrene is some-  
what drouthy :

Thou shalt not steal from Samuel Rogers,  
nor

Commit—flirtation with the muse of  
Moore.

Thou shalt not covet Mr. Sotheby's  
Muse,

His Pegasus, nor anything that's his ;  
Thou shalt not bear false witness like  
"the Blues"—

(There's one, at least, is very fond of  
this) ;

Thou shalt not write, in short, but what  
I choose ;

This is true criticism, and you may  
kiss—

Exactly as you please, or not—the rod ;  
But if you don't, I'll lay it on, by G—d !

##### LABUNTUR ANNI

"*Non ego hoc ferrem calidus juventâ  
Consule Plânco,*" Horace said, and so  
Say I ; by which quotation there is  
meant a [St. 212

Hint that some six or seven good years  
ago

(Long ere I dreamt of dating from the  
Brenta)

I was most ready to return a blow,  
And would not brook at all this sort of  
thing

In my hot youth—when George the  
Third was King.

But now at thirty years my hair is gray—  
(I wonder what it will be like at forty ?  
I thought of a peruke the other day—)

My heart is not much greener ; and, in  
short, I

Have squander'd my whole summer  
while 't was May,

And feel no more the spirit to retort ; I  
Have spent my life, both interest and  
principal,

And deem not, what I deem'd, my soul  
invincible.

No more—no more—Oh ! never more on  
me

The freshness of the heart can fall like  
dew,

Which out of all the lovely things we see  
Extracts emotions beautiful and new,



Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the  
bee.

Think'st thou the honey with those ob-  
jects grew?

Alas! 't was not in them, but in thy power  
To double even the sweetness of a flower.

No more—no more—Oh! never more, my  
heart,

Canst thou be my sole world, my uni-  
verse!

Once all in all, but now a thing apart.

Thou canst not be my blessing or my  
curse:

The illusion's gone for ever, and thou art  
Insensible, I trust, but none the worse,

And in thy stead I've got a deal of  
judgment,

Though heaven knows how it ever found  
a lodgment.

My days of love are over; me no more  
The charms of maid, wife, and still less  
of widow,

Can make the fool of which they made  
before,—

In short, I must not lead the life I did  
do;

The credulous hope of mutual minds is  
o'er,

The copious use of claret is forbid too,  
So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,  
I think I must take up with avarice.

Ambition was my idol, which was broken  
Before the shrines of Sorrow, and of  
Pleasure;

And the two last have left me many a  
token

O'er which reflection may be made at  
leisure;

Now, like Friar Bacon's brazen head,  
I've spoken,

"Time is, Time was, Time's past:"—a  
chymic treasure

Is glittering youth, which I have spent  
betimes—

My heart in passion, and my head on  
rhymes.

What is the end of fame? 't is but to fill  
A certain portion of uncertain paper:  
Some liken it to climbing up a hill

Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in  
vapor;

For this men write, speak, preach, and  
heroes kill,

And bards burn what they call their  
"midnight taper,"

To have, when the original is dust,

A name, a wretched picture, and worse  
bust.

Canto I. *September, 1818.* July 15, 1819.

## FROM CANTO II

### THE SHIPWRECK

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day  
went down [St. 49.]

Over the waste of waters; like a veil,  
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose  
the frown

Of one whose hate is mask'd but to assail.  
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was  
shown,

And grimly darkled o'er the faces pale,  
And the dim desolate deep: twelve days  
had Fear

Been their familiar, and now Death was  
here.

Some trial had been making at a raft,  
With little hope in such a rolling sea,  
A sort of thing at which one would have  
laugh'd,

If any laughter at such times could be.  
Unless with people who too much have  
quaff'd,

And have a kind of wild and horrid  
glee,

Half epileptical, and half hysterical:—  
Their preservation would have been a  
miracle.

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hen-  
coops, spars,

And all things, for a chance, had been  
cast loose

That still could keep afloat the struggling  
tars,

For yet they strove, although of no  
great use:

There was no light in heaven but a few  
stars,

The boats put off o'ercrowded with  
their crews;

She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,  
And, going down head-foremost—sunk,  
in short.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild fare-  
well—

Then shriek'd the timid, and stood  
still the brave—

Then some leap'd overboard with dread-  
ful yell,

As eager to anticipate their grave;

And the sea yawn'd around her like a  
hell,

And down she suck'd with her the  
whirling wave,  
Like one who grapples with his enemy,  
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there  
rush'd.

Louder than the loud ocean, like a  
crash  
Of echoing thunder; and then all was  
hush'd,

Save the wild wind and the remorse-  
less dash  
Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,  
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,  
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry  
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

## HAIDEE

How long in his damp trance young  
Juan lay [St. 111.

He knew not, for the earth was gone  
for him.

And time had nothing more of night  
nor day

For his congealing blood, and senses  
dim;

And how this heavy faintness pass'd  
away

He knew not, till each painful pulse  
and limb,

And tingling vein, seem'd throbbing  
back to life.

For Death, though vanquish'd, still re-  
tired with strife.

His eyes he open'd, shut, again unclosed,  
For all was doubt and dizziness; he  
thought

He still was in the boat, and had but  
dozed,

And felt again with his despair o'er-  
wrought,

And wish'd it death in which he had  
reposed,

And then once more his feelings back  
were brought.

And slowly by his swimming eyes was  
seen

A lovely female face of seventeen.

'Twas bending close o'er his, and the  
small mouth

Seem'd almost prying into his for  
breath;

And chafing him, the soft warm hand  
of youth

Recall'd his answering spirits back  
from death;

And, bathing his chill temples, tried to  
soothe

Each pulse to animation, till beneath  
Its gentle touch and trembling care, a  
sigh

To these kind efforts made a low reply.

Then was the cordial pour'd, and mantle  
flung

Around his scarce-clad limbs; and the  
fair arm

Raised higher the faint head which o'er  
it hung;

And her transparent cheek, all pure  
and warm,

Pillow'd his death-like forehead; then  
she wrung

His dewy curls, long drench'd by  
every storm;

And watch'd with eagerness each throb  
that drew

A sigh from his heaved bosom—and  
hers, too.

And lifting him with care into the cave,  
The gentle girl, and her attendant,—  
one

Young, yet her elder, and of brow less  
grave,

And more robust of figure—then begun  
To kindle fire, and as the new flames

gave

Light to the rocks that roof'd them,  
which the sun

Had never seen, the maid, or whatsoe'er  
She was, appear'd distinct, and tall,  
and fair.

Her brow was overhung with coins of  
gold,

That sparkled o'er the auburn of her  
hair,

Her clustering hair, whose longer locks  
were roll'd

In braids behind; and though her  
stature were

Even of the highest for a female mould.  
They nearly reach'd her heel; and in  
her air

There was a something which bespoke  
command,

As one who was a lady in the land.

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her  
eyes

Were black as death, their lashes the  
same hue,



Of downcast length, in whose silk  
shadow lies  
Deepest attraction; for when to the  
view

Forth from its raven fringe the full  
glance flies,  
Ne'er with such force the swiftest  
arrow flew;  
'Tis as the snake late coil'd, who pours  
his length,  
And hurls at once his venom and his  
strength.

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's  
pure dye  
Like twilight rosy still with the set  
sun;

Short upper lip—sweet lips! that make  
us sigh

Ever to have seen such; for she was  
one

Fit for the model of a statuary  
(A race of mere impostors, when all's  
done—

I've seen much finer women, ripe and  
real,  
Than all the nonsense of their stone  
ideal).

I'll tell you why I say so, for 't is just  
One should not rail without a decent  
cause:

There was an Irish lady, to whose bust  
I ne'er saw justice done, and yet she  
was

A frequent model; and if e'er she must  
Yield to stern Time and Nature's  
wrinkling laws,

They will destroy a face which mortal  
thought

Ne'er compass'd, nor less mortal chisel  
wrought.

And such was she, the lady of the cave:  
Her dress was very different from the  
Spanish,

Simpler, and yet of colors not so grave;  
For, as you know, the Spanish women  
banish

Bright hues when out of doors, and yet,  
while wave

Around them (what I hope will never  
vanish)

The basquina and the mantilla, they  
Seem at the same time mystical and gay.

But with our damsel this was not the  
case:

Her dress was many-color'd, finely  
spun;

Her locks curl'd negligently round her  
face,

But through them gold and gems pro-  
fusely shone:

Her girdle sparkled, and the richest lace  
Flow'd in her veil, and many a precious  
stone

Flash'd on her little hand; but, what  
was shocking,

Her small snow feet had slippers, but no  
stocking.

The other female's dress was not unlike,  
But of inferior materials: she

Had not so many ornaments to strike,  
Her hair had silver only, bound to be

Her dowry; and her veil, in form alike,  
Was coarser; and her air, though  
firm, less free;

Her hair was thicker, but less long; her  
eyes

As black, but quicker, and of smaller  
size.

And these two tended him, and cheer'd  
him both

With food and raiment, and those soft  
attentions,

Which are—(as I must own)—of female  
growth,

And have ten thousand delicate inven-  
tions:

They made a most superior mess of broth,  
A thing which poesy but seldom men-  
tions,

But the best dish that e'er was cook'd  
since Homer's

Achilles order'd dinner for new comers.

The coast—I think it was the coast that I  
Was just describing—Yes, it *was* the  
coast— [St. 181]

Lay at this period quiet as the sky,  
The sands untumbled, the blue waves  
untost,

And all was stillness, save the sea-bird's  
cry,

And dolphin's leap, and little billow  
crost

By some low rock or shelve, that made  
it fret

Against the boundary it scarcely wet.

And forth they wander'd, her sire being  
gone,

As I have said, upon an expedition;

And mother, brother, guardian, she had  
none,

Save Zoe, who, although with due pre-  
cision

She waited on her lady with the sun,  
 Thought daily service was her only  
 mission,  
 Bringing warm water, wreathing her  
 long tresses,  
 And asking now and then for cast-off  
 dresses.

It was the cooling hour, just when the  
 rounded  
 Red sun sinks down behind the azure  
 hill,  
 Which then seems as if the whole earth  
 it bounded,  
 Circling all nature, hush'd, and dim,  
 and still,  
 With the far mountain-crescent half  
 surrounded  
 On one side, and the deep sea calm  
 and chill,  
 Upon the other, and the rosy sky,  
 With one star sparkling through it like  
 an eye.

And thus they wander'd forth, and hand  
 in hand,  
 Over the shining pebbles and the shells,  
 Glided along the smooth and harden'd  
 sand,  
 And in the worn and wild receptacles  
 Work'd by the storms, yet work'd as it  
 were plann'd,  
 In hollow halls, with sparry roofs and  
 cells,  
 They turn'd to rest; and, each clasp'd  
 by an arm,  
 Yielded to the deep twilight's purple  
 charm.

They look'd up to the sky, whose float-  
 ing glow  
 Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and  
 bright;  
 They gazed upon the glittering sea be-  
 low,  
 Whence the broad moon rose circling  
 into sight;  
 They heard the waves splash, and the  
 wind so low,  
 And saw each other's dark eyes darting  
 light  
 Into each other—and, beholding this,  
 Their lips drew near, and clung into a  
 kiss;

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth, and  
 love,  
 And beauty, all concentrating like rays  
 Into one focus, kindled from above;

Such kisses as belong to early days,  
 Where heart, and soul, and sense, in  
 concert move,  
 And the blood's lava, and the pulse a  
 blaze,  
 Each kiss a heart-quake,—for a kiss's  
 strength,  
 I think it must be reckon'd by its length.

By length I mean duration; theirs en-  
 dured  
 Heaven knows how long—no doubt  
 they never reckon'd;  
 And if they had, they could not have  
 secured  
 The sum of their sensations to a second;  
 They had not spoken; but they felt al-  
 lured,  
 As if their souls and lips each other  
 beckon'd,  
 Which, being join'd, like swarming bees  
 they clung—  
 Their hearts the flowers from whence  
 the honey sprung.

They were alone, but not alone as they  
 Who shut in chambers think it lone-  
 liness;  
 The silent ocean, and the starlight bay,  
 The twilight glow, which momentarily  
 grew less,  
 The voiceless sands, and dropping caves,  
 that lay  
 Around them, made them to each other  
 press,  
 As if there were no life beneath the sky  
 Save theirs, and that their life could  
 never die.

They fear'd no eyes nor ears on that lone  
 beach,  
 They felt no terrors from the night;  
 they were  
 All in all to each other; though their  
 speech  
 Was broken words, they *thought* a  
 language there,—  
 And all the burning tongues the passions  
 teach  
 Found in one sigh the best interpreter  
 Of nature's oracle—first love,—that all  
 Which Eve has left her daughters since  
 her fall.

Alas! the love of women! it is known  
 To be a lovely and a fearful thing;  
 For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,  
 And if 't is lost, life hath no more to  
 bring



To them but mockeries of the past alone,  
And their revenge is as the tiger's  
spring,  
Deadly, and quick, and crushing; yet,  
as real  
Torture is theirs, what they inflict they  
feel.

They are right; for man, to man so oft  
unjust,  
Is always so to women; one sole bond  
Awaits them, treachery is all their trust;  
Taught to conceal, their bursting  
hearts despond  
Over their idol, till some wealthier lust  
Buys them in marriage—and what  
rests beyond?  
A thankless husband, next a faithless  
lover,  
Then dressing, nursing, praying, and  
all's over.

Some take a lover, some take drams or  
prayers,  
Some mind their household, others  
dissipation,  
Some run away, and but exchange their  
cares,  
Losing the advantage of a virtuous  
station;  
Few changes e'er can better their affairs,  
Theirs being an unnatural situation,  
From the dull palace to the dirty hovel:  
Some play the devil, and then write a  
novel.

Haidée was Nature's bride, and knew  
not this:  
Haidée was Passion's child, born  
where the sun  
Showers triple light, and scorches even  
the kiss  
Of his gazelle-eyed daughters; she was  
one  
Made but to love, to feel that she was  
his  
Who was her chosen: what was said or  
done  
Elsewhere was nothing. She had nought  
to fear,  
Hope, care, nor love beyond,—her heart  
beat *here*.

And oh! that quickening of the heart,  
that beat!  
How much it costs us! yet each rising  
throb  
Is in its cause as its effect so sweet,  
That wisdom, ever on the watch to rob  
Joy of its alchemy, and to repeat

Fine truths; even Conscience, too, has  
a tough job  
To make us understand each good old  
maxim,  
So good—I wonder Castlereagh don't tax  
'em.

And now 't was done—on the lone shore  
were plighted  
Their hearts; the stars, their nuptial  
torches, shed  
Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted;  
Ocean their witness, and the cave  
their bed,  
By their own feelings hallow'd and  
united,  
Their priest was Solitude, and they  
were wed:  
And they were happy, for to their young  
eyes  
Each was an angel, and earth paradise.

Oh, Love! of whom great Cæsar was the  
suitor,  
Titus the master, Antony the slave,  
Horace, Catullus, scholars, Ovid tutor,  
Sappho the sage blue-stockings, in  
whose grave  
All those may leap who rather would be  
neuter—  
(Leucadia's rock still overlooks the  
wave)—  
Oh, Love! thou art the very god of evil,  
For, after all, we cannot call thee devil.

Thou mak'st the chaste connubial state  
precarious,  
And jestest with the brows of might-  
iest men:  
Cæsar and Pompey, Mahomet, Belisarius,  
Have much employ'd the muse of his-  
tory's pen:  
Their lives and fortunes were extremely  
various,  
Such worthies Time will never see  
again;  
Yet to these four in three things the  
same luck holds,  
They all were heroes, conquerors, and  
cuckolds.

Thou mak'st philosophers; there's Epi-  
curus  
And Aristippus, a material crew!  
Who to immoral courses would allure us  
By theories quite practicable too;  
If only from the devil they would insure  
us,  
How pleasant were the maxim (not  
quite new),

"Eat, drink, and love; what can the  
rest avail us?"  
So said the royal sage Sardanapalus.

But Juan! had he quite forgotten Julia?  
And should he have forgotten her so  
soon?

I can't but say it seems to me most  
truly a  
Perplexing question; but, no doubt,  
the moon

Does these things for us, and whenever  
newly a

Strong palpitation rises, 't is her boon,  
Else how the devil is it that fresh fea-  
tures

Have such a charm for us poor human  
creatures?

I hate inconstancy—I loathe, detest,  
Abhor, condemn, abjure the mortal  
made

Of such quicksilver clay that in his  
breast

No permanent foundation can be laid;  
Love, constant love, has been my con-  
stant guest,

And yet last night, being at a masque-  
rade,

I saw the prettiest creature, fresh from  
Milan,

Which gave me some sensations like a  
villain.

But soon Philosophy came to my aid,  
And whisper'd, "Think of every  
sacred tie!"

"I will, my dear Philosophy!" I said,  
"But then her teeth, and then, oh,  
Heaven! her eye!"

I'll just inquire if she be wife or maid,  
Or neither—out of curiosity."

"Stop!" cried Philosophy, with air so  
Grecian

(Though she was masqued then as a fair  
Venetian);

"Stop!" so I stopp'd.—But to return:  
that which

Men call inconstancy is nothing more  
Than admiration due where nature's  
rich

Profusion with young beauty covers  
o'er

Some favor'd object; and as in the niche  
A lovely statue we almost adore,

This sort of adoration of the real  
Is but a heightening of the "beau  
ideal."

'T is the perception of the beautiful,  
A fine extension of the faculties,  
Platonic, universal, wonderful,  
Drawn from the stars, and filter'd  
through the skies,  
Without which life would be extremely  
dull;

In short, it is the use of our own eyes,  
With one or two small senses added, just  
To hint that flesh is form'd of fiery dust.

Yet 't is a painful feeling, and unwilling,  
For surely if we always could perceive  
In the same object graces quite as kill-  
ing

As when she rose upon us like an Eve,  
'T would save us many a heart-ache,  
many a shilling

(For we must get them anyhow, or  
grieve),

Whereas, if one sole lady pleased for-  
ever,

How pleasant for the heart, as well as  
liver.

The heart is like the sky, a part of  
heaven,

But changes night and day, too, like  
the sky;

Now o'er it clouds and thunder must be  
driven,

And darkness and destruction as on  
high:

But when it hath been scorch'd, and  
pierced, and riven,

Its storms expire in water-drops; the  
eye

Pours forth at last the heart's blood  
turn'd to tears,

Which make the English climate of our  
years.

The liver is the lazaret of bile,

But very rarely executes its function,  
For the first passion stays there such a  
while,

That all the rest creep in and form a  
junction,

Like knots of vipers on a dunghill's soil,  
Rage, fear, hate, jealousy, revenge,

compunction,  
So that all mischiefs spring up from this  
entail,

Like earthquakes from the hidden fire  
call'd "central."

In the mean time, without proceeding  
more

In this anatomy, I've finish'd now



Two hundred and odd stanzas as before,  
That being about the number I'll  
allow  
Each canto of the twelve, or twenty-  
four ;  
And, laying down my pen, I make my  
bow,  
Leaving Don Juan and Haidée to plead  
For them and theirs with all who deign  
to read.

Canto II., *December, 1818, January,*  
*1819. July 15, 1819.*

## FROM CANTO III

## THE ISLES OF GREECE

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !  
Where burning Sappho loved and  
sung,  
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—  
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus  
sprung !  
Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,  
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,  
Have found the fame your shores refuse:  
Their place of birth alone is mute  
To sounds which echo further west  
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—  
And Marathon looks on the sea ;  
And musing there an hour alone,  
I dream'd that Greece might still be  
free ;  
For standing on the Persians' grave,  
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow  
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;  
And ships, by thousands, lay below,  
And men in nations ;—all were his !  
He counted them at break of day—  
And when the sun set, where were they ?

And where are they ? and where art thou,  
My country ? On thy voiceless shore  
The heroic lay is tuneless now—  
The heroic bosom beats no more !  
And must thy lyre, so long divine,  
Degenerate into hands like mine ?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,  
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,  
To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;  
For what is left the poet here ?  
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest ?  
Must *we* but blush ?—Our fathers bled.  
Earth ! render back from out thy breast  
A remnant of our Spartan dead !  
Of the three hundred grant but three,  
To make a new Thermopylæ !

What, silent still ? and silent all ?  
Ah ! no ;—the voices of the dead  
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,  
And answer, " Let one living head,  
But one arise,—we come, we come !"  
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain : strike other chords ;  
Fill high the cup with Samian wine !  
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,  
And shed the blood of Scio's vine !  
Hark ! rising to the ignoble call—  
How answers each bold Bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet ;  
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?  
Of two such lessons, why forget  
The nobler and the manlier one ?  
You have the letters Cadmus gave—  
Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !  
We will not think of themes like these !  
It made Anacreon's song divine ;  
He served—but served Polycrates—  
A tyrant ; but our masters then  
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese  
Was freedom's best and bravest  
friend ;  
*That* tyrant was Miltiades !  
Oh ! that the present hour would lend  
Another despot of the kind !  
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !  
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,  
Exists the remnant of a line  
Such as the Doric mothers bore ;  
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,  
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks,  
They have a king who buys and sells ;  
In native swords and native ranks,  
The only hope of courage dwells :  
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,  
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !  
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—  
I see their glorious black eyes shine ;  
But gazing on each glowing maid,

My own the burning tear-drop laves,  
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,  
Where nothing, save the waves and I,  
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;  
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:  
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—  
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

Thus sung, or would, or could, or should  
have sung, St. 87  
The modern Greek, in tolerable verse;  
If not like Orpheus quite, when Greece  
was young,  
Yet in these times he might have done  
much worse:  
His strain display'd some feeling—right  
or wrong;  
And feeling, in a poet, is the source  
Of others' feeling; but they are such  
liars,  
And take all colors—like the hands of  
dyers.

But words are things, and a small drop  
of ink,  
Falling like dew, upon a thought, pro-  
duces  
That which makes thousands, perhaps  
millions, think;  
'Tis strange, the shortest letter which  
man uses  
Instead of speech, may form a lasting  
link  
Of ages; to what straits old Time re-  
duces  
Frail man when paper—even a rag like  
this,  
Survives himself, his tomb, and all that's  
his!

And when his bones are dust, his grave  
a blank,  
His station, generation, even his na-  
tion,  
Become a thing, or nothing, save to rank  
In chronological commemoration,  
Some dull MS. oblivion long has sank,  
Or graven stone found in a barrack's  
station  
In digging the foundation of a closet,  
May turn his name up, as a rare deposit.

And glory long has made the sages smile;  
'Tis something, nothing, words, il-  
lusion wind—  
Depending more upon the historian's  
style

Than on the name a person leaves  
behind:

Troy owes to Homer what whist owes to  
Hoyle;

The present century was growing blind  
To the great Marlborough's skill in giv-  
ing knocks,

Until his late Life by Archdeacon Coxe.

Milton's the prince of poets—so we say;  
A little heavy, but no less divine:  
An independent being in his day—

Learn'd, pious, temperate in love and  
wine;

But his life falling into Johnson's way,  
We're told this great high priest of all  
the Nine

Was whipt at college—a harsh sire—  
odd spouse,

For the first Mrs. Milton left his house.

All these are, *certes*, entertaining facts,  
Like Shakspeare's stealing deer, Lord  
Bacon's bribes;

Like Titus' youth, and Cæsar's earliest  
acts;

Like Burns (whom Doctor Currie well  
describes);

Like Cromwell's pranks;—but although  
truth exacts

These amiable descriptions from the  
scribes,

As most essential to their hero's story,  
They do not much contribute to his glory.

All are not moralists, like Southey, when  
He prated to the world of "Pantis-  
ocracy:"

Or Wordsworth unexcised, unhired, who  
then

Season'd his pedlar poems with de-  
mocracy;

Or Coleridge, long before his flighty pen  
Let to the Morning Post its aris-  
tocracy;

When he and Southey, following the  
same path,

Espoused two partners (milliners of  
Bath).

Such names at present cut a convict  
figure,

The very Botany Bay in moral geo-  
graphy;

Their royal treason, renegado rigor,  
Are good manure for their more bare  
biography.

Wordsworth's last quarto, by the way,  
is bigger



Than any since the birthday of typography;  
A drowsy frowzy poem, call'd the "Excursion,"  
Writ in a manner which is my aversion.

He there builds up a formidable dyke  
Between his own and others' intellect;  
But Wordsworth's poem, and his followers, like  
Joanna Southcote's Shiloh, and her sect,  
Are things which in this century don't strike  
The public mind,—so few are the elect;  
And the new births of both their stale virginities  
Have proved but dropsies, taken for divinities.

But let me to my story: I must own,  
If I have any fault, it is digression,  
Leaving my people to proceed alone,  
While I soliloquize beyond expression:  
But these are my addresses from the throne,  
Which put off business to the ensuing session:  
Forgetting each omission is a loss to  
The world, not quite so great as Ariosto.

I know that what our neighbors call  
"longueurs,"  
(We've not so good a word, but have the thing,  
In that complete perfection which insures  
An epic from Bob Southey every Spring—)  
Form not the true temptation which allures  
The reader; but 't would not be hard to bring  
Some fine examples of the *épopée*,  
To prove its grand ingredient is *ennui*.

We learn from Horace, "Homer sometimes sleeps;"  
We feel without him, Wordsworth sometimes wakes,—  
To show with what complacency he creeps,  
With his dear "Wagoners," around his lakes.  
He wishes for "a boat" to sail the deeps—  
Of ocean?—No, of air; and then he makes

Another outcry for "a little boat,"  
And drivels seas to set it well afloat.

If he must fain sweep o'er the ethereal plain,  
And Pegasus runs restive in his "Wagon,"  
Could he not beg the loan of Charles's Wain?  
Or pray Medea for a single dragon?  
Or if, too classic for his vulgar brain,  
He fear'd his neck to venture such a nag on,  
And he must needs mount nearer to the moon,  
Could not the blockhead ask for a balloon?

"Pedlars," and "Boats," and "Wagons!" Oh! ye shades  
Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to this?  
That trash of such sort not alone evades  
Contempt, but from the bathos' vast abyss  
Floats scumlike uppermost, and these Jack Cades  
Of sense and song above your graves may hiss—  
The "little boatman" and his "Peter Bell"  
Can sneer at him who drew "Achitophel!"

T' our tale.—The feast was over, the slaves gone,  
The dwarfs and dancing girls had all retired:  
The Arab lore and poet's song were done,  
And every sound of revelry expired;  
The lady and her lover, left alone,  
The rosy flood of twilight's sky admired;  
Ave Maria! o'er the earth and sea,  
That heavenliest hour of Heaven is worthiest thee!

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!  
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft  
Have felt that moment in its fullest power  
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,  
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,  
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,

And not a breath crept through the rosy  
air,  
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd  
with prayer.

Ave Maria! 't is the hour of prayer!  
Ave Maria! 't is the hour of love!  
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare  
Look up to thine and to thy Son's  
above!  
Ave Maria! oh that face so fair!  
Those downcast eyes beneath the Al-  
mighty dove—  
What though 't is but a pictured image  
strike,  
That painting is no idol,—'t is too like.

Some kinder casuists are pleased to say.  
In nameless print—that I have no de-  
votion;  
But set those persons down with me to  
pray,  
And you shall see who has the proper-  
est notion  
Of getting into heaven the shortest way;  
My altars are the mountains and the  
ocean,  
Earth, air, stars.—all that springs from  
the great Whole,  
Who hath produced, and will receive  
the soul.

Sweet hour of twilight!—in the solitude  
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore  
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial  
wood,  
Rooted where once the Adrian wave  
flow'd o'er,  
To where the last Cæsarean fortress  
stood,  
Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's  
lore  
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground  
to me,  
How have I loved the twilight hour and  
thee!

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,  
Making their summer lives one cease-  
less song,  
Were the sole echoes, save my steed's  
and mine,  
And vesper bell's that rose the boughs  
along;  
The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line.  
His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the  
fair throng  
Which learn'd from this example not to  
fly

From a true lover,—shadow'd my mind's  
eye.

Oh, Hesperus! thou bringest all good  
things—  
Home to the weary, to the hungry  
cheer,  
To the young bird the parent's brooding  
wings,  
The welcome stall to the o'erlabor'd  
steer;  
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone  
clings,  
Whate'er our household gods protect  
of dear,  
Are gather'd round us by thy look of  
rest;  
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the  
mother's breast.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and  
melts the heart  
Of those who sail the seas, on the first  
day  
When they from their sweet friends are  
torn apart;  
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his  
way  
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,  
Seeming to weep the dying day's  
decay;  
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?  
Ah! surely nothing dies but something  
mourns!

When Nero perish'd by the justest doom  
Which ever the destroyer yet destroy'd,  
Amidst the roar of liberated Rome,  
Of nations freed, and the world over-  
joy'd,  
Some hands unseen strew'd flowers upon  
his tomb:  
Perhaps the weakness of a heart not  
void  
Of feeling for some kindness done, when  
power  
Had left the wretch an uncorrupted hour.

But I'm digressing; what on earth has  
Nero.  
Or any such like sovereign buffoons,  
To do with the transactions of my hero,  
More than such madmen's fellow-man  
—the moon's?  
Sure my invention must be down at zero,  
And I grown one of many "wooden  
spoons"  
Of verse (the name with which we Can-  
tabs please  
To dub the last of honors in degrees).



I feel this tediousness will never do—  
 'Tis being *too* epic, and I must cut down  
 (In copying) this long canto into two ;  
 They'll never find it out, unless I own  
 The fact, excepting some experienced  
 few ;  
 And then as an improvement 't will be  
 shown :  
 I'll prove that such the opinion of the  
 critic is  
 From Aristotle *passim*.—See *Ποιητική*.

Canto III. 1819–1820. August 8, 1821.

#### FROM CANTO I V

NOTHING so difficult as a beginning [St. 1  
 In poesy, unless perhaps the end ;  
 For oftentimes when Pegasus seems  
 winning  
 The race, he sprains a wing, and down  
 we tend,  
 Like Lucifer when hurl'd from heaven  
 for sinning ;  
 Our sin the same, and hard as his to  
 mend,  
 Being pride, which leads the mind to soar  
 too far,  
 Till our own weakness shows us what we  
 are.

But time, which brings all beings to their  
 level,  
 And sharp Adversity, will teach at last  
 Man,—and, as we would hope,—perhaps  
 the devil,  
 That neither of their intellects are vast :  
 While youth's hot wishes in our red veins  
 revel,  
 We know not this—the blood flows on  
 too fast :  
 But as the torrent widens towards the  
 ocean,  
 We ponder deeply on each past emotion.

As boy, I thought myself a clever fellow,  
 And wish'd that others held the same  
 opinion ;  
 They took it up when my days grew more  
 mellow,  
 And other minds acknowledged my  
 dominion :  
 Now my sere fancy “falls into the yellow  
 Leaf,” and Imagination droops her  
 pinion,  
 And the sad truth which hovers o'er my  
 desk  
 Turns what was once romantic to bur-  
 lesque.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,  
 'Tis that I may not weep ; and if I  
 weep,  
 'Tis that our nature cannot always bring  
 Itself to apathy, for we must steep  
 Our hearts first in the depths of Lethe's  
 spring,  
 Ere what we least wish to behold will  
 sleep :  
 Thetis baptized her mortal son in Styx :  
 A mortal mother would on Lethe fix.

Some have accused me of a strange design  
 Against the creed and morals of the  
 land,  
 And trace it in this poem every line ;  
 I don't pretend that I quite understand  
 My own meaning when I would be *very*  
 fine ;  
 But the fact is that I have nothing  
 plann'd,  
 Unless it were to be a moment merry,  
 A novel word in my vocabulary.

To the kind reader of our sober clime  
 This way of writing will appear exotic ;  
 Pulci was sire of the half-serious rhyme,  
 Who sang when chivalry was more  
 Quixotic,  
 And revell'd in the fancies of the time,  
 True knights, chaste dames, huge giant  
 kings despotic :  
 But all these, save the last, being obsolete,  
 I chose a modern subject as more meet.

How I have treated it, I do not know ;  
 Perhaps no better than they have  
 treated me,  
 Who have imputed such designs as show  
 Not what they saw, but what they  
 wish'd to see ;  
 But if it gives them pleasure, be it so,  
 This is a liberal age, and thoughts are  
 free :  
 Meantime Apollo plucks me by the ear,  
 And tells me to resume my story here.  
 Canto IV. 1819–1820. August 8, 1821.

#### FROM CANTO XI

##### LONDON LITERATURE AND SOCIETY

JUAN knew several languages—as well  
 He might—and brought them up with  
 skill, in time [St. 53  
 To save his fame with each accomplish'd  
 belle,  
 Who still regretted that he did not  
 rhyme.

There wanted but this requisite to swell  
His qualities (with them) into sublime :  
Lady Fitz-Frisky, and Miss Mævia Man-  
nish,  
Both long'd extremely to be sung in  
Spanish.

However, he did pretty well, and was  
Admitted as an aspirant to all  
The coteries, and, as in Banquo's glass,  
At great assemblies or in parties small,  
He saw ten thousand living authors pass,  
That being about their average num-  
eral ;  
Also the eighty "greatest living poets,"  
As every paltry magazine can show *it's*.

In twice five years the "greatest living  
poet."  
Like to the champion fisty in the ring,  
Is call'd on to support his claim, or show  
it,  
Although 't is an imaginary thing.  
Even I—albeit I'm sure I did not know it,  
Nor sought of foolscap subjects to be  
king.—  
Was reckon'd a considerable time.  
The grand Napoleon of the realms of  
rhyme.

But Juan was my Moscow, and Faliero  
My Leipsic, and my Mont Saint Jean  
seems Cain :  
"La Belle Alliance" of dunces down at  
zero,  
Now that the Lion's fall'n, may rise  
again :  
But I will fall at least as fell my hero ;  
Nor reign at all, or as a *monarch* reign ;  
Or to some lonely isle of gaolers go,  
With turncoat Southey for my turnkey  
Lowe.

Sir Walter reign'd before me ; Moore  
and Campbell  
Before and after : but now grown more  
holy,  
The Muses upon Sion's hill must ramble  
With poets almost clergymen, or  
wholly :  
And Pegasus has a psalmodic amble  
Beneath the very Reverend Rowley  
Powley,  
Who shoes the glorious animal with  
stilts,  
A modern Ancient Pistol—"by these  
hilts!"  
Still he excels that artificial hard  
Laborer in the same vineyard, though  
the vine

Yields him but vinegar for his reward,—  
That neutralized dull Dorus of the  
Nine ;  
That swarthy Sporus, neither man nor  
bard ;  
That ox of verse, who *ploughs* for every  
line :—  
Cambyses' roaring Romans beat at least  
The howling Hebrews of Cybele's  
priest.—

Then there's my gentle Euphues ; who,  
they say,  
Sets up for being a sort of *moral me* :<sup>1</sup>  
He 'll find it rather difficult some day  
To turn out both, or either, it may be.  
Some persons think that Coleridge hath  
the sway ;  
And Wordsworth has supporters. two  
or three ;  
And that deep-mouth'd Bœotian "Sav-  
age Landor"  
Has taken for a swan rogue Southey's  
gander.

John Keats, who was kill'd off by one  
critique,<sup>2</sup>  
Just as he really promised something  
great,  
If not intelligible, without Greek  
Contrived to talk about the Gods of  
late,  
Much as they might have been supposed  
to speak.  
Poor fellow ! His was an untoward fate ;  
'T is strange the mind, that very fiery  
particle,  
Should let itself be snuff'd out by an  
article.

The list grows long of live and dead pre-  
tenders  
To that which none will gain—or none  
will know  
The conqueror at least ; who, ere Time  
renders  
His last award, will have the long grass  
grow  
Above his burnt-out brain, and sapless  
cinders.  
If I might augur, I should rate but low

<sup>1</sup> Barry Cornwall, once called "a moral Byron."

<sup>2</sup> The entirely mistaken idea that Keats' decline and death were due to the severe criticism on his *Endymion* in the *Quarterly Review*, was shared by Shelley, and was generally prevalent until the publication of Milnes' *Life of Keats*. See H. Buxton Forman's edition of Keats' Works, Vol. IV., pp. 225-272, and Colvin's *Life of Keats*, pp. 124 and 208.



Their chances ;—they 're too numerous,  
like the thirty  
Mock tyrants, when Rome's annals wax'd  
but dirty.

This is the literary *lower* empire,  
Where the prætorian bands take up  
the matter ;—  
A "dreadful trade," like his who "ga-  
thers samphire,"  
The insolent soldiery to soothe and  
flatter,  
With the same feelings as you'd coax a  
vampire.  
Now, were I once at home, and in  
good satire,  
I'd try conclusions with those Janizaries,  
And show them *what* an intellectual  
war is.

I think I know a trick or two, would  
turn  
Their flanks ;—but it is hardly worth  
my while  
With such small gear to give myself  
concern :  
Indeed I 've not the necessary bile ;  
My natural temper 's really aught but  
stern,  
And even my Muse's worst reproof 's a  
smile ;  
And then she drops a brief and modern  
curtsy,  
And glides away, assured she never  
hurts ye.

My Juan, whom I left in deadly peril  
Amongst live poets and blue ladies,  
pass'd  
With some small profit through that  
field so sterile,  
Being tired in time, and neither least  
nor last,  
Left it before he had been treated very  
ill ;  
And henceforth found himself more  
gaily class'd  
Amongst the higher spirits of the day,  
The sun's true son, no vapor, but a ray.  
His morns he pass'd in business—which  
dissected,  
Was like all business, a laborious noth-  
ing  
That leads to lassitude, the most infected  
And Centaur Nessus garb of mortal  
clothing,  
And on our sofas makes us lie dejected,  
And talk in tender horrors of our  
loathing

All kinds of toil, save for our country's  
good—  
Which grows no better, though 't is time  
it should.

His afternoons he pass'd in visits, lunch-  
eons,  
Lounging, and boxing ; and the twi-  
light hour  
In riding round those vegetable punch-  
eons  
Call'd "Parks," where there is neither  
fruit nor flower  
Enough to gratify a bee's slight munch-  
ings ;  
But after all it is the only "bower"  
(In Moore's phrase) where the fashion-  
able fair  
Can form a slight acquaintance with  
fresh air.

Then dress, then dinner, then awakes the  
world !  
Then glare the lamps, then whirl the  
wheels, then roar  
Through street and square fast flashing  
chariots hurl'd  
Like harness'd meteors ; then along  
the floor  
Chalk mimics painting ; then festoons  
are twirl'd ;  
Then roll the brazen thunders of the  
door,  
Which opens to the thousand happy few  
An earthly Paradise of "Or Molu."

There stands the noble hostess, nor shall  
sink  
With the three-thousandth curtsy ;  
there the waltz,  
The only dance which teaches girls to  
think,  
Makes one in love even with its very  
faults.  
Saloon, room, hall, o'erflow beyond their  
brink,  
And long the latest of arrivals halts,  
'Midst royal dukes and dames condemn'd  
to climb,  
And gain an inch of staircase at a time.

Thrice happy he who, after a survey  
Of the good company, can win a corner,  
A door that's *in* or boudoir *out* of the  
way,  
Where he may fix himself like small  
"Jack Horner,"  
And let the Babel round run as it may,  
And look on as a mourner, or a scorner,

Or an approver, or a mere spectator,  
Yawning a little as the night grows later.

But this won't do, save by and by ; and he  
Who, like Don Juan, takes an active  
share,

Must steer with care through all that  
glittering sea  
Of gems and plumes and pearls and  
silks, to where

He deems it is his proper place to be ;  
Dissolving in the waltz to some soft  
air,

Or prouder prancing with mercurial  
skill,

Where Science marshals forth her own  
quadrille.

Or, if he dance not, but hath higher  
views

Upon an heiress or his neighbor's  
bride,

Let him take care that that which he  
pursues

Is not at once too palpably descried.

Full many an eager gentleman oft rues  
His haste ; impatience is a blundering  
guide,

Amongst a people famous for reflection,  
Who like to play the fool with circum-  
spection.

But, if you can contrive, get next at  
supper ;

Or if forestall'd, get opposite and  
ogle :—

Oh, ye ambrosial moments ! always  
upper

In mind, a sort of sentimental bogle,  
Which sits for ever upon memory's  
crupper,

The ghost of vanish'd pleasures once in  
vogue ! Ill

Can tender souls relate the rise and fall  
Of hopes and fears which shake a single  
ball.

But these precautionary hints can touch  
Only the common run, who must  
pursue,

And watch, and ward ; whose plans a  
word too much

Or little overturns ; and not the few  
Or many (for the number's sometimes  
such)

Whom a good mien, especially if new,  
Or fame, or name, for wit, war, sense,  
or nonsense,

Permits whate'er they please, or *did* not  
long since.

Our hero, as a hero, young and hand-  
some,

Noble, rich, celebrated, and a stranger,  
Like other slaves of course must pay his  
ransom,

Before he can escape from so much  
danger

As will environ a conspicuous man.  
Some

Talk about poetry, and "rack and  
manger,"

And ugliness, disease, as toil and  
trouble ;—

I wish they knew the life of a young  
noble.

They are young, but know not youth—  
it is anticipated ;

Handsome but wasted, rich without  
a sou ;

Their vigor in a thousand arms is  
dissipated ;

Their cash comes *from*, their wealth  
goes *to* a Jew ;

Both senates see their nightly votes par-  
ticipated

Between the tyrant's and the tribunes'  
crew ;

And having voted, dined, drank, gamed,  
and whored,

The family vault receives another lord.

But "carpe diem." Juan, "carpe, carpe!"

To-morrow sees another race as gay  
And transient and devour'd by the same  
harpy.

"Life's a poor player,"—then "play  
out the play,

Ye villains !" and above all keep a sharp  
eye

Much less on what you do than what  
you say :

Be hypocritical, be cautious, be  
Not what you *seem*, but always what  
you *see*.

But how shall I relate in other cantos  
Of what befell our hero in the land,

Which 'tis the common cry and lie to  
vaunt as

A moral country ? But I hold my  
hand—

For I disdain to write an Atalantis ;

But 'tis as well at once to understand  
You are *not* a moral people, and you  
know it

Without the aid of too sincere a poet.



What Juan saw and underwent shall be  
My topic, with of course the due restriction

Which is required by proper courtesy;  
And recollect the work is only fiction,  
And that I sing of neither mine nor me,  
Though every scribe, in some slight  
turn of diction, [doubt  
Will hint allusions never meant. Ne'er  
This—when I speak, I don't hint, but  
speak out.

Whether he married with the third or  
fourth

Offspring of some sage husband-hunt-  
ing countess, [worth  
Or whether with some virgin of more  
(I mean in Fortune's matrimonial  
bounties)

He took to regularly peopling Earth  
Of which your lawful, awful wedlock  
fount is,—

Or whether he was taken in for dam-  
ages, [ages,—

For being too excursive in his hom-

Is yet within the unread events of time.

Thus far, go forth, thou lay, which I  
will back

Against the same given quantity of  
rhyme, [tack

For being as much the subject of at-  
As ever yet was any work sublime,

By those who love to say that white is  
black.

So much the better!—I may stand alone,  
But would not change my free thoughts  
for a throne.

Canto XI. 1822–1823. August 29, 1823.

## THE VISION OF JUDGMENT,<sup>1</sup>

BY

QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS

SUGGESTED BY THE COMPOSITION SO EN-  
TITLED BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAT  
TYLER"

"A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!  
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word."

<sup>1</sup>Southey published in 1821 a poem called "A Vision of Judgment," in which he extolled George III. for his personal virtues, and described his reception into heaven. In the Preface of this poem he bitterly attacked Byron for immorality in his writings. See full accounts of the affair in the biographies of Byron and Southey. The briefest and best treatment of it is in Nichol's *Life of Byron*, toward the end of Chapter VIII.

### PREFACE

It hath been wisely said, that "One fool makes many;" and it hath been poetically observed—

"That fools rush in where angels fear to tread."—POPE.

If Mr. Southey had not rushed in where he had no business, and where he never was before, and never will be again, the following poem would not have been written. It is not impossible that it may be as good as his own, seeing that it cannot, by any species of stupidity, natural or acquired, be worse. The gross flattery, the dull impudence, the renegade intolerance, and impious cant, of the poem by the author of "Wat Tyler," are something so stupendous as to form the sublime of himself—containing the quintessence of his own attributes.

So much for his poem—a word on his preface. In this preface it has pleased the magnanimous Laureate to draw the picture of a supposed "Satanic School," the which he doth recommend to the notice of the legislature; thereby adding to his other laurels the ambition of those of an informer. If there exists anywhere except in his imagination, such a School, is he not sufficiently armed against it by his own intense vanity? The truth is, that there are certain writers whom Mr. S. imagines, like Scrub, to have "talked of him;" for they laughed consumedly."

I think I know enough of most of the writers to whom he is supposed to allude, to assert, that they, in their individual capacities, have done more good, in the charities of life, to their fellow-creatures, in any one year, than Mr. Southey has done harm to himself by his absurdities in his whole life; and this is saying a great deal. But I have a few questions to ask.

1stly, Is Mr. Southey the author of "Wat Tyler"?

2ndly, Was he not refused a remedy at law by the highest judge of his beloved England, because it was a blasphemous and seditious publication?

3dly, Was he not entitled by William Smith, in full parliament, "a rancorous renegade?"

4thly, Is he not poet laureate, with his own lines on Martin the regicide staring him in the face?

And, 5thly, Putting the four preceding items together, with what conscience dare he call the attention of the laws to the publications of others, be they what they may?

I say nothing of the cowardice of such a proceeding, its meanness speaks for itself; but I wish to touch upon the *motive*, which is neither more nor less than that Mr. S. has been laughed at a little in some recent publications, as he was of yore in the "Anti-Jacobin," by his present patrons. Hence all this "skimble-scamble stuff" about "Satanic," and so forth. However, it is worthy of him—"qualis ab incepto."

If there is anything obnoxious to the political opinions of a portion of the public in the following poem, they may thank Mr. Southey. He might have written hexameters, as he has written everything else, for aught that the writer cared—had they been upon another subject. But to attempt to canonize a monarch, who, whatever were his household virtues, was neither a successful nor a patriot king,—inasmuch as several years of his reign passed in war with America and Ireland, to say nothing of the aggression upon France,—like all other exaggeration, necessarily begets opposition. In whatever manner he may be spoken of in this new

"Vision," his *public* career will not be more favorably transmitted by history. Of his private virtues (although a little expensive to the nation) there can be no doubt.

With regard to the supernatural personages treated of, I can only say that I know as much about them, and (as an honest man) have a better right to talk of them than Robert Southey. I have also treated them more tolerantly. The way in which that poor insane creature, the Laureate, deals about his judgments in the next world, is like his own judgment in this. If it was not completely ludicrous, it would be something worse. I don't think that there is much more to say at present.

QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

SAINT PETER sat by the celestial gate :  
His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull,  
So little trouble had been given of late ;  
Not that the place by any means was full,  
But since the Gallic era "eighty-eight"  
The devils had ta'en a longer, stronger pull,  
And "a pull altogether," as they say  
At sea—which drew most souls another way.

The angels all were singing out of tune,  
And hoarse with having little else to do,  
Excepting to wind up the sun and moon,  
Or curb a runaway young star or two,  
Or wild colt of a comet, which too soon  
Broke out of bounds o'er the ethereal blue,  
Splitting some planet with its playful tail,  
As boats are sometimes by a wanton whale.

The guardian seraphs had retired on high,  
Finding their charges past all care below ;  
Terrestrial business fill'd nought in the sky  
Save the recording angel's black bureau ;  
Who found, indeed, the facts to multiply  
With such rapidity of vice and woe,  
That he had stripp'd off both his wings in quills,  
And yet was in arrear of human ills.

His business so augmented of late years,  
That he was forced, against his will no doubt,  
(Just like those cherubs, earthly ministers,)

For some resource to turn himself about,  
And claim the help of his celestial peers,  
To aid him ere he should be quite worn out  
By the increased demand for his remarks :  
Six angels and twelve saints were named his clerks.

This was a handsome board—at least for heaven ;  
And yet they had even then enough to do,  
So many conquerors' cars were daily driven,  
So many kingdoms fitted up anew ;  
Each day too slew its thousands six or seven,  
Till at the crowning carnage, Waterloo,  
They threw their pens down in divine disgust—  
The page was so besmear'd with blood and dust.

This by the way ; 't is not mine to record  
What angels shrink from : even the very devil  
On this occasion his own work abhorr'd,  
So surfeited with the infernal revel :  
Though he himself had sharpen'd every sword,  
It almost quench'd his innate thirst of evil.  
(Here Satan's sole good work deserves insertion—  
'T is, that he has both generals in re-  
version.) — *prop. by rights*

Let's skip a few short years of hollow peace,  
Which peopled earth no better, hell as wont,  
And heaven none—they form the tyrant's lease,  
With nothing but new names subscribed upon 't ;  
'T will one day finish : meantime they increase.  
"With seven heads and ten horns,"  
and all in front,  
Like Saint John's foretold beast ; but ours are born  
Less formidable in the head than horn.  
In the first year of freedom's second dawn  
Died George the Third ; although no tyrant, one



Who shielded tyrants, till each sense  
withdrawn

Left him nor mental nor external sun ;  
A better farmer ne'er brush'd dew from  
lawn.

A worse king never left a realm un-  
done !

He died—but left his subjects still be-  
hind,

One half as mad—and t'other no less  
blind.

He died ! his death made no great stir  
on earth :

His burial made some pomp ; there  
was profusion

Of velvet, gilding, brass, and no great  
dearth

Of aught but tears—save those shed  
by collusion.

For these things may be bought at their  
true worth ;

Of elegy there was the due infusion—  
Bought also ; and the torches, cloaks,  
and banners,

Heralds, and relics, of old Gothic man-  
ners,

Form'd a sepulchral melodrame. Of all  
The fools who flock'd to swell or see  
the show,

Who cared about the corpse ? The  
funeral

Made the attraction, and the black  
the woe.

There throbb'd not there a thought  
which pierced the pall ;

And when the gorgeous coffin was  
laid low,

It seem'd the mockery of hell to fold  
The rottenness of eighty years in gold.

So mix his body with the dust ! It might

Return to what it *must* far sooner, were  
The natural compound left alone to fight

Its way back into earth, and fire, and  
air ;

But the unnatural balsams merely blight  
What nature made him at his birth,

as bare

As the mere million's base unmmmied  
clay—

Yet all his spices but prolong decay.

He's dead—and upper earth with him  
has done ;

He's buried ; save the undertaker's bill,  
Or lapidary scrawl, the world is gone

For him, unless he left a German will ;

But where's the proctor who will ask  
his son ?

In whom his qualities are reigning  
still,

Except that household virtue, most un-  
common,

Of constancy to a bad, ugly woman.

" God save the king ! " It is a large  
economy

In God to save the like ; but if he will  
Besaving, all the better ; for not one am I

Of those who think damnation better  
still :

I hardly know too if not quite alone am I  
In this small hope of bettering future ill

By circumscribing, with some slight re-  
striction,

The eternity of hell's hot jurisdiction.

I know this is unpopular ; I know

'Tis blasphemous ; I know one may be  
damn'd

For hoping no one else may e'er be so ;  
I know my catechism ; I know we're

cramm'd

With the best doctrines till we quite  
o'erflow ;

I know that all save England's church  
have sham'd,

And that the other twice two hundred  
churches

And synagogues have made a *damn'd*  
bad purchase.

God help us all ! God help me too ! I am,  
God knows, as helpless as the devil can

wish,

And not a whit more difficult to damn,  
Than is to bring to land a late-hook'd

fish,

Or to the butcher to purvey the lamb ;  
Not that I'm fit for such a noble dish,

As one day will be that immortal fry  
Of almost everybody born to die.

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate,  
And nodded o'er his keys ; when, lo !

there came

A wondrous noise he had not heard of  
late—

A rushing sound of wind, and stream,  
and flame ;

In short, a roar of things extremely  
great,

Which would have made aught save a  
saint exclaim ;

But he, with first a start and then a  
wink, [think !

Said, " There's another star gone out, I

But ere he could return to his repose,  
A cherub flapp'd his right wing o'er  
his eyes—

At which St. Peter yawn'd, and rubb'd  
his nose :

"Saint porter," said the angel, "pri-  
thee rise !"

Waving a goodly wing, which glow'd,  
as glows

An earthly peacock's tail, with heav-  
enly dyes :

To which the saint replied, "Well,  
what's the matter ?"

"Is Lucifer come back with all this  
clatter ?"

"No," quoth the cherub; "George the  
Third is dead."

"And who is George the Third?" re-  
plied the apostle :

"*What George ? what Third ?*" "The  
king of England," said

The angel. "Well! he won't find  
kings to jostle

Him on his way; but does he wear his  
head ?

Because the last we saw here had a  
tustle,

And ne'er would have got into heaven's  
good graces,

Had he not flung his head in all our faces.

"He was, if I remember, king of France ;  
That head of his, which could not  
keep a crown

On earth, yet ventured in my face to  
advance

A claim to those of martyrs—like my  
own :

If I had had my sword, as I had once

When I cut ears off, I had cut him  
down ;

But having but my *keys*, and not my  
brand,

I only knock'd his head from out his  
hand.

"And then he set up such a headless  
howl,

That all the saints came out and took  
him in;

And there he sits by St. Paul, cheek by  
jowl ;

That fellow Paul—the parvenu ! The  
skin

Of St. Bartholomew, which makes his  
cowl

In heaven, and upon earth redeem'd  
his sin,

So as to make a martyr, never sped  
Better than did this weak and wooden  
head.

"But had it come up here upon its  
shoulders,

There would have been a different tale  
to tell :

The fellow-feeling in the saints' beholders  
Seems to have acted on them like a  
spell,

And so this very foolish head heaven  
solders

Back on its trunk : it may be very well,  
And seems the custom here, to overthrow  
Whatever has been wisely done below."

The angel answer'd, "Peter ! do not  
pout :

The king who comes has head and all  
entire,

And never knew much what it was  
about—

He did as doth the puppet—by its wire,  
And will be judged like all the rest, no  
doubt :

My business and your own is not to  
inquire

Into such matters, but to mind our cue—  
Which is to act as we are bid to do."

While thus they spake, the angelic cara-  
van,

Arriving like a rush of mighty wind,  
Cleaving the fields of space, as doth the  
swan

Some silver stream (say Ganges, Nile  
or Inde,

Or Thames, or Tweed), and 'midst them  
an old man

With an old soul, and both extremely  
blind,

Halted before the gate, and in his shroud  
Seated their fellow traveller on a cloud.

But bringing up the rear of this bright  
host

A Spirit of a different aspect waved  
His wings, like thunder-clouds above  
some coast

Whose barren beach with frequent  
wrecks is paved ;

His brow was like the deep when tem-  
pest-toss'd ;

Fierce and unfathomable thoughts  
engraved

Eternal wrath on his immortal face,  
And *where* he gazed a gloom pervaded  
space.



As he drew near, he gazed upon the gate  
 Ne'er to be enter'd more by him or Sin,  
 With such a glance of supernatural hate,  
 As made Saint Peter wish himself  
 within ;  
 He patter'd with his keys at a great rate,  
 And sweated through his apostolic  
 skin :

Of course his perspiration was but ichor,  
 Or some such other spiritual liquor.

The very cherubs huddled all together,  
 Like birds when soars the falcon ; and  
 they felt

A tingling to the tip of every feather,  
 And form'd a circle like Orion's belt  
 Around their poor old charge ; who  
 scarce knew whither

His guards had led him, though they  
 gently dealt

With royal manes (for by many stories,  
 And true, we learn the angels all are  
 Tories).

As things were in this posture, the gate  
 flew

Asunder, and the flashing of its hinges  
 Flung over space an universal hue

Of many-color'd flame, until its tinges  
 Reach'd even our speck of earth, and  
 made a new

Aurora borealis spread its fringes  
 O'er the North Pole ; the same seen,  
 when ice-bound,

By Captain Parry's crew, in "Melville's  
 Sound."

And from the gate thrown open issued  
 beaming

A beautiful and mighty Thing of  
 Light,

Radiant with glory, like a banner stream-  
 ing

Victorious from some world-o'erthrow-  
 ing fight :

My poor comparisons must needs be  
 teeming

With earthly likenesses. for here the  
 night

Of clay obscures our best conceptions,  
 saving

Johanna Southcote, or Bob Southey  
 raving.

'Twas the archangel Michael ; all men  
 know

The make of angels and archangels,  
 since

There's scarce a scribbler has not one to  
 show.

From the fiends' leader to the angels'  
 prince :

There also are some altar-pieces, though  
 I really can't say that they much evince  
 One's inner notions of immortal spirits ;  
 But let the connoisseurs explain *their*  
 merits.

Michael flew forth in glory and in good ;  
 A goodly work of him from whom all  
 glory

And good arise ; the portal past—he  
 stood ;

Before him the young cherubs and  
 saints hoary—

(I say *young*, begging to be understood  
 By looks, not years ; and should be  
 very sorry

To state, they were not older than St.  
 Peter,

But merely that they seem'd a little  
 sweeter).

The cherubs and the saints bow'd down  
 before

That arch-angelic hierarch, the first  
 Of essences angelical, who wore

The aspect of a god ; but this ne'er  
 nursed

Pride in his heavenly bosom, in whose  
 core

No thought, save for his Master's  
 service, durst

Intrude, however glorified and high ;  
 He knew him but the viceroy of the sky.

He and the sombre, silent Spirit met—

They knew each other both for good  
 and ill ;

Such was their power, that neither could  
 forget

His former friend and future foe ; but  
 still

There was a high, immortal, proud  
 regret

In either's eye, as if 't were less their  
 will

Than destiny to make the eternal years  
 Their date of war, and their "champ  
 clos" the spheres.

But here they were in neutral space: we  
 know

From Job, that Satan hath the power  
 to pay

A heavenly visit thrice a year or so ;

And that the "sons of God," like those  
 of clay,

Must keep him company ; and we might  
 show

From the same book, in how polite a way  
The dialogue is held between the Powers  
Of Good and Evil—but 'twould take up  
hours.

And this is not a theologic tract,  
To prove with Hebrew and with Arabic,  
If Job be allegory or a fact,  
But a true narrative ; and thus I pick  
From out the whole but such and such  
an act  
As sets aside the slightest thought of  
trick.  
'Tis every tittle true, beyond suspicion,  
And accurate as any other vision.

The spirits were in neutral space, before  
The gate of heaven ; like eastern  
thresholds is  
The place where Death's grand cause is  
argued o'er,  
And souls despatch'd to that world or  
to this ;  
And therefore Michael and the other  
wore  
A civil aspect : though they did not  
kiss,  
Yet still between his Darkness and his  
Brightness  
There pass'd a mutual glance of great  
politeness.

The Archangel bow'd, not like a modern  
beau,  
But with a graceful Oriental bend,  
Pressing one radiant arm just where be-  
low  
The heart in good men is supposed to  
tend ;  
He turn'd as to an equal, not too low,  
But kindly ; Satan met his ancient  
friend  
With more hauteur, as might an old  
Castilian  
Poor noble meet a mushroom rich  
civilian.

He merely bent his diabolic brow  
An instant ; and then raising it, he  
stood  
In act to assert his right or wrong, and  
show  
Cause why King George by no means  
could or should  
Make out a case to be exempt from woe  
Eternal, more than other kings,  
endued

With better sense and hearts, whom his-  
tory mentions,  
Who long have "paved hell with their  
good intentions."

Michael began : "What wouldst thou  
with this man,  
Now dead, and brought before the  
Lord ? What ill  
Hath he wrought since his mortal race  
began,  
That thou canst claim him ? Speak !  
and do thy will,  
If it be just : if in this earthly span  
He hath been greatly failing to fulfil  
His duties as a king and mortal, say,  
And he is thine ; if not, let him have  
way."

"Michael !" replied the Prince of Air,  
"even here,  
Before the Gate of him thou servest,  
must  
I claim my subject : and will make  
appear  
That as he was my worshipper in dust,  
So shall he be in spirit, although dear  
To thee and thine, because nor wine  
nor lust  
Were of his weaknesses ; yet on the  
throne  
He reign'd o'er millions to serve me  
alone.

"Look to *our* earth, or rather *mine* ; it  
was,  
*Once, more* thy Master's : but I triumph  
not  
In this poor planet's conquest ; nor, alas !  
Need he thou servest envy me my lot :  
With all the myriads of bright worlds  
which pass  
In worship round him, he may have  
forgot  
Yon weak creation of such paltry things :  
I think few worth damnation save their  
kings,—

"And these but as a kind of quit-rent, to  
Assert my right as lord : and even had  
I such an inclination, it were (as you  
Well know) superfluous ; they are  
grown so bad,  
That hell has nothing better left to do  
Than leave them to themselves : so  
much more mad  
And evil by their own internal curse,  
Heaven cannot make them better, nor I  
worse.



"Look to the earth, I said, and say again:  
When this old, blind, mad, helpless,  
weak, poor worm

Began in youth's first bloom and flush  
to reign,

The world and he both wore a dif-  
ferent form,  
And much of earth and all the watery  
plain

Of ocean call'd him king: through  
many a storm  
His isles had floated on the abyss of time;  
For the rough virtues chose them for  
their clime.

"He came to his sceptre young; he  
leaves it old:

Look to the state in which he found  
his realm,  
And left it; and his annals too behold,  
How to a minion first he gave the helm;  
How grew upon his heart a thirst for gold,  
The beggar's vice, which can but over-  
whelm

The meanest hearts; and for the rest,  
but glance

Thine eye along America and France.

"'Tis true, he was a tool from first to last  
(I have the workmen safe;) but as a tool  
So let him be consumed. From out the  
past

Of ages, since mankind have known  
the rule

Of monarchs—from the bloody rolls  
amass'd

Of sin and slaughter—from the Cæsar's  
school,

Take the worst pupil; and produce a  
reign

More drench'd with gore, more cum-  
ber'd with the slain.

"He ever warr'd with freedom and the  
free:

Nations as men, home subjects, foreign  
foes,

So that they utter'd the word 'Liberty!'  
Found George the Third their first

opponent. Whose  
History was ever stain'd as his will be

With national and individual woes?  
I grant his household abstinence; I grant

His neutral virtues, which most mon-  
archs want;

"I know he was a constant consort; own  
He was a decent sire, and middling  
lord.

All this is much, and most upon a throne;  
As temperance, if at Apicius' board,  
Is more than at an anchorite's supper  
shown.

I grant him all the kindest can accord;  
And this was well for him, but not for  
those

Millions who found him what oppres-  
sion chose.

"The New World shook him off; the  
Old yet groans

Beneath what he and his prepared, if  
not

Completed: he leaves heirs on many  
thrones

To all his vices, without what begot  
Compassion for him—his tame virtues;  
drones

Who sleep, or despots who have now  
forgot

A lesson which shall be re-taught  
them, wake

Upon the thrones of earth; but let them  
quake!

"Five millions of the primitive, who hold  
The faith which makes ye great on  
earth, implored

A *part* of that vast *all* they held of old,—  
Freedom to worship—not alone your  
Lord,

Michael, but you, and you, Saint Peter!  
cold

Must be your souls, if you have not  
abhor'd

The foe to Catholic participation  
In all the license of a Christian nation.

"True! he allow'd them to pray God;  
but as

A consequence of prayer, refused the  
law

Which would have placed them upon  
the same base

With those who did not hold the  
saints in awe."

But here Saint Peter started from his  
place,

And cried, "You may the prisoner  
withdraw:

Ere heaven shall ope her portals to this  
Guelph,

While I am guard, may I be damn'd my-  
self!

"Sooner will I with Cerberus exchange  
My office (and *his* is no sinecure)

Than see this royal Bedlam bigot range

The azure fields of heaven, of that be sure!"

"Saint!" replied Satan, "you do well to avenge

The wrongs he made your satellites endure;

And if to this exchange you should be given,

I'll try to coax *our* Cerberus up to heaven!"

Here Michael interposed: "Good saint! and devil!

Pray, not so fast; you both outrun discretion.

Saint Peter! you were wont to be more civil!

Satan, excuse this warmth of his expression,

And condescension to the vulgar's level: Even saints sometimes forget themselves in session.

Have you got more to say?"—"No."—"If you please,

I'll trouble you to call your witnesses."

Then Satan turn'd and waved his swarthy hand,

Which stirr'd with its electric qualities

Clouds farther off than we can understand,

Although we find him sometimes in our skies;

Infernal thunder shook both sea and land

In all the planets, and hell's batteries Let off the artillery, which Milton mentions

As one of Satan's most sublime inventions.

This was a signal unto such damned souls As have the privilege of their damnation

Extended far beyond the mere controls Of worlds past, present, or to come; no station

Is theirs particularly in the rolls

Of hell assign'd; but where their inclination

Or business carries them in search of game,

They may range freely—being damn'd the same.

They're proud of this—as very well they may,

It being a sort of knighthood, or gilt key

Stuck in their loins; or like to an "entré"

Up the back stairs, or such free-masonry.

I borrow my comparisons from clay, Being clay myself. Let not those spirits be

Offended with such base low likenesses; We know their posts are nobler far than these.

When the great signal ran from heaven to hell—

About ten million times the distance reckon'd

From our sun to its earth, as we can tell How much time it takes up, even to a second,

For every ray that travels to dispel The fogs of London, through which, dimly beacon'd

The weathercocks are gilt some thrice a year.

If that the *summer* is not too severe:

I say that I can tell—'twas half a minute;

I know the solar beams take up more time

Ere, pack'd up for their journey, they begin it;

But then their telegraph is less sublime,

And if they ran a race, they would not win it

'Gainst Satan's courier's bound for their own clime.

The sun takes up some years for every ray

To reach its goal—the devil not half a day.

Upon the verge of space, about the size Of half-a-crown, a little speck appear'd

(I've seen a something like it in the skies In the *Ægean*, ere a squall); it near'd,

And, growing bigger, took another guise; Like an aerial ship it tack'd, and

steer'd,

Or *was* steer'd (I am doubtful of the grammar

Of the last phrase, which makes the stanza stammer;—

But take your choice): and then it grew a cloud

And so it was—a cloud of witnesses.

But such a cloud! No land e'er saw a crowd



Of locusts numerous as the heavens  
 saw these ;  
 They shadowed with their myriads  
 space ; their loud  
 And varied cries were like those of  
 wild geese  
 (If nations may be liken'd to a goose),  
 And realized the phrase of "hell broke  
 loose."

Here crashed a sturdy oath of stout John  
 Bull,  
 Who damned away his eyes as hereto-  
 fore :

There Paddy brogued "By Jasus!"—  
 "What's your wull?"

The temperate Scot exclaimed: the  
 French ghost swore

In certain terms I shan't translate in  
 full,

As the first coachman will ; and 'midst  
 the war,

The voice of Jonathan was heard to ex-  
 press,

"Our president is going to war, I guess."

Besides there were the Spaniard, Dutch,  
 and Dane ;

In short, an universal shoal of shades,  
 From Otaheite's isle to Salisbury Plain,  
 Of all climes and professions, years  
 and trades,

Ready to swear against the good king's  
 reign,

Bitter as clubs in cards are against  
 spades :

All summon'd by this grand "subpœna,"  
 to

Try if kings mayn't be damn'd like me  
 or you.

When Michael saw this host, he first  
 grew pale,

As angels can; next, like Italian  
 twilight,

He turn'd all colors—as a peacock's tail,  
 Or sunset streaming through a Gothic  
 skylight

In some old abbey, or a trout not stale,  
 Or distant lightning on the horizon *by*  
 night,

Or a fresh rainbow, or a grand review  
 Of thirty regiments in red, green and  
 blue.

Then he address'd himself to Satan:  
 "Why—

My good old friend, for such I deem  
 you, though

Our different parties make us fight so  
 shy,

I ne'er mistake you for a *personal* foe ;  
 Our difference is *political*, and I

Trust that, whatever may occur below,  
 You know my great respect for you :  
 and this

Makes me regret whate'er you do amiss—

"Why, my dear Lucifer, would you  
 abuse

My call for witnesses ? I did not mean  
 That you should half of earth and hell  
 produce ;

'Tis even superfluous, since two hon-  
 est, clean,

True testimonies are enough : we lose

Our time, nay, our eternity, between  
 The accusation and defence : if we

Hear both, 'twill stretch our immor-  
 tality."

Satan replied, "To me the matter is  
 Indifferent, in a personal point of  
 view :

I can have fifty better souls than this  
 With far less trouble than we have  
 gone through

Already ; and I merely argued his  
 Late Majesty of Britain's case with  
 you

Upon a point of form : you may dispose  
 Of him ; I've kings enough below, God  
 knows !"

Thus spoke the Demon (late call'd  
 "multi-faced"

By multo-scribbling Southey). "Then  
 we'll call

One or two persons of the myriads placed  
 Around our congress, and dispense  
 with all

The rest," quoth Michael : "Who may  
 be so graced

As to speak first ? there's choice  
 enough—who shall

It be ?" Then Satan answer'd, "There  
 are many ;

But you may choose Jack Wilkes as well  
 as any."

A merry, cock-eyed, curious-looking  
 sprite

Upon the instant started from the  
 throng,

Dress'd in a fashion now forgotten quite ;  
 For all the fashions of the flesh stick  
 long

By people in the next world ; where  
 unite

All the costumes since Adam's, right  
or wrong,  
From Eve's fig-leaf down to the petti-  
coat,  
Almost as scanty, of days less remote.

The spirit look'd around upon the crowds  
Assembled, and exclaim'd, "My  
friends of all  
The spheres, we shall catch cold amongst  
these clouds ;

So let's to business : why this general  
call ?

If those are freeholders I see in shrouds,  
And 'tis for an election that they bawl,  
Behold a candidate with unturn'd coat !  
Saint Peter, may I count upon your  
vote ?"

"Sir," replied Michael, "you mistake ;  
these things

Are of a former life, and what we do  
Above is more august ; to judge of kings  
Is the tribunal met : so now you  
know."

"Then I presume those gentlemen with  
wings,"

Said Wilkes, "are cherubs ; and that  
soul below

Looks much like George the Third, but  
to my mind

A good deal older—Bless me ! is he  
blind ?"

"He is what you behold him, and his  
doom

Depends upon his deeds," the Angel  
said ;

"If you have aught to arraign in him,  
the tomb

Gives license to the humblest beggar's  
head

To lift itself against the loftiest."—  
"Some,"

Said Wilkes, "don't wait to see them  
laid in lead,

For such a liberty—and I, for one,  
Have told them what I thought beneath  
the sun."

"Above the sun repeat, then, what thou  
hast

To urge against him," said the Arch-  
angel. "Why,"

Replied the spirit, "since old scores are  
past,

Must I turn evidence ? In faith, not I.  
Besides, I beat him hollow at the last,

With all his Lords and Commons : in  
the sky

I don't like ripping up old stories, since  
His conduct was but natural in a prince.

"Foolish, no doubt, and wicked, to  
oppress

A poor unlucky devil without a shilling ;  
But then I blame the man himself much  
less

Than Bute and Grafton, and shall be  
unwilling

To see him punish'd here for their excess,  
Since they were both damn'd long  
ago, and still in

Their place below : for me, I have for-  
given,

And vote his 'habeas corpus' into  
heaven."

"Wilkes," said the Devil, "I understand  
all this :

You turn'd to half a courtier ere you  
died,

And seem to think it would not be amiss  
To grow a whole one on the other side  
Of Charon's ferry ; you forget that *his*

Reign is concluded ; whatsoe'er betide,  
He won't be sovereign more : you've lost  
your labor,

For at the best he will but be your neigh-  
bor.

"However, I knew what to think of it,  
When I beheld you in your jesting way,  
Flitting and whispering round about the  
spit

Where Belial, upon duty for the day,  
With Fox's lard was basting William Pitt,  
His pupil ; I knew what to think, I say :  
That fellow even in hell breeds farther  
ills ;

I'll have him *gagg'd*—'twas one of his  
own bills.

"Call Junius !" From the crowd a  
shadow stalk'd,

And at the name there was a general  
squeeze,

So that the very ghosts no longer walk'd  
In comfort, at their own aerial ease,  
But were all ramm'd, and jamm'd (but  
to be balk'd,

As we shall see), and jostled hands  
and knees,

Like wind compress'd and pent within a  
bladder,

Or like a human colic, which is sadder.

The shadow came—a tall, thin, gray-  
hair'd figure,



That look'd as it had been a shade on  
earth;  
Quick in its motions, with an air of vigor,  
But naught to mark its breeding or its  
birth;  
Now it wax'd little, then again grew  
bigger,  
With now an air of gloom, or savage  
mirth;  
But as you gazed upon its features, they  
Changed every instant—to *what*, none  
could say.

The more intently the ghosts gazed, the  
less  
Could they distinguish whose the  
features were;  
The Devil himself seem'd puzzled even  
to guess;  
They varied like a dream—now here,  
now there;  
And several people swore from out the  
press,  
They knew him perfectly; and one  
could swear  
He was his father: upon which another  
Was sure he was his mother's cousin's  
brother:

Another, that he was a duke, or knight,  
An orator, a lawyer, or a priest,  
A nabob, a man-midwife; but the wight  
Mysterious changed his countenance  
at least  
As oft as they their minds; though in  
full sight  
He stood, the puzzle only was in-  
creased;  
The man was a phantasmagoria in  
Himself—he was so volatile and thin.

The moment that you had pronounced  
him *one*,  
Presto! his face changed, and he  
was another;  
And when that change was hardly well  
put on,  
It varied, till I don't think his own  
mother  
(If that he had a mother) would her son  
Have known, he shifted so from one to  
t'other:  
Till guessing from a pleasure grew a task,  
At this epistolary "Iron Mask."

For sometimes he like Cerberus would  
seem—  
"Three gentlemen at once" (as sagely  
says

Good Mrs. Malaprop); then you might  
deem

That he was not even *one*; now many  
rays  
Were flashing round him; and now a  
thick steam  
Hid him from sight—like fogs on Lon-  
don days:  
Now Burke, now Tooke, he grew to  
people's fancies,  
And certes often like Sir Philip Francis.

I've an hypothesis—'tis quite my own;  
I never let it out till now, for fear  
Of doing people harm about the throne,  
And injuring some minister or peer,  
On whom the stigma might perhaps be  
blown;  
It is—my gentle public, lend thine ear!  
'Tis that what Junius we are wont to  
call  
Was *really, truly*, nobody at all.

I don't see wherefore letters should not  
be  
Written without hands, since we daily  
view  
Them written without heads; and books,  
we see,  
Are fill'd as well without the latter too:  
And really till we fix on somebody  
For certain sure to claim them as his  
due,  
Their author, like the Niger's mouth,  
will bother  
The world to say if *there* be mouth or  
author.

"And who and what art thou?" the  
Archangel said.

"For *that* you may consult my title-  
page,"  
Replied this mighty shadow of a shade:  
"If I have kept my secret half an age,  
I scarce shall tell it now."—"Canst thou  
upbraid,"

Continued Michael, "George Rex, or  
allege  
Aught further?" Junius answer'd, "You  
had better  
First ask him for *his* answer to my letter:

"My charges upon record will outlast  
The brass of both his epitaph and  
tomb."

"Repent'st thou not," said Michael, "of  
some past  
Exaggeration? something which may  
doom

Thyself if false, as him if true? Thou  
wast

Too bitter—is it not so?—in thy gloom  
Of passion?"—"Passion!" cried the  
phantom dim,

"I loved my country, and I hated him.

"What I have written, I have written :  
let

The rest be on his head or mine!" so  
spoke

Old "Nominis Umbra;" and while  
speaking yet.

Away he melted in celestial smoke.

Then Satan said to Michael, "Don't  
forget

To call George Washington, and John  
Horne Tooke,

And Franklin;"—but at this time there  
was heard

A cry for room, though not a phantom  
stirr'd.

At length with jostling, elbowing, and  
the aid

Of cherubim appointed to that post,  
The devil Asmodeus to the circle made

His way, and look'd as if his journey  
cost

Some trouble. When his burden down  
he laid,

"What's this?" cried Michael; "why,  
'tis not a ghost?" -

"I know it," quoth the incubus; "but he  
shall be one, if you leave the affair to me.

"Confound the renegado! I have sprain'd  
My left wing, he's so heavy; one would  
think

Some of his works about his neck were  
chain'd.

But to the point; while hovering o'er  
the brink

Of Skiddaw (where as usual it still  
rain'd),

I saw a taper, far below me, wink,  
And stooping, caught this fellow at a  
libel—

No less on history than the Holy Bible.

"The former is the devil's scripture, and  
The latter yours, good Michael: so the  
affair

Belongs to all of us, you understand.

I snatch'd him up just as you see him  
there,

And brought him off for sentence out of  
hand:

I've scarcely been ten minutes in the  
air—

At least a quarter it can hardly be:  
I dare say that his wife is still at tea."

Here Satan said, "I know this man of  
old,

And have expected him for some time  
here;

A sillier fellow you will scarce behold,  
Or more conceited in his petty sphere:

But surely it was not worth while to fold  
Such trash below your wing, Asmodeus

dear:

We had the poor wretch safe (without  
being bored

With carriage) coming of his own accord.

"But since he's here, let's see what he  
has done."

"Done!" cried Asmodeus, "he antici-  
pates

The very business you are now upon,  
And scribbles as if head clerk to the  
Fates.

Who knows to what his ribaldry may  
run,

When such an ass as this, like Balaam's,  
prates?"

"Let's hear," quoth Michael, "what he  
has to say:

You know we're bound to that in every  
way."

Now the bard, glad to get an audience,  
which

By no means often was his case below,  
Began to cough, and hawk, and hem,  
and pitch

His voice into that awful note of woe  
To all unhappy hearers within reach

Of poets when the tide of rhyme's in  
flow;

But stuck fast with his first hexameter,  
Not one of all whose gouty feet would  
stir.

But ere the spavin'd dactyls could be  
spurr'd

Into recitative, in great dismay

Both cherubim and seraphim were heard  
To murmur loudly through their long  
array;

And Michael rose ere he could get a word  
Of all his founder'd verses under way,

And cried, "For God's sake stop, my  
friend! 'twere best—

*Non Di, non homines*—you know the  
rest."

A general bustle spread throughout the  
throng,



Which seem'd to hold all verse in detestation :

The angels had of course enough of song  
When upon service ; and the generation  
Of ghosts had heard too much in life, not long

Before, to profit by a new occasion :  
The monarch, mute till then, exclaim'd,  
" What ! what !

*Pye* come again ? No more—no more of that !

The tumult grew ; an universal cough  
Convulsed the skies, as during a debate.

When Castlereagh has been up long enough

(Before he was first minister of state,  
I mean—the *slaves hear now*) ; some cried  
" Off, off !"

As at a farce ; till, grown quite desperate,

The bard Saint Peter pray'd to interpose  
(Himself an author) only for his prose.

The varlet was not an ill-favor'd knave ;

A good deal like a vulture in the face,  
With a hook nose and a hawk's eye,  
which gave

A smart and sharper-looking sort of grace

To his whole aspect, which, though rather grave,

Was by no means so ugly as his case ;  
But that, indeed, was hopeless as can be,  
Quite a poetic felony "*de se*."

Then Michael blew his trump, and still'd the noise

With one still greater, as is yet the mode  
On earth besides ; except some grumbling voice,

Which now and then will make a slight inroad

Upon decorous silence, few will twice  
Lift up their lungs when fairly over-crow'd ;

And now the bard could plead his own bad cause,  
With all the attitudes of self-applause.

He said—(I only give the heads)—he said,

He meant no harm in scribbling ; 'twas his way

Upon all topics ; 'twas, besides, his bread,

Of which he butter'd both sides ;  
'twould delay

Too long the assembly (he was pleased to dread),

And take up rather more time than a day,

To name his works—he would but cite a few—

" Wat Tyler "—" Rhymes on Blenheim "—" Waterloo."

He had written praises of a regicide ;

He had written praises of all kings whatever ;

He had written for republics far and wide,

And then against them bitterer than ever ;

For pantisocracy he once had cried

Aloud, a scheme less moral than 'twas clever ;

Then grew a hearty anti-Jacobin—

Had turn'd his coat—and would have turn'd his skin.

He had sung against all battles, and again

In their high praise and glory ; he had call'd

Reviewing " the ungentle craft," and then

Become as base a critic as e'er crawl'd—

Fed, paid, and pamper'd by the very men  
By whom his muse and morals had been maul'd :

He had written much blank verse, and blanker prose,

And more of both than anybody knows.

He had written Wesley's life : here turning round

To Satan, " Sir, I'm ready to write yours,

In two octavo volumes, nicely bound,

With notes and preface, all that most allures

The pious purchaser ; and there's no ground

For fear, for I can choose my own reviewers :

So let me have the proper documents,  
That I may add you to my other saints."

Satan bow'd, and was silent. " Well, if you,

With amiable modesty, decline

My offer, what says Michael ? There are few

Whose memoirs could be render'd more divine.

Mine is a pen of all work ; not so new

As it was once, but I would make you  
shine  
Like your own trumpet. By the way,  
my own  
Has more of brass in it, and is as well  
blown.

“ But talking about trumpets, here’s my  
Vision !

Now you shall judge, all people ; yes,  
you shall  
Judge with my judgment, and by my  
decision

Be guided who shall enter heaven or  
fall.

I settle all these things by intuition,  
Times present, past, to come, heaven,  
hell, and all,

Like King Alfonso. When I thus see  
double,

I save the Deity some worlds of trouble.”

He ceased, and drew forth an MS. ; and  
no

Persuasion on the part of devils, saints,  
Or angels, now could stop the torrent ;  
so

He read the first three lines of the  
contents ;

But at the fourth, the whole spiritual  
show

Had vanish’d, with variety of scents,  
Ambrosial and sulphureous, as they  
sprang,

Like lightning, off from his “ melodious  
twang.”

Those grand heroics acted as a spell :

The angels stopp’d their ears and  
plied their pinions ;

The devils ran howling, deafen’d, down  
to hell ;

The ghosts fled, gibbering, for their  
own dominions—

(For ’tis not yet decided where they  
dwell,

And I leave every man to his opinions) ;  
Michael took refuge in his trump—but,  
lo !

His teeth were set on edge, he could not  
blow !

Saint Peter, who has hitherto been  
known

For an impetuous saint, upraised his  
keys,

And at the fifth line knock’d the poet  
down ;

Who fell like Phaëton, but more at  
ease,

Into his lake, for there he did not drown ;  
A different web being by the Destinies  
Woven for the Laureate’s final wreath,  
whene’er

Reform shall happen either here or there.

He first sank to the bottom—like his  
works,

But soon rose to the surface—like him-  
self ;

For all corrupted things are buoy’d like  
corks,

By their own rottenness, like as an elf,  
Or wisp that flits o’er a morass : he  
lurks.

It may be, still, like dull books on a  
shelf,

In his own den, to scrawl some “ Life ”  
or “ Vision,”

As Welborn says—“ the devil turn’d pre-  
cision.”

As for the rest, to come to the conclu-  
sion

Of this true dream, the telescope is  
gone

Which kept my optics free from all  
delusion,

And show’d me what I in my turn  
have shown ;

All I saw farther, in the last confusion,  
Was, that King George slipp’d into  
heaven for one ;

And when the tumult dwindled to a  
calm,

I left him practising the hundredth  
psalm.

May 7—October 4, 1821. October 15, 1822.

#### IMPROMPTUS <sup>1</sup>

STRAHAN, Tonson, Lintot of the times,  
Patron and publisher of rhymes,  
For thee the bard up Pindus climbs,  
My Murray.

To thee, with hope and terror dumb,  
The unfledged MS. authors come ;  
Thou printest all—and sellest some—  
My Murray.

Upon thy table’s baize so green  
The last new Quarterly is seen,—  
But where is thy new Magazine,  
My Murray ?

<sup>1</sup> From letters addressed to Mr. Murray, or to Thomas Moore.



Along thy sprucest bookshelves shine  
The works thou deemest most divine—  
The "Art of Cookery," and mine,  
My Murray.

Tours, Travels, Essays, too, I wist,  
And Sermons, to thy mill bring grist;  
And then thou hast the "Navy List,"  
My Murray.

And Heaven forbid I should conclude  
Without "the Board of Longitude,"  
Although this narrow paper would,  
My Murray.  
*April 11, 1818. 1830.*

WHEN a man hath no freedom to fight  
for at home,  
Let him combat for that of his neigh-  
bors;  
Let him think of the glories of Greece  
and of Rome,  
And get knock'd on the head for his  
labors.

To do good to mankind is the chivalrous  
plan,  
And is always as nobly requited;  
Then battle for freedom wherever you  
can,  
And, if not shot or hang'd, you'll get  
knighted.

*November 5, 1820. 1824.*

So we'll go no more a roving  
So late into the night,  
Though the heart be still as loving,  
And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,  
And the soul wears out the breast,  
And the heart must pause to breathe,  
And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,  
And the day returns too soon,  
Yet we'll go no more a roving  
By the light of the moon.  
*February 28, 1817. 1830.*

THE world is a bundle of hay,  
Mankind are the asses who pull;  
Each tugs it a different way,  
And the greatest of all is John Bull.  
*November 5, 1820. 1830.*

WHO kill'd John Keats?  
"I," says the Quarterly,<sup>1</sup>  
So savage and Tartarly;  
" 'Twas one of my feats."

Who shot the arrow?  
"The poet-priest Milman  
(So ready to kill man),  
Or Southey, or Barrow."

*July 30, 1821. 1830.*

FOR Orford and for Waldegrave  
You give much more than me you gave;  
Which is not fairly to behave.  
My Murray.

Because if a live dog, 'tis said,  
Be worth a lion fairly sped,  
A *live lord* must be worth *two* dead,  
My Murray.

And if, as the opinion goes,  
Verse hath a better sale than prose,—  
Certes, I should have more than those,  
My Murray.

But now this sheet is nearly cramm'd,  
So, if *you will*, I shan't be shamm'd,  
And if you *won't*, you may be damn'd,  
My Murray.  
*August 23, 1821. 1830.*

#### STANZAS WRITTEN ON THE ROAD BETWEEN FLORENCE AND PISA

OH, talk not to me of a name great in  
story;  
The days of our youth are the days of  
our glory;  
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-  
and-twenty  
Are worth all your laurels, though ever  
so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the  
brow that is wrinkled?  
'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew  
be-sprinkled.  
Then away with all such from the head  
that is hoary!  
What care I for the wreaths that can  
*only* give glory!

Oh, FAME!—if I e'er took delight in thy  
praises,

<sup>1</sup> See the note on page 254.

'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,  
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover,  
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

*There* chiefly I sought thee, *there* only I found thee;  
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;  
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,  
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

November, 1821. 1830.

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY  
THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,  
Since others it hath ceased to move:  
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,  
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;  
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;  
The worm, the canker, and the grief  
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys  
Is lone as some volcanic isle;  
No torch is kindled at its blaze—  
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,  
The exalted portion of the pain  
And power of love, I cannot share,  
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus*—and 't is not *here*—  
Such thoughts should shake my soul  
nor *now*,  
Where glory decks the hero's bier,  
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,  
Glory and Greece, around me see!  
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,  
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she *is* awake!)  
Awake, my spirit! Think through  
*whom*

Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,  
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,  
Unworthy manhood!—unto thee  
Indifferent should the smile or frown  
Of beauty be,

If thou regrettest thy youth, *why live?*  
The land of honorable death  
Is here:—up to the field, and give  
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—  
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;  
Then look around, and choose thy ground,  
And take thy rest.

*At Missolonghi, January 22, 1824*  
October 29, 1824.



# SHELLEY

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## SHELLEY

STANZAS—April, 1814<sup>1</sup>

AWAY! the moor is dark beneath the  
moon,  
Rapid clouds have drank the last pale  
beam of even:

Away! the gathering winds will call  
the darkness soon,  
And profoundest midnight shroud the  
serene lights of heaven.

Pause not! The time is past! Every  
voice cries, Away!

Tempt not with one last tear thy  
friend's ungentle mood:  
Thy lover's eye, so glazed and cold, dares  
not entreat thy stay:

Duty and dereliction guide thee back  
to solitude.

Away, away! to thy sad and silent  
home;  
Pour bitter tears on its desolated  
hearth;

Watch the dim shades as like ghosts  
they go and come,  
And complicate strange webs of mel-  
ancholy mirth.

The leaves of wasted autumn woods  
shall float around thine head:  
The blooms of dewy spring shall gleam  
beneath thy feet:

But thy soul or this world must fade in  
the frost that binds the dead,  
Ere midnight's frown and morning's  
smile, ere thou and peace may  
meet.

The cloud shadows of midnight possess  
their own repose,

For the weary winds are silent, or the  
moon is in the deep:  
Some respite to its turbulence unresting  
ocean knows;

<sup>1</sup> See Dowden's *Life of Shelley*, Vol. I., pp. 410-411.

Whatever moves, or toils, or grieves,  
hath its appointed sleep.

Thou in the grave shalt rest—yet till  
the phantoms flee

Which that house and heath and gar-  
den made dear to thee erewhile,  
Thy remembrance, and repentance, and  
deep musings are not free

From the music of two voices and  
the light of one sweet smile.

1814. 1816.

TO COLERIDGE<sup>1</sup>

ΔΑΚΡΥΣΙ ΔΙΟΙΣΩ ΠΟΤΜΟΝ 'ΑΠΟΤΜΟΝ

OH! THERE are spirits of the air,  
And genii of the evening breeze,  
And gentle ghosts, with eyes as fair  
As star-beams among twilight trees:—  
Such lovely ministers to meet  
Oft hast thou turned from men thy  
lonely feet.

With mountain winds, and babbling  
springs,

And moonlight seas, that are the voice  
Of these inexplicable things

Thou didst hold commune, and rejoice  
When they did answer thee; but they  
Cast, like a worthless boon, thy love  
away.

And thou hast sought in starry eyes  
Beams that were never meant for  
thine,

<sup>1</sup> The poem beginning "Oh, there are spirits in the air" was addressed in idea to Coleridge, whom he never knew; and at whose character he could only guess imperfectly, through his writings, and accounts he heard of him from some who knew him well. He regarded his change of opinions as rather an act of will than conviction, and believed that in his inner heart he would be haunted by what Shelley considered the better and holier aspirations of his youth. (From Mrs. Shelley's *Note on the Early Poems*.) See also Dowden's *Life of Shelley*, Vol. I., p. 472 and note.

Another's wealth :—tame sacrifice  
To a fond faith! still dost thou pine?  
Still dost thou hope that greeting hands,  
Voice, looks, or lips, may answer thy  
demands?

Ah! wherefore didst thou build thine  
hope

On the false earth's inconstancy?  
Did thine own mind afford no scope  
Of love, or moving thoughts to thee?  
That natural scenes or human smiles  
Could steal the power to wind thee in  
their wiles.

Yes, all the faithless smiles are fled  
Whose falsehood left thee broken-  
hearted;  
The glory of the moon is dead;  
Night's ghosts and dreams have now  
departed;  
Thine own soul still is true to thee,  
But changed to a foul fiend through  
misery.

This fiend, whose ghastly presence ever  
Beside thee like thy shadow hangs,  
Dream not to chase;—the mad endea-  
vor

Would scourge thee to severer pangs.  
Be as thou art. Thy settled fate,  
Dark as it is, all change would aggra-  
vate. 1815. 1816.

#### ALASTOR,

OR

#### THE SPIRIT OF SOLITUDE

#### PREFACE

THE poem entitled *Alastor* may be considered as allegorical of one of the most interesting situations of the human mind. It represents a youth of uncorrupted feelings and adventurous genius led forth by an imagination inflamed and purified through familiarity with all that is excellent and majestic, to the contemplation of the universe. He drinks deep of the fountains of knowledge, and is still insatiate. The magnificence and beauty of the external world sinks profoundly into the frame of his conceptions, and affords to their modifications a variety not to be exhausted. So long as it is possible for his desires to point towards objects thus infinite and unmeasured, he is joyous, and tranquil, and self-possessed. But the period arrives when these objects cease to suffice. His mind is at length suddenly awakened and thirsts for intercourse with an intelligence similar to itself. He images to himself the Being whom he loves. Conversant with speculations of the sublimest and most perfect natures, the vision in which he embodies his own imaginations unites all of wonderful, or wise, or beautiful, which the poet,

the philosopher, or the lover could depicture. The intellectual faculties, the imagination, the functions of sense, have their respective requisitions on the sympathy of corresponding powers in other human beings. The Poet is represented as uniting these requisitions, and attaching them to a single image. He seeks in vain for a prototype of his conception. Blasted by his disappointment, he descends to an untimely grave.

The picture is not barren of instruction to actual men. The Poet's self-centred seclusion was avenged by the furies of an irresistible passion pursuing him to speedy ruin. But that Power which strikes the luminaries of the world with sudden darkness and extinction, by awakening them to too exquisite a perception of its influences, dooms to a slow and poisonous decay those meaner spirits that dare to abjure its dominion. Their destiny is more abject and inglorious as their delinquency is more contemptible and pernicious. They who, deluded by no generous error, instigated by no sacred thirst of doubtful knowledge, duped by no illustrious superstition, loving nothing on this earth, and cherishing no hopes beyond, yet keep aloof from sympathies with their kind, rejoicing neither in human joy nor mourning with human grief; these, and such as they, have their apportioned curse. They languish, because none feel with them their common nature. They are morally dead. They are neither friends, nor lovers, nor fathers, nor citizens of the world, nor benefactors of their country. Among those who attempt to exist without human sympathy, the pure and tender-hearted perish through the intensity and passion of their search after its communities, when the vacancy of their spirit suddenly makes itself felt. All else, selfish, blind, and torpid, are those unforeseeing multitudes who constitute, together with their own, the lasting misery and loneliness of the world. Those who love not their fellow-beings live unfruitful lives, and prepare for their old age a miserable grave.

"The good die first,  
And those whose hearts are dry as summer dust,  
Burn to the socket!"

December 14, 1815.

Nondum amabam, et amare amabam, quærebam quid amarem, amans amare.—*Confess. St. August.*

EARTH, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood!  
If our great Mother has imbued my soul  
With aught of natural piety to feel  
Your love, and recompense the boon  
with mine;  
If dewy morn, and odorous noon, and  
even,  
With sunset and its gorgeous ministers,  
And solemn midnight tingling silent-  
ness;  
If autumn's hollow sighs in the sere  
wood,  
And winter robing with pure snow and  
crowns  
Of starry ice the gray grass and bare  
boughs;



If spring's voluptuous pantings when she  
breathes  
Her first sweet kisses, have been dear to  
me ;  
If no bright bird, insect, or gentle beast  
I consciously have injured, but still  
loved  
And cherished these my kindred ; then  
forgive  
This boast, belovèd brethren, and with-  
draw  
No portion of your wonted favor now !

Mother of this unfathomable world !  
Favor my solemn song, for I have loved  
Thee ever, and thee only ; I have  
watched  
Thy shadow, and the darkness of thy  
steps,  
And my heart ever gazes on the depth  
Of thy deep mysteries. I have made  
my bed  
In charnels and on coffins, where black  
death  
Keeps record of the trophies won from  
thee,  
Hoping to still these obstinate ques-  
tionings  
Of thee and thine, by forcing some lone  
ghost,  
Thy messenger, to render up the tale  
Of what we are. In lone and silent  
hours,  
When night makes a weird sound of its  
own stillness,  
Like an inspired and desperate alchy-  
mist  
Staking his very life on some dark hope,  
Have I mixed awful talk and asking  
looks  
With my most innocent love, until  
strange tears  
Uniting with those breathless kisses,  
made  
Such magic as compels the charmed  
night  
To render up thy charge : . . . and,  
though ne'er yet  
Thou hast unveiled thy inmost sanc-  
tuary,  
Enough from incommunicable dream,  
And twilight phantasms, and deep noon-  
day thought,  
Has shone within me, that serenely now  
And moveless, as a long-forgotten lyre  
Suspended in the solitary dome  
Of some mysterious and deserted fane,  
I wait thy breath, Great Parent, that  
my strain

May modulate with murmurs of the air,  
And motions of the forests and the sea,  
And voice of living beings, and woven  
hymns  
Of night and day, and the deep heart of  
man.

There was a Poet whose untimely  
tomb  
No human hands with pious reverence  
reared,  
But the charmed eddies of autumnal  
winds  
Built o'er his mouldering bones a pyra-  
mid  
Of mouldering leaves in the waste  
wilderness :—  
A lovely youth,—no mourning maiden  
decked  
With weeping flowers, or votive cypress  
wreath,  
The lone couch of his everlasting  
sleep :—  
Gentle, and brave, and generous,—no  
lorn bard  
Breathed o'er his dark fate one melo-  
dious sigh :  
He lived, he died, he sung, in solitude.  
Strangers have wept to hear his passion-  
ate notes,  
And virgins, as unknown he passed, have  
pined  
And wasted for fond love of his wild  
eyes.  
The fire of those soft orbs has ceased to  
burn,  
And Silence, too enamored of that voice,  
Locks its mute music in her rugged cell.

By solemn vision, and bright silver  
dream,  
His infancy was nurtured. Every sight  
And sound from the vast earth and  
ambient air  
Sent to his heart its choicest impulses,  
The fountains of divine philosophy  
Fled not his thirsting lips, and all of  
great,  
Or good, or lovely, which the sacred past  
In truth or fable consecrates, he felt  
And knew. When early youth had  
pass'd, he left  
His cold fireside and alienated home  
To seek strange truths in undiscovered  
lands.  
Many a wide waste and tangled wilder-  
ness  
Has lured his fearless steps ; and he has  
bought

With his sweet voice and eyes, from  
 savage men,  
 His rest and food. Nature's most secret  
 steps  
 He like her shadow has pursued, where'er  
 The red volcano overcanopies  
 Its fields of snow and pinnacles of ice  
 With burning smoke, or where bitumen  
 lakes  
 On black bare pointed islets ever beat  
 With sluggish surge, or where the secret  
 caves  
 Rugged and dark, winding among the  
 springs  
 Of fire and poison, inaccessible  
 To avarice or pride, their starry domes  
 Of diamond and of gold expand above  
 Numberless and immeasurable halls,  
 Frequent with crystal column, and clear  
 shrines  
 Of pearl, and thrones radiant with chrys-  
 olite.  
 Nor had that scene of ampler majesty  
 Than gems or gold, the varying roof of  
 heaven  
 And the green earth lost in his heart its  
 claims  
 To love and wonder; he would linger  
 long  
 In lonesome vales, making the wild his  
 home,  
 Until the doves and squirrels would  
 partake  
 From his innocuous hand his bloodless  
 food,  
 Lured by the gentle meaning of his  
 looks,  
 And the wild antelope, that starts  
 where'er  
 The dry leaf rustles in the brake, suspend  
 Her timid steps to gaze upon a form  
 More graceful than her own.

His wandering step  
 Obedient to high thoughts, has visited  
 The awful ruins of the days of old:  
 Athens, and Tyre, and Balbec, and the  
 waste  
 Where stood Jerusalem, the fallen towers  
 Of Babylon, the eternal pyramids,  
 Memphis and Thebes, and whatsoe'er of  
 strange  
 Sculptured on alabaster obelisk,  
 Or jasper tomb, or mutilated sphynx,  
 Dark Æthiopia in her desert hills  
 Conceals. Among the ruined temples  
 there,  
 Stupendous columns, and wild images  
 Of more than man, where marbie  
 demons watch

The Zodiac's brazen mystery, and dead  
 men  
 Hang their mute thoughts on the mute  
 walls around,  
 He lingered, poring on memorials  
 Of the world's youth, through the long  
 burning day  
 Gazed on those speechless shapes, nor,  
 when the moon  
 Filled the mysterious halls with floating  
 shades  
 Suspended he that task, but ever gazed  
 And gazed, till meaning on his vacant  
 mind  
 Flashed like strong inspiration, and he  
 saw  
 The thrilling secrets of the birth of  
 time.  
 Meanwhile an Arab maiden brought his  
 food,  
 Her daily portion, from her father's tent,  
 And spread her matting for his couch,  
 and stole  
 From duties and repose to tend his  
 steps:—  
 Enamored, yet not daring for deep awe  
 To speak her love:—and watched his  
 nightly sleep,  
 Sleepless herself, to gaze upon his lips  
 Parted in slumber, whence the regular  
 breath  
 Of innocent dreams arose: then, when  
 red morn  
 Made paler the pale moon, to her cold  
 home  
 Wildered, and wan, and panting, she  
 returned.

The Poet wandering on, through  
 Arabia  
 And Persia, and the wild Carmanian  
 waste,  
 And o'er the aerial mountains which  
 pour down  
 Indus and Oxus from their icy caves,  
 In joy and exultation held his way;  
 Till in the vale of Cashmire, far within  
 Its loneliest dell, where odorous plants  
 entwine  
 Beneath the hollow rocks a natural  
 bower,  
 Beside a sparkling rivulet he stretched  
 His languid limbs. A vision on his sleep  
 There came, a dream of hopes that never  
 yet  
 Had flushed his cheek. He dreamed a  
 veiled maid  
 Sate near him, talking in low solemn  
 tones.



Her voice was like the voice of his own  
 soul  
 Heard in the calm of thought ; its music  
 long,  
 Like woven sounds of streams and  
 breezes, held  
 His inmost sense suspended in its web  
 Of many-colored woof and shifting  
 hues.  
 Knowledge and truth and virtue were  
 her theme,  
 And lofty hopes of divine liberty,  
 Thoughts the most dear to him, and  
 poesy,  
 Herself a poet. Soon the solemn mood  
 Of her pure mind kindled through all her  
 frame  
 A permeating fire : wild numbers then  
 She raised, with voice stifled in tremu-  
 lous sobs  
 Subdued by its own pathos : her fair  
 hands  
 Were bare alone, sweeping from some  
 strange harp  
 Strange symphony, and in their branch-  
 ing veins  
 The eloquent blood told an ineffable tale.  
 The beating of her heart was heard to fill  
 The pauses of her music, and her breath  
 Tumultuously accorded with those fits  
 Of intermitted song. Sudden she rose,  
 As if her heart impatiently endured  
 Its bursting burthen : at the sound he  
 turned,  
 And saw by the warm light of their own  
 life  
 Her glowing limbs beneath the sinuous  
 veil  
 Of woven wind, her outspread arms now  
 bare,  
 Her dark locks floating in the breath of  
 night,  
 Her beamy bending eyes, her parted lips  
 Outstretched, and pale, and quivering  
 eagerly.  
 His strong heart sunk and sickened with  
 excess  
 Of love. He reared his shuddering limbs  
 and quelled  
 His gasping breath, and spread his arms  
 to meet  
 Her panting bosom : . . . she drew back  
 a while,  
 Then, yielding to the irresistible joy,  
 With frantic gesture and short breath-  
 less cry  
 Folded his frame in her dissolving arms.  
 Now blackness veiled his dizzy eyes, and  
 night

Involved and swallowed up the vision ;  
 sleep,  
 Like a dark flood suspended in its course,  
 Rolled back its impulse on his vacant  
 brain.

Roused by the shock he started from  
 his trance—  
 The cold white light of morning, the  
 blue moon  
 Low in the west, the clear and garish  
 hills,  
 The distinct valley and the vacant woods,  
 Spread round him where he stood.  
 Whither have fled  
 The hues of heaven that canopied his  
 bower  
 Of yesternight? The sounds that  
 soothed his sleep,  
 The mystery and the majesty of Earth,  
 The joy, the exultation? His wan eyes  
 Gaze on the empty scene as vacantly  
 As ocean's moon looks on the moon in  
 heaven.  
 The spirit of sweet human love has sent  
 A vision to the sleep of him who spurned  
 Her choicest gifts. He eagerly pursues  
 Beyond the realms of dream that fleet-  
 ing shade ;  
 He overleaps the bounds. Alas ! alas !  
 Were limbs, and breath, and being in-  
 tertwined  
 Thus treacherously ? Lost, lost, for ever  
 lost,  
 In the wide pathless desert of dim sleep,  
 That beautiful shape ! Does the dark  
 gate of death  
 Conduct to thy mysterious paradise,  
 O Sleep ? Does the bright arch of rain-  
 bow clouds,  
 And pendent mountains seen in the calm  
 lake,  
 Lead only to a black and watery depth,  
 While death's blue vault, with loathliest  
 vapors hung,  
 Where every shade which the foul grave  
 exhales  
 Hides its dead eye from the detested day,  
 Conduct, O Sleep, to thy delightful  
 realms ?  
 This doubt with sudden tide flowed on  
 his heart ;  
 The insatiate hope which it awakened  
 stung  
 His brain even like despair.  
 While daylight held  
 The sky, the Poet kept mute conference  
 With his still soul. At night the pas-  
 sion came,

Like the fierce fiend of a distempered dream  
 And shook him from his rest, and led him forth  
 Into the darkness.—As an eagle, grasped  
 In folds of the green serpent, feels her breast  
 Burn with the poison, and precipitates  
 Through night and day, tempest, and calm, and cloud,  
 Frantic with dizzying anguish, her blind flight  
 O'er the wide æry wilderness: thus driven  
 By the bright shadow of that lovely dream,  
 Beneath the cold glare of the desolate night,  
 Through tangled swamps and deep precipitous dells,  
 Startling with careless step the moon-light snake,  
 He fled. Red morning dawned upon his flight,  
 Shedding the mockery of its vital hues  
 Upon his cheek of death. He wandered on  
 Till vast Aornos seen from Petra's steep,  
 Hung o'er the low horizon like a cloud;  
 Through Balk, and where the desolated tombs  
 Of Parthian kings scatter to every wind  
 Their wasting dust, wildly he wandered on,  
 Day after day, a weary waste of hours,  
 Bearing within his life the brooding care  
 That ever fed on its decaying flame.  
 And now his limbs were lean; his scattered hair  
 Sere'd by the autumn of strange suffering  
 Sung dirges in the wind; his listless hand  
 Hung like dead bone within its withered skin;  
 Life, and the lustre that consumed it, shone  
 As in a furnace burning secretly  
 From his dark eyes alone. The cottagers,  
 Who ministered with human charity  
 His human wants, beheld with wondering awe  
 Their fleeting visitant. The mountaineer,  
 Encountering on some dizzy precipice  
 That spectral form, deemed that the Spirit of wind

With lightning eyes, and eager breath, and feet  
 Disturbing not the drifted snow, had paused  
 In its career: the infant would conceal  
 His troubled visage in his mother's robe  
 In terror at the glare of those wild eyes,  
 To remember their strange light in many a dream  
 Of after-times; but youthful maidens, taught  
 By nature, would interpret half the woe  
 That wasted him, would call him with false names  
 Brother, and friend, would press his pallid hand  
 At parting, and watch, dim through tears, the path  
 Of his departure from their father's door.

At length upon the lone Chorasmian shore  
 He paused, a wide and melancholy waste  
 Of putrid marshes. A strong impulse urged  
 His steps to the sea-shore. A swan was there,  
 Beside a sluggish stream among the reeds.  
 It rose as he approached, and with strong wings  
 Scaling the upward sky, bent its bright course  
 High over the immeasurable main.  
 His eyes pursued its flight.—"Thou hast a home,  
 Beautiful bird; thou voyagest to thine home,  
 Where thy sweet mate will twine her downy neck  
 With thine, and welcome thy return with eyes  
 Bright in the lustre of their own fond joy.  
 And what am I that I should linger here,  
 With voice far sweeter than thy dying notes,  
 Spirit more vast than thine, frame more attuned  
 To beauty, wasting these surpassing powers  
 In the deaf air, to the blind earth, and heaven  
 That echoes not my thoughts?" A gloomy smile  
 Of desperate hope wrinkled his quivering lips.



For sleep, he knew, kept most relent-  
lessly  
Its precious charge, and silent death  
exposed,  
Faithless perhaps as sleep, a shadowy  
lure,  
With doubtful smile mocking its own  
strange charms.

Startled by his own thoughts he  
looked around.  
There was no fair fiend near him, not a  
sight  
Or sound of awe but in his own deep  
mind.  
A little shallop floating near the shore  
Caught the impatient wandering of his  
gaze.  
It had been long abandoned, for its sides  
Gaped wide with many a rift, and its  
frail joints  
Swayed with the undulations of the tide.  
A restless impulse urged him to embark  
And meet lone Death on the drear  
ocean's waste;  
For well he knew that mighty Shadow  
loves  
The slimy caverns of the populous deep.

The day was fair and sunny, sea and  
sky  
Drank its inspiring radiance, and the  
wind  
Swept strongly from the shore, blacken-  
ing the waves.  
Following his eager soul, the wanderer  
Leaped in the boat, he spread his cloak  
aloft  
On the bare mast, and took his lonely  
seat,  
And felt the boat speed o'er the tran-  
quil sea  
Like a torn cloud before the hurricane.

As one that in a silver vision floats  
Obedient to the sweep of odorous winds  
Upon resplendent clouds, so rapidly  
Along the dark and ruffled waters fled  
The straining boat.—A whirlwind swept  
it on,  
With fierce gusts and precipitating force,  
Through the white ridges of the chafed  
sea.  
The waves arose. Higher and higher  
still  
Their fierce necks writhed beneath the  
tempest's scourge  
Like serpents struggling in a vulture's  
grasp.

Calm and rejoicing in the fearful war  
Of wave ruining on wave, and blast on  
blast

Descending, and black flood on whirl-  
pool driven

With dark obliterating course, he sate :  
As if their genii were the ministers  
Appointed to conduct him to the light  
Of those beloved eyes, the Poet sate  
Holding the steady helm. Evening  
came on,

The beams of sunset hung their rain-  
bow hues

High 'mid the shifting domes of sheeted  
spray

That canopied his path o'er the waste  
deep;

Twilight, ascending slowly from the  
east,

Entwined in duskier wreaths her braided  
locks

O'er the fair front and radiant eyes of  
day;

Night followed, clad with stars. On  
every side

More horribly the multitudinous streams  
Of ocean's mountainous waste to mutual  
war

Rushed in dark tumult thundering, as  
to mock

The calm and spangled sky. The little  
boat

Still fled before the storm; still fled,  
like foam

Down the steep cataract of a wintry  
river;

Now pausing on the edge of the riven  
wave;

Now leaving far behind the bursting  
mass

That fell, convulsing ocean. Safely  
fled—

As if that frail and wasted human form,  
Had been an elemental god.

At midnight

The moon arose: and lo! the ethereal  
cliffs

Of Caucasus, whose icy summits shone  
Among the stars like sunlight, and  
around

Whose caverned base the whirlpools  
and the waves

Bursting and eddying irresistibly  
Rage and resound for ever.—Who shall  
save?—

The boat fled on,—the boiling torrent  
drove,—

The crags closed round with black and  
jagged arms,

The shattered mountains overhung the  
 sea,  
 And faster still, beyond all human speed,  
 Suspended on the sweep of the smooth  
 wave,  
 The little boat was driven. A cavern  
 there  
 Yawned, and amid its slant and wind-  
 ing depths  
 Ingulfed the rushing sea. The boat fled  
 on  
 With unrelaxing speed.—“Vision and  
 Love!”  
 The Poet cried aloud, “I have beheld  
 The path of thy departure. Sleep and  
 death  
 Shall not divide us long!”  
 The boat pursued  
 The windings of the cavern. Daylight  
 shone  
 At length upon that gloomy river’s flow;  
 Now, where the fiercest war among the  
 waves  
 Is calm, on the unfathomable stream  
 The boat moved slowly. Where the  
 mountain, riven,  
 Exposed those black depths to the azure  
 sky,  
 Ere yet the flood’s enormous volume fell  
 Even to the base of Caucasus, with sound  
 That shook the everlasting rocks, the  
 mass  
 Filled with one whirlpool all that ample  
 chasm;  
 Stair above stair the eddying water rose,  
 Circling immeasurably fast, and laved  
 With alternating dash the gnarled roots  
 Of mighty trees, that stretched their  
 giant arms  
 In darkness over it. I’ the midst was left,  
 Reflecting, yet distorting every cloud,  
 A pool of treacherous and tremendous  
 calm.  
 Seized by the sway of the ascending  
 stream,  
 With dizzy swiftness, round, and round,  
 and round,  
 Ridge after ridge the straining boat  
 arose,  
 Till on the verge of the extremest curve,  
 Where, through an opening of the rocky  
 bank,  
 The waters overflow, and a smooth spot  
 Of glassy quiet mid those battling tides  
 Is left, the boat paused shuddering.—  
 Shall it sink  
 Down the abyss? Shall the reverting  
 stress  
 Of that resistless gulf embosom it?

Now shall it fall?—A wandering stream  
 of wind,  
 Breathed from the west, has caught the  
 expanded sail,  
 And, lo! with gentle motion, between  
 banks  
 Of mossy slope, and on a placid stream,  
 Beneath a woven grove it sails, and hark!  
 The ghastly torrent mingles its far roar,  
 With the breeze murmuring in the  
 musical woods.  
 Where the embowering trees recede,  
 and leave  
 A little space of green expanse, the cove  
 Is closed by meeting banks, whose  
 yellow flowers  
 Forever gaze on their own drooping eyes,  
 Reflected in the crystal calm. The wave  
 Of the boat’s motion marred their pen-  
 sive task,  
 Which nought but vagrant bird, or  
 wanton wind,  
 Or falling spear-grass, or their own  
 decay  
 Had e’er disturbed before. The Poet  
 longed  
 To deck with their bright hues his with-  
 ered hair,  
 But on his heart its solitude returned,  
 And he forebore. Not the strong impulse  
 hid  
 In those flushed cheeks, bent eyes, and  
 shadowy frame  
 Had yet performed its ministry: it hung  
 Upon his life, as lightning in a cloud  
 Gleams, hovering ere it vanish, ere the  
 floods  
 Of night close over it.  
 The noonday sun  
 Now shone upon the forest, one vast  
 mass  
 Of mingling shade, whose brown mag-  
 nificence  
 A narrow vale embosoms. There, huge  
 caves,  
 Scooped in the dark base of their aëry  
 rocks  
 Mocking its moans, respond and roar for  
 ever,  
 The meeting boughs and implicated  
 leaves  
 Wove twilight o’er the Poet’s path, as led  
 By love, or dream, or god, or mightier  
 Death,  
 He sought in Nature’s dearest haunt,  
 some bank,  
 Her cradle, and his sepulchre. More dark  
 And dark the shades accumulate. The  
 oak,



Expanding its immense and knotty arms,  
Embraces the light beech. The pyra-  
mids

Of the tall cedar overarching frame  
Most solemn domes within, and far  
below,

Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,  
The ash and the acacia floating hang  
Tremulous and pale. Like restless ser-  
pents, clothed

In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,  
Starred with ten thousand blossoms,  
flow around

The gray trunks, and, as gamesome in-  
fants' eyes.

With gentle meanings, and most in-  
nocent wiles,

Fold their beams round the hearts of  
those that love,

These twine their tendrils with the  
wedded boughs

Uniting their close union; the woven  
leaves

Make network of the dark blue light of  
day,

And the night's noontide clearness,  
mutable

As shapes in the weird clouds. Soft  
mossy lawns

Beneath these canopies extend their  
swells,

Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and  
eyed with blooms

Minute yet beautiful. One darkest glen  
Sends from its woods of musk-rose,  
twined with jasmine,

A soul-dissolving odor, to invite  
To some more lovely mystery. Through  
the dell,

Silence and Twilight here, twin-sisters,  
keep

Their noonday watch, and sail among  
the shades,

Like vaporous shapes half seen; beyond,  
a well,

Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent  
wave,

Images all the woven boughs above,  
And each depending leaf, and every  
speck

Of azure sky, darting between their  
chasms;

Nor aught else in the liquid mirror laves  
Its portraiture, but some inconstant star  
Between one foliaged lattice twinkling  
fair,

Or painted bird, sleeping beneath the  
moon,

Or gorgeous insect floating motionless,

Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings  
Have spread their glories to the gaze of  
noon.

Hither the Poet came. His eyes be-  
held

Their own wan light through the re-  
flected lines

Of his thin hair, distinct in the dark  
depth

Of that still fountain; as the human  
heart,

Gazing in dreams over the gloomy grave,  
Sees its own treacherous likeness there.

He heard

The motion of the leaves, the grass that  
sprung

Startled and glanced and trembled even  
to feel

An unaccustomed presence, and the  
sound

Of the sweet brook that from the secret  
springs

Of that dark fountain rose. A Spirit  
seemed

To stand beside him—clothed in no bright  
robes

Of shadowy silver or enshrining light,  
Borrowed from aught the visible world  
affords

Of grace, or majesty, or mystery;—  
But undulating woods, and silent well,  
And leaping rivulet, and evening gloom  
Now deepening the dark shades, for  
speech assuming,

Held commune with him, as if he and it  
Were all that was,—only . . . when his  
regard

Was raised by intense pensiveness, . . .  
two eyes,

Two starry eyes, hung in the gloom of  
thought,

And seemed with their serene and azure  
smiles

To beckon him.

Obedient to the light

That shone within his soul, he went,  
pursuing

The windings of the dell.—The rivulet  
Wanton and wild, through many a green  
ravine

Beneath the forest flowed. Sometimes  
it fell

Among the moss with hollow harmony  
Dark and profound. Now on the polished  
stones

It danced; like childhood laughing as it  
went:

Then through the plain in tranquil  
wanderings crept,  
Reflecting every herb and drooping bud  
That overhung its quietness.—“O stream!  
Whose source is inaccessibly profound,  
Whither do thy mysterious waters tend?  
Thou imagest my life. Thy darksome  
stillness,  
Thy dazzling waves, thy loud and hollow  
gulfs,  
Thy searchless fountain, and invisible  
course  
Have each their type in me: and the  
wide sky,  
And measureless ocean may declare as  
soon  
What oozy cavern or what wandering  
cloud  
Contains thy waters, as the universe  
Tell where these living thoughts reside,  
when stretched  
Upon thy flowers my bloodless limbs  
shall waste  
I’ the passing wind!”

Beside the grassy shore  
Of the small stream he went; he did  
impress  
On the green moss his tremulous step,  
that caught  
Strong shuddering from his burning  
limbs. As one  
Roused by some joyous madness from  
the couch  
Of fever, he did move; yet not like him  
Forgetful of the grave, where, when  
the flame  
Of his frail exultation shall be spent,  
He must descend. With rapid steps he  
went  
Beneath the shade of trees, beside the  
flow  
Of the wild babbling rivulet; and now  
The forest’s solemn canopies were  
changed  
For the uniform and lightsome evening  
sky.  
Gray rocks did peep from the spare moss,  
and stemmed  
The struggling brook: tall spires of  
windlestrae  
Threw their thin shadows down the  
rugged slope,  
And nought but gnarled roots of ancient  
pines  
Branchless and blasted, clenched with  
grasping roots  
The unwilling soil. A gradual change  
was here,

Yet ghastly. For, as fast years flow  
away,  
The smooth brow gathers, and the hair  
grows thin  
And white, and where irradiate dewy  
eyes  
Had shone, gleam stony orbs:—so from  
his steps  
Bright flowers departed, and the beauti-  
ful shade  
Of the green groves, with all their odor-  
ous winds  
And musical motions. Calm, he still  
pursued  
The stream, that with a larger volume  
now  
Rolled through the labyrinthine dell,  
and there  
Fretted a path through its descending  
curves  
With its wintry speed. On every side  
now rose  
Rocks, which, in unimaginable forms,  
Lifted their black and barren pinnacles  
In the light of evening, and, its precipice  
Obscuring the ravine, disclosed above,  
Mid. toppling stones, black gulfs and  
yawning caves,  
Whose windings gave ten thousand  
various tongues  
To the loud stream. Lo! where the pass  
expands  
Its stony jaws, the abrupt mountain  
breaks,  
And seems, with its accumulated crags,  
To overhang the world: for wide expand  
Beneath the wan stars and descending  
moon  
Islanded seas, blue mountains, mighty  
streams,  
Dim tracts and vast, robed in the  
lustrous gloom  
Of leaden-colored even, and fiery hills  
Mingling their flames with twilight, on  
the verge  
Of the remote horizon. The near scene,  
In naked and severe simplicity,  
Made contrast with the universe. A  
pine,  
Rock-rooted, stretched athwart the  
vacancy  
Its swinging boughs, to each inconstant  
blast  
Yielding one only response, at each pause  
In most familiar cadence, with the howl  
The thunder and the hiss of homeless  
streams  
Mingling its solemn song, whilst the  
broad river,



Foaming and hurrying o'er its rugged  
path,  
Fell into that immeasurable void  
Scattering its waters to the passing  
winds.

Yet the gray precipice and solemn  
pine  
And torrent were not all;—one silent  
nook  
Was there. Even on the edge of that  
vast mountain,  
Upheld by knotty roots and fallen rocks,  
It overlooked in its serenity  
The dark earth, and the bending vault  
of stars.  
It was a tranquil spot, that seemed to  
smile  
Even in the lap of horror. Ivy clasped  
The fissured stones with its entwining  
arms,  
And did embower with leaves for ever  
green,  
And berries dark, the smooth and even  
space  
Of its inviolated floor, and here  
The children of the autumnal whirlwind  
bore,  
In wanton sport, those bright leaves,  
whose decay,  
Red, yellow, or ethereally pale,  
Rivals the pride of summer. 'Tis the  
haunt  
Of every gentle wind, whose breath can  
teach  
The wilds to love tranquillity. One  
step,  
One human step alone, has ever broken  
The stillness of its solitude:—one voice  
Alone inspired its echoes;—even that  
voice  
Which hither came, floating among the  
winds,  
And led the loveliest among human  
forms  
To make their wild haunts the deposi-  
tory  
Of all the grace and beauty that endued  
Its motions, render up its majesty,  
Scatter its music on the unfeeling  
storm,  
And to the damp leaves and blue cavern  
mould,  
Nurses of rainbow flowers and branch-  
ing moss,  
Commit the colors of that varying  
cheek,  
That snowy breast, those dark and  
drooping eyes.

The dim and hornèd moon hung low,  
and poured  
A sea of lustre on the horizon's verge  
That overflowed its mountains. Yellow  
mist  
Filled the unbounded atmosphere, and  
drank  
Wan moonlight even to fulness: not a  
star  
Shone, not a sound was heard; the very  
winds,  
Danger's grim playmates, on that preci-  
pice  
Slept, clasped in his embrace.—O, storm  
of death!  
Whose sightless speed divides this sullen  
night:  
And thou, colossal Skeleton, that, still  
Guiding its irresistible career  
In thy devastating omnipotence,  
Art king of this frail world, from the  
red field  
Of slaughter, from the reeking hos-  
pital,  
The patriot's sacred couch, the snowy  
bed  
Of innocence, the scaffold and the  
throne,  
A mighty voice invokes thee. Ruin  
calls  
His brother Death. A rare and regal  
prey  
He hath prepared, prowling around the  
world;  
Glutted with which thou mayst repose,  
and men  
Go to their graves like flowers or creep-  
ing worms,  
Nor ever more offer at thy dark shrine  
The unheeded tribute of a broken heart.

When on the threshold of the green  
recess  
The wanderer's footsteps fell, he knew  
that death  
Was on him. Yet a little, ere it fled,  
Did he resign his high and holy soul  
To images of the majestic past,  
That paused within his passive being  
now,  
Like winds that bear sweet music, when  
they breathe  
Through some dim latticed chamber.  
He did place  
His pale lean hand upon the rugged  
trunk  
Of the old pine. Upon an ivied stone  
Reclined his languid head, his limbs did  
rest,

Diffused and motionless, on the smooth  
 brink  
 Of that obscurest chasm ;—and thus he  
 lay,  
 Surrendering to their final impulses  
 The hovering powers of life. Hope and  
 despair,  
 The torturers, slept ; no mortal pain or  
 fear  
 Marred his repose, the influxes of sense,  
 And his own being unalloyed by pain,  
 Yet feebler and more feeble, calmly fed  
 The stream of thought, till he lay breath-  
 ing there  
 At peace, and faintly smiling :—his last  
 sight  
 Was the great moon, which o'er the  
 western line  
 Of the wide world her mighty horn sus-  
 pended,  
 With whose dun beams inwoven dark-  
 ness seemed  
 To mingle. Now upon the jagged hills  
 It rests, and still as the divided frame  
 Of the vast meteor sunk, the Poet's blood,  
 That ever beat in mystic sympathy  
 With nature's ebb and flow, grew feebler  
 still :  
 And when two lessening points of light  
 alone  
 Gleamed through the darkness, the alter-  
 nate gasp  
 Of his faint respiration scarce did stir  
 The stagnate night :—till the minutest  
 ray  
 Was quenched, the pulse yet lingered in  
 his heart.  
 It paused—it fluttered. But when  
 heaven remained  
 Utterly black, the murky shades in-  
 volved  
 An image, silent, cold, and motionless,  
 As their own voiceless earth and vacant  
 air.  
 Even as a vapor fed with golden beams  
 That ministered on sunlight, ere the west  
 Eclipses it, was now that wondrous  
 frame—  
 No sense, no motion, no divinity—  
 A fragile lute, on whose harmonious  
 strings  
 The breath of heaven did wander—a  
 bright stream  
 Once fed with many-voicèd waves—a  
 dream  
 Of youth, which night and time have  
 quenched forever.  
 Still, dark, and dry, and unremembered  
 now.

O, for Medea's wondrous alchemy,  
 Which wheresoe'er it fell made the earth  
 gleam  
 With bright flowers, and the wintry  
 boughs exhale  
 From vernal blooms fresh fragrance !  
 O, that God,  
 Profuse of poisons, would concede the  
 chalice  
 Which but one living man has drained,  
 who now  
 Vessel of deathless wrath, a slave that  
 feels  
 No proud exemption in the blighting  
 curse  
 He bears, over the world wanders for  
 ever,  
 Lone as incarnate death ! O, that the  
 dream  
 Of dark magician in his visioned cave,  
 Raking the cinders of a crucible  
 For life and power, even when his feeble  
 hand  
 Shakes in its last decay, were the true  
 law  
 Of this so lovely world ! But thou art  
 fled  
 Like some frail exhalation ; which the  
 dawn  
 Robes in its golden beams,—ah ! thou  
 hast fled !  
 The brave, the gentle, and the beautiful,  
 The child of grace and genius. Heart-  
 less things  
 Are done and said i' the world, and  
 many worms  
 And beasts and men live on, and mighty  
 Earth  
 From sea and mountain, city and wilder-  
 ness,  
 In vesper low or joyous orison,  
 Lifts still its solemn voice :—but thou  
 art fled—  
 Thou canst no longer know or love the  
 shapes  
 Of this phantasmal scene, who have to  
 thee  
 Been purest ministers, who are, alas !  
 Now thou art not. Upon those pallid  
 lips  
 So sweet even in their silence, on those  
 eyes  
 That image sleep in death, upon that  
 form  
 Yet safe from the worm's outrage, let  
 no tear  
 Be shed—not even in thought. Nor,  
 when those hues  
 Are gone, and those divinest lineaments,



Worn by the senseless wind, shall live  
 alone  
 In the frail pauses of this simple strain,  
 Let not high verse, mourning the  
 memory  
 Of that which is no more, or painting's  
 woe  
 Or sculpture, speak in feeble imagery  
 Their own cold powers. Art and elo-  
 quence,  
 And all the shows o' the world are frail  
 and vain  
 To weep a loss that turns their lights to  
 shade.  
 It is a woe too "deep for tears," when  
 all  
 Is reft at once, when some surpassing  
 Spirit,  
 Whose light adorned the world around  
 it, leaves  
 Those who remain behind, not sobs or  
 groans.  
 The passionate tumult of a clinging hope;  
 But pale despair and cold tranquillity,  
 Nature's vast frame, the web of human  
 things,  
 Birth and the grave, that are not as they  
 were.<sup>1</sup> 1815. March, 1816.

<sup>1</sup> None of Shelley's poems is more character-  
 istic than this. The solemn spirit that reigns  
 throughout, the worship of the majesty of na-  
 ture, the broodings of a poet's heart in solitude  
 —the mingling of the exulting joy which the  
 various aspects of the visible universe inspires  
 with the sad and struggling pangs which human  
 passion imparts—give a touching interest to the  
 whole. The death which he had often contem-  
 plated during the last months as certain and  
 near he here represented in such colors as had,  
 in his lonely musings, soothed his soul to peace.  
 The versification sustains the solemn spirit  
 which breathes throughout: it is peculiarly  
 melodious. The poem ought rather to be con-  
 sidered didactic than narrative: it was the out-  
 pouring of his own emotions, embodied in the  
 purest form he could conceive, painted in the  
 ideal hues which his brilliant imagination in-  
 spired, and softened by the recent anticipation  
 of death. (*Mrs. Shelley's note.*)

The deeper meaning of *Alastor* is to be found,  
 not in the thought of death nor in the poet's  
 recent communings with nature, but in the  
 motto from St. Augustine placed upon its title-  
 page, and in the *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*,  
 composed about a year later. Enamored of  
 ideal loveliness, the poet pursues his vision  
 through the universe, vainly hoping to assuage  
 the thirst which has been stimulated in his  
 spirit, and vainly longing for some mortal real-  
 ization of his love. *Alastor*, like *Epipsychidion*,  
 reveals the mistake which Shelley made in  
 thinking that the idea of beauty could become  
 incarnate for him in any earthly form: while  
 the *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty* recognizes the  
 truth that such realization of the ideal is im-  
 possible. The very last letter written by Shelley  
 sets the misconception in its proper light: "I  
 think one is always in love with something or

## HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY

### I

THE awful shadow of some unseen Power  
 Floats tho' unseen amongst us,—  
 visiting  
 This various world with as inconstant  
 wing  
 As summer winds that creep from flower  
 to flower,—  
 Like moonbeams that behind some piny  
 mountain shower,  
 It visits with inconstant glance  
 Each human heart and countenance;  
 Like hues and harmonies of evening,—  
 Like clouds in starlight widely  
 spread,—  
 Like memory of music fled,—  
 Like aught that for its grace may be  
 Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

### II

Spirit of BEAUTY, that dost consecrate  
 With thine own hues all thou dost  
 shine upon  
 Of human thought or form,—where  
 art thou gone?  
 Why dost thou pass away and leave our  
 state,  
 This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and  
 desolate?  
 Ask why the sunlight not for ever  
 Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain  
 river,  
 Why aught should fail and fade that  
 once is shown,  
 Why fear and dream and death and  
 birth  
 Cast on the daylight of this earth  
 Such gloom,—why man has such a  
 scope  
 For love and hate, despondency and  
 hope?

### III

No voice from some sublimer world hath  
 ever  
 To sage or poet these responses  
 given—  
 Therefore the names of Demon,  
 Ghost, and Heaven,

other; the error, and I confess it is not easy for  
 spirits cased in flesh and blood to avoid it, con-  
 sists in seeking in a mortal image the likeness of  
 what is, perhaps, eternal." But this Shelley  
 discovered only with "the years that bring the  
 philosophic mind," and when he was upon the  
 very verge of his untimely death. (*Symonds*  
*Life of Shelley.*)





Now dark—now glittering—now reflecting gloom—  
 Now lending splendor, where from secret springs  
 The source of human thought its tribute brings  
 Of waters,—with a sound but half its own,  
 Such as a feeble brook will oft assume  
 In the wild woods, among the mountains lone,  
 Where waterfalls around it leap for ever,  
 Where woods and winds contend, and a vast river  
 Over its rocks ceaselessly bursts and raves.

Thus thou, Ravine of Arve—dark, deep Ravine—  
 Thou many-colored, many-voicèd vale,  
 Over whose pines, and crags, and caverns sail  
 Fast cloud shadows and sunbeams :  
 awful scene,  
 Where Power in likeness of the Arve comes down  
 From the ice gulfs that gird his secret throne,  
 Bursting through these dark mountains like the flame  
 Of lightning thro' the tempest ;—thou dost lie,  
 Thy giant brood of pines around thee clinging,  
 Children of elder time, in whose devotion  
 The chainless winds still come and ever came  
 To drink their odors, and their mighty swinging  
 To hear—an old and solemn harmony ;  
 Thine earthly rainbows stretched across the sweep  
 Of the ethereal waterfall, whose veil  
 Robes some unsculptured image ; the strange sleep  
 Which when the voices of the desert fail  
 Wraps all in its own deep eternity ;—  
 Thy caverns echoing to the Arve's commotion,  
 A loud, lone sound no other sound can tame ;  
 Thou art pervaded with that ceaseless motion,  
 Thou art the path of that unresting sound—

the Vale of Chamouni (p. 96). Coleridge had never been in the Vale of Chamouni, and drew the suggestion and part of the substance of his Hymn from a poem by Frederike Brun.

Dizzy Ravine ! and when I gaze on thee  
 I seem as in a trance sublime and strange  
 To muse on my own separate phantasy,  
 My own, my human mind, which passively  
 Now renders and receives fast influencings,  
 Holding an unremitting interchange  
 With the clear universe of things around ;  
 One legion of wild thoughts, whose wandering wings  
 Now float above thy darkness, and now rest  
 Where that or thou art no unbidden guest,  
 In the still cave of the witch Poesy,  
 Seeking among the shadows that pass by  
 Ghosts of all things that are, some shade of thee,  
 Some phantom, some faint image ; till the breast  
 From which they fled recalls them, thou art there !

Some say that gleams of a remoter world  
 Visit the soul in sleep,—that death is slumber,  
 And that its shapes the busy thoughts outnumber  
 Of those who wake and live.—I look on high ;  
 Has some unknown omnipotence unfurled  
 The veil of life and death ? or do I lie  
 In dream, and does the mightier world of sleep  
 Spread far around and inaccessibly  
 Its circles ? For the very spirit fails,  
 Driven like a homeless cloud from steep to steep  
 That vanishes among the viewless gales !  
 Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky,  
 Mont Blanc appears,—still, snowy, and serene—  
 Its subject mountains their unearthly forms  
 Pile around it, ice and rock ; broad vales between  
 Of frozen floods, unfathomable deeps,  
 Blue as the overhanging heaven, that spread  
 And wind among the accumulated steeps ;  
 A desert peopled by the storms alone,  
 Save when the eagle brings some hunter's bone,  
 And the wolf tracks her there—how hideously

Its shapes are heaped around! rude,  
     bare, and high,  
 Ghastly, and scarred, and riven.—Is this  
     the scene  
 Where the old Earthquake-demon  
     taught her young  
 Ruin? Were these their toys? or did  
     a sea  
 Of fire envelope once this silent snow?  
 None can reply—all seems eternal now.  
 The wilderness has a mysterious tongue  
 Which teaches awful doubt, or faith so  
     mild,  
 So solemn, so serene, that man may be  
 But for such faith with nature re-  
     conciled;  
 Thou hast a voice, great Mountain, to  
     repeal  
 Large codes of fraud and woe; not  
     understood  
 By all, but which the wise, and great,  
     and good  
 Interpret, or make felt, or deeply feel.  
  
 The fields, the lakes, the forests, and the  
     streams.  
 Ocean, and all the living things that  
     dwell  
 Within the dædal earth; lightning and  
     rain,  
 Earthquake, and fiery flood, and hurri-  
     cane,  
 The torpor of the year when feeble  
     dreams  
 Visit the hidden buds, or dreamless sleep  
 Holds every future leaf and flower;—  
     the bound  
 With which from that detested trance  
     they leap;  
 The works and ways of man, their death  
     and birth,  
 And that of him and all that his may be;  
 All things that move and breathe with  
     toil and sound  
 Are born and die; revolve, subside and  
     swell.  
 Power dwells apart in its tranquillity  
 Remote, serene, and inaccessible:  
 And *this*, the naked countenance of  
     earth,  
 On which I gaze, even these primeval  
     mountains  
 Teach the adverting mind. The glaciers  
     creep  
 Like snakes that watch their prey, from  
     their far fountains,  
 Slow rolling on; there, many a precipice.  
 Frost and the Sun in scorn of mortal  
     power

Have piled: dome, pyramid, and pin-  
     nacle,  
 A city of death, distinct with many a  
     tower  
 And wall impregnable of beaming ice.  
 Yet not a city, but a flood of ruin  
 Is there, that from the boundaries of  
     the sky  
 Rolls its perpetual stream: vast pines  
     are strewn  
 Its destined path, or in the mangled soil  
 Branchless and shattered stand; the  
     rocks, drawn down  
 From yon remotest waste, have over-  
     thrown  
 The limits of the dead and living world,  
 Never to be reclaimed. The dwelling-  
     place  
 Of insects, beasts, and birds, becomes  
     its spoil;  
 Their food and their retreat for ever  
     gone,  
 So much of life and joy is lost. The race  
 Of man, flies far in dread; his work and  
     dwelling  
 Vanish, like smoke before the tempest's  
     stream,  
 And their place is not known. Below,  
     vast caves  
 Shine in the rushing torrents' restless  
     gleam,  
 Which from those secret chasms in  
     tumult welling  
 Meet in the vale, and one majestic River,  
 The breath and blood of distant lands,  
     for ever  
 Rolls its loud waters to the ocean waves,  
 Breathes its swift vapors to the circ-  
     ling air.  
  
 Mont Blanc yet gleams on high:—the  
     power is there,  
 The still and solemn power of many  
     sights,  
 And many sounds, and much of life and  
     death.  
 In the calm darkness of the moonless  
     nights,  
 In the lone glare of day, the snows  
     descend  
 Upon that Mountain; none beholds  
     them there,  
 Nor when the flakes burn in the sinking  
     sun,  
 Or the star-beams dart through them:  
     —Winds contend  
 Silently there, and heap the snow with  
     breath  
 Rapid and strong, but silently! Its home



The voiceless lightning in these solitudes  
Keeps innocently, and like vapor broods  
Over the snow. The secret strength of  
things

Which governs thought, and to the in-  
finite dome

Of heaven is as a law, inhabits thee!  
And what were thou, and earth, and  
stars, and sea,

If to the human mind's imaginings  
Silence and solitude were vacancy?

*July 23, 1816. 1817.*

TO MARY — —

DEDICATION OF THE REVOLT OF ISLAM

So now my summer task is ended, Mary,  
And I return to thee, mine own heart's  
home;

As to his Queen some victor Knight of  
Faëry,

Earning bright spoils for her en-  
chanted dome;

Nor thou disdain that, ere my fame  
become

A star among the stars of mortal night,  
If it indeed may cleave its natal gloom,  
Its doubtful promise thus I would unite  
With thy beloved name, thou Child of  
love and light.

The toil which stole from thee so many  
an hour

Is ended—and the fruit is at thy feet!  
No longer where the woods to frame a  
bower

With interlacèd branches mix and  
meet,

Or where, with sound like many voices  
sweet,

Waterfalls leap among wild islands  
green

Which framed for my lone boat a  
lone retreat

Of moss-grown trees and weeds, shall I  
be seen:

But beside thee, where still my heart  
has ever been.

Thoughts of great deeds were mine,  
dear Friend, when first

The clouds which wrap this world  
from youth did pass.

I do remember well the hour which  
burst

My spirit's sleep: a fresh Maydawn it  
was,

When I walked forth upon the glitter-  
ing grass,

And wept, I knew not why: until there  
rose

From the near schoolroom voices  
that, alas!

Were but one echo from a world of  
woes—

The harsh and grating strife of tyrants  
and of foes.

And then I clasped my hands, and  
looked around,

But none was near to mock my  
streaming eyes,

Which poured their warm drops on  
the sunny ground—

So, without shame, I spake:—"I will  
be wise,

And just, and free, and mild, if in me  
lies

Such power, for I grow weary to behold  
The selfish and the strong still tyrann-  
ize

Without reproach or check." I then  
controlled

My tears, my heart grew calm, and I  
was meek and bold.

And from that hour did I with earnest  
thought

Heap knowledge from forbidden  
mines of lore,

Yet nothing that my tyrants knew or  
taught

I cared to learn, but from that secret  
store

Wrought linkèd armor for my soul,  
before

It might walk forth to war among man-  
kind;

Thus power and hope were strength-  
ened more and more

Within me, till there came upon my  
mind

A sense of loneliness, a thirst with which  
I pined.

Alas that love should be a blight and  
snare

To those who seek all sympathies in  
one!—

Such once I sought in vain; then black  
despair,

The shadow of a starless night, was  
thrown

Over the world in which I moved  
alone:

Yet never found I one not false to me,  
Hard hearts, and cold, like weights  
of icy stone

Which crushed and withered mine,  
that could not be  
Aught but a lifeless clog, until revived  
by thee.

Thou Friend, whose presence on my  
wintry heart  
Fell, like bright Spring upon some  
herbless plain,  
How beautiful and calm and free thou  
wert

In thy young wisdom, when the  
mortal chain  
Of Custom thou didst burst and rend  
in twain,  
And walk as free as light the clouds  
among,

Which many an envious slave then  
breathed in vain  
From his dim dungeon, and my spirit  
sprung  
To meet thee from the woes which had  
begirt it long!

No more alone through the world's  
wilderness,

Although I trod the paths of high  
intent,  
I journeyed now: no more companion-  
less,  
Where solitude is like despair, I  
went.—

There is the wisdom of a stern content  
When Poverty can blight the just and  
good,

When Infamy dares mock the in-  
nocent,  
And cherished friends turn with the  
multitude  
To trample: this was ours, and we un-  
shaken stood!

Now has descended a serener hour,  
And, with inconstant fortune, friends  
return;

Though suffering leaves the knowledge  
and the power  
Which says "Let scorn be not repaid  
with scorn."

And from thy side two gentle babes  
are born  
To fill our home with smiles, and thus  
are we

Most fortunate beneath life's beaming  
morn:  
And these delights, and thou, have been  
to me

The parents of the Song I consecrate to  
thee.

Is it that now my inexperienced fingers  
But strike the prelude of a loftier  
strain?

Or must the lyre on which my spirit  
lingers

Soon pause in silence, ne'er to sound  
again,

Though it might shake the Anarch  
Custom's reign,

And charm the minds of men to Truth's  
own sway.

Holier than was Amphion's? I would  
fain

Reply in hope—but I am worn away,  
And Death and Love are yet contending  
for their prey.

And what art thou? I know, but dare  
not speak:

Time may interpret to his silent years.  
Yet in the paleness of thy thoughtful  
cheek,

And in the light thine ample fore-  
head wears,

And in thy sweetest smiles, and in  
thy tears,

And in thy gentle speech, a prophecy  
Is whispered, to subdue my fondest  
fears:

And, through thine eyes, even in thy  
soul I see

A lamp of vestal fire burning internally.

They say that thou wert lovely from  
thy birth,

Of glorious parents, thou aspiring  
Child.

I wonder not—for One then left this  
earth

Whose life was like a setting planet  
mild,

Which clothed thee in the radiance  
undefiled

Of its departing glory; still her fame  
Shines on thee, through the tempests  
dark and wild

Which shake these latter days; and  
thou canst claim

The shelter, from thy Sire, of an im-  
mortal name.

One voice came forth from many a  
mighty spirit

Which was the echo of three-thousand  
years:

And the tumultuous world stood mute  
to hear it,

As some lone man who in a desert  
hears



The music of his home :—unwonted  
fears  
Fell on the pale oppressors of our race,  
And Faith and Custom and low-  
thoughted cares,  
Like thunder-stricken dragons, for a  
space  
Left the torn human heart, their food  
and dwelling-place.

Truth's deathless voice pauses among  
mankind!

If there must be no response to my  
cry—

If men must rise and stamp, with fury  
blind,

On his pure name who loves them—  
thou and I,

Sweet friend! can look from our  
tranquillity

Like lamps into the world's tempestuous  
night,—

Two tranquil stars, while clouds are  
passing by

Which wrap them from the foundering  
seaman's sight,

That burn from year to year with unex-  
tinguished light.

1817. 1818.

#### OZYMANDIAS

I MET a traveller from an antique  
land

Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs  
of stone

Stand in the desert. Near them, on  
the sand,

Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose  
frown,

And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold  
command,

Tell that its sculptor well those passions  
read

Which yet survive, stamped on these  
lifeless things,

The hand that mocked them and the  
heart that fed:

And on the pedestal these words appear:  
"My name is Ozymandias, king of

kingdoms:  
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and  
despair!"

Nothing beside remains. Round the  
decay

Of that colossal wreck, boundless and  
bare

The lone and level sands stretch far  
away.

1817. 1818.

#### ON A FADED VIOLET

THE odor from the flower is gone  
Which like thy kisses breathed on me;

The color from the flower is flown  
Which glowed of thee and only thee!

A shrivelled, lifeless, vacant form,  
It lies on my abandoned breast,  
And mocks the heart which yet is warm,  
With cold and silent rest.

I weep,—my tears revive it not!

I sigh,—it breathes no more on me;

Its mute and uncomplaining lot

Is such as mine should be.

1818. 1821.

#### LINES WRITTEN AMONG THE EUGANEAN HILLS

MANY a green isle needs must be  
In the deep wide sea of misery,  
Or the mariner, worn and wan,  
Never thus could voyage on  
Day and night, and night and day,  
Drifting on his dreary way,  
With the solid darkness black  
Closing round his vessel's track;  
Whilst above the sunless sky,  
Big with clouds, hangs heavily,  
And behind the tempest fleet  
Hurries on with lightning feet,  
Riving sail, and cord, and plank,  
Till the ship has almost drank  
Death from the o'er-brimming deep;  
And sinks down, down, like that sleep  
When the dreamer seems to be  
Weltering through eternity;  
And the dim low line before  
Of a dark and distant shore  
Still recedes, as ever still  
Longing with divided will,  
But no power to seek or shun,  
He is ever drifted on  
O'er the unrepousing wave  
To the haven of the grave.  
What, if there no friends will greet;  
What, if there no heart will meet  
His with love's impatient beat;  
Wander wheresoe'er he may,  
Can he dream before that day  
To find refuge from distress  
In friendship's smile, in love's caress?  
Then 'twill wreak him little woe  
Whether such there be or no:  
Senseless is the breast, and cold,  
Which relenting love would fold;  
Bloodless are the veins and chill

Which the pulse of pain did fill ;  
 Every little living nerve  
 That from bitter words did swerve  
 Round the tortured lips and brow,  
 Are like sapless leaflets now  
 Frozen upon December's bough.  
 On the beach of a northern sea  
 Which tempests shake eternally,  
 As once the wretch there lay to sleep,  
 Lies a solitary heap,  
 One white skull and seven dry bones,  
 On the margin of the stones,  
 Where a few gray rushes stand,  
 Boundaries of the sea and land :  
 Nor is heard one voice of wail  
 But the sea-mews, as they sail  
 O'er the billows of the gale ;  
 Or the whirlwind up and down  
 Howling, like a slaughtered town,  
 When a king in glory rides  
 Through the pomp of fratricides :  
 Those unburied bones around  
 There is many a mournful sound ;  
 There is no lament for him,  
 Like a sunless vapor, dim,  
 Who once clothed with life and thought  
 What now moves nor murmurs not.

Ay, many flowering islands lie  
 In the waters of wide Agony :  
 To such a one this morn was led  
 My bark by soft winds piloted :  
 'Mid the mountains Euganean  
 I stood listening to the pæan,  
 With which the legioned rooks did hail  
 The sun's uprise majestic ;  
 Gathering round with wings all hoar,  
 Thro' the dewy mist they soar  
 Like gray shades, till the eastern heaven  
 Bursts, and then, as clouds of even,  
 Flecked with fire and azure, lie  
 In the unfathomable sky,  
 So their plumes of purple grain,  
 Starred with drops of golden rain,  
 Gleam above the sunlight woods,  
 As in silent multitudes  
 On the morning's fitful gale  
 Thro' the broken mist they sail,  
 And the vapors cloven and gleaming  
 Follow down the dark steep streaming,  
 Till all is bright, and clear, and still,  
 Round the solitary hill.

Beneath is spread like a green sea  
 The waveless plain of Lombardy,  
 Bounded by the vaporous air,  
 Islanded by cities fair ;  
 Underneath day's azure eyes  
 Ocean's nursling, Venice lies,

A peopled labyrinth of walls,  
 Amphitrite's destined halls,  
 Which her hoary sire now paves  
 With his blue and beaming waves.  
 Lo ! the sun upsprings behind,  
 Broad, red, radiant, half reclined  
 On the level quivering line  
 Of the waters crystalline ;  
 And before that chasm of light,  
 As within a furnace bright,  
 Column, tower, and dome, and spire,  
 Shine like obelisks of fire,  
 Pointing with inconstant motion  
 From the altar of dark ocean  
 To the sapphire-tinted skies ;  
 As the flames of sacrifice  
 From the marble shrines did rise,  
 As to pierce the dome of gold  
 Where Apollo spoke of old.

Sun-girt City, thou hast been  
 Ocean's child, and then his queen ;  
 Now is come a darker day,  
 And thou soon must be his prey,  
 If the power that raised thee here  
 Hallow so thy watery bier.  
 A less drear ruin than now,  
 With thy conquest-branded brow  
 Stooping to the slave of slaves  
 From thy throne, among the waves  
 Wilt thou be, when the sea-mew  
 Flies, as once before it flew,  
 O'er thine isles depopulate,  
 And all is in its ancient state,  
 Save where many a palace gate  
 With green sea-flowers overgrown  
 Like a rock of ocean's own,  
 Topples o'er the abandoned sea  
 As the tides change sullenly.  
 The fisher on his watery way,  
 Wandering at the close of day,  
 Will spread his sail and seize his oar  
 Till he pass the gloomy shore,  
 Lest thy dead should, from their sleep  
 Bursting o'er the starlight deep,  
 Lead a rapid masque of death  
 O'er the waters of his path.

Those who alone thy towers behold  
 Quivering through ærial gold,  
 As I now behold them here,  
 Would imagine not they were  
 Sepulchres, where human forms,  
 Like pollution-nourished worms  
 To the corpse of greatness cling,  
 Murdered, and now mouldering :  
 But if Freedom should awake  
 In her omnipotence, and shake  
 From the Celtic Anarch's hold



All the keys of dungeons cold,  
 Where a hundred cities lie  
 Chained like thee, ingloriously,  
 Thou and all thy sister band  
 Might adorn this sunny land,  
 Twining memories of old time  
 With new virtues more sublime ;  
 If not, perish thou and they,  
 Clouds which stain truth's rising day  
 By her sun consumed away,  
 Earth can spare ye : while like flowers,  
 In the waste of years and hours,  
 From your dust new nations spring  
 With more kindly blossoming.  
 Perish—let there only be  
 Floating o'er thy hearthless sea  
 As the garment of thy sky  
 Clothes the world immortally,  
 One remembrance, more sublime  
 Than the tattered pall of time,  
 Which scarce hides thy visage wan ;—  
 That a tempest-cleaving Swan<sup>1</sup>  
 Of the songs of Albion,  
 Driven from his ancestral streams  
 By the might of evil dreams,  
 Found a nest in thee ; and Ocean  
 Welcomed him with such emotion  
 That its joy grew his, and sprung  
 From his lips like music flung  
 O'er a mighty thunder-fit  
 Chastening terror :—what though yet  
 Poesy's unfailing River,  
 Which thro' Albion winds for ever  
 Lashing with melodious wave  
 Many a sacred Poet's grave,  
 Mourn its latest nursling fled ?  
 What though thou with all thy dead  
 Scarce can for this fame repay  
 Aught thine own ? oh, rather say,  
 Though thy sins and slaveries foul  
 Overcloud a sunlike soul ?—  
 As the ghost of Homer clings  
 Round Scamander's wasting springs ;  
 As divinest Shakespere's might  
 Fills Avon and the world with light  
 Like omniscient power which he  
 Imaged 'mid mortality ;  
 As the love from Petrarch's urn,  
 Yet amid yon hills doth burn,  
 A quenchless lamp by which the heart  
 Sees things unearthly ;—so thou art  
 Mighty spirit—so shall be  
 The City that did refuge thee.

Lo, the sun floats up the sky  
 Like thought-winged Liberty,  
 Till the universal light  
 Seems to level plain and height ;

<sup>1</sup> Byron.

From the sea a mist has spread,  
 And the beams of morn lie dead  
 On the towers of Venice now,  
 Like its glory long ago.  
 By the skirts of that gray cloud  
 Many-domèd Padua proud  
 Stands, a peopled solitude,  
 'Mid the harvest-shining plain,  
 Where the peasant heaps his grain  
 In the garner of his foe,  
 And the milk-white oxen slow  
 With the purple vintage strain,  
 Heaped upon the creaking wain,  
 That the brutal Celt may swill  
 Drunken sleep with savage will ;  
 And the sickle to the sword  
 Lies unchanged, though many a lord,  
 Like a weed whose shade is poison,  
 Overgrows this region's foison,  
 Sheaves of whom are ripe to come  
 To destruction's harvest home :  
 Men must reap the things they sow,  
 Force from force must ever flow,  
 Or worse ; but 'tis a bitter woe  
 That love or reason cannot change  
 The despot's rage, the slave's revenge.

Padua, thou within whose walls  
 Those mute guests at festivals,  
 Son and Mother, Death and Sin,  
 Played at dice for Ezzelin,  
 Till Death cried, " I win, I win !"  
 And Sin cursed to lose the wager,  
 But Death promised, to assuage her,  
 That he would petition for  
 Her to be made Vice-Emperor,  
 When the destined years were o'er,  
 Over all between the Po  
 And the eastern Alpine snow,  
 Under the mighty Austrian.  
 Sin smiled so as Sin only can,  
 And since that time, ay, long before,  
 Both have ruled from shore to shore,  
 That incestuous pair, who follow  
 Tyrants as the sun the swallow,  
 As Repentance follows Crime,  
 And as changes follow Time.

In thine halls the lamp of learning,  
 Padua, now no more is burning ;  
 Like a meteor, whose wild way  
 Is lost over the grave of day,  
 It gleams betrayed and to betray :  
 Once remotest nations came  
 To adore that sacred flame,  
 When it lit not many a hearth  
 On this cold and gloomy earth :  
 Now new fires from antique light  
 Spring beneath the wide world's might ;



But their spark lies dead in thee,  
 Trampled out by tyranny.  
 As the Norway woodman quells,  
 In the depth of piny dells,  
 One light flame among the brakes,  
 While the boundless forest shakes,  
 And its mighty trunks are torn  
 By the fire thus lowly born :  
 The spark beneath his feet is dead,  
 He starts to see the flames it fed  
 Howling through the darkened sky  
 With a myriad tongues victoriously,  
 And sinks down in fear : so thou,  
 O Tyranny, beholdest now  
 Light around thee, and thou hearest  
 The loud flames ascend, and fearest :  
 Grovel on the earth ; ay, hide  
 In the dust thy purple pride !

Noon descends around me now :  
 'Tis the noon of autumn's glow,  
 When a soft and purple mist  
 Like a vaporous amethyst,  
 Or an air-dissolvèd star  
 Mingling light and fragrance, far  
 From the curved horizon's bound  
 To the point of heaven's profound,  
 Fills the overflowing sky ;  
 And the plains that silent lie  
 Underneath, the leaves unsodden  
 Where the infant frost has trodden  
 With his morning-wingèd feet,  
 Whose bright print is gleaming yet ;  
 And the red and golden vines,  
 Piercing with their trellised lines  
 The rough, dark-skirted wilderness ;  
 The dun and bladed grass no less,  
 Pointing from this hoary tower  
 In the windless air ; the flower  
 Glimmering at my feet ; the line  
 Of the olive-sandalled Apennine,  
 In the south dimly islanded ;  
 And the Alps, whose snows are spread  
 High between the clouds and sun ;  
 And of living things each one ;  
 And my spirit which so long  
 Darkened this swift stream of song,  
 Interpenetrated lie  
 By the glory of the sky :  
 Be it love, light, harmony,  
 Odor or the soul of all  
 Which from heaven like dew doth fall,  
 Or the mind which feeds this verse  
 Peopling the lone universe.

Noon descends, and after noon  
 Autumn's evening meets me soon,  
 Leading the infantine moon,  
 And that one star, which to her

Almost seems to minister  
 Half the crimson light she brings  
 From the sunset's radiant springs :  
 And the soft dreams of the morn  
 (Which like wingèd winds had borne  
 To that silent isle, which lies  
 'Mid remembered agonies,  
 The frail bark of this lone being)  
 Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,  
 And its ancient pilot, Pain,  
 Sits beside the helm again.

Other flowering isles must be  
 In the sea of life and agony :  
 Other spirits float and flee  
 O'er that gulf : even now, perhaps,  
 On some rock the wild wave wraps,  
 With folded wings they waiting sit  
 For my bark, to pilot it  
 To some calm and blooming cove,  
 Where for me, and those I love,  
 May a windless bower be built,  
 Far from passion, pain, and guilt,  
 In a dell 'mid lawny hills,  
 Which the wild sea-murmur fills,  
 And soft sunshine, and the sound  
 Of old forests echoing round,  
 And the light and smell divine  
 Of all flowers that breathe and shine :  
 We may live so happy there,  
 That the spirits of the air,  
 Envyng us, may even entice  
 To our healing paradise  
 The polluting multitude ;  
 But their rage would be subdued  
 By that clime divine and calm,  
 And the winds whose wings rain balm  
 On the uplifted soul, and leaves  
 Under which the bright sea heaves ;  
 While each breathless interval  
 In their whisperings musical  
 The inspired soul supplies  
 With its own deep melodies,  
 And the love which heals all strife  
 Circling, like the breath of life,  
 All things in that sweet abode  
 With its own mild brotherhood :  
 They, not it, would change ; and soon  
 Every sprite beneath the moon  
 Would repent its envy vain,  
 And the earth grow young again.

*October, 1818. 1819.*

#### STANZAS

WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, NEAR NAPLES

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,  
 The waves are dancing fast and bright



Blue isles and snowy mountains wear  
 The purple noon's transparent might,  
 The breath of the moist earth is light,  
 Around its unexpanded buds :  
 Like many a voice of one delight,  
 The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,  
 The City's voice itself is soft like Soli-  
 tude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor  
 With green and purple seaweeds  
 strown :  
 I see the waves upon the shore,  
 Like light dissolved in star-showers,  
 thrown :  
 I sit upon the sands alone,  
 The lightning of the noontide ocean  
 Is flashing round me, and a tone  
 Arises from its measured motion,  
 How sweet ! did any heart now share in  
 my emotion.

Alas ! I have nor hope nor health,  
 Nor peace within nor calm around,  
 Nor that content surpassing wealth  
 The sage in meditation found,  
 And walked with inward glory  
 crowned—

Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leis-  
 ure.

Others I see whom these surround—  
 Smiling they live, and call life pleas-  
 ure ;—

To me that cup has been dealt in another  
 measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,  
 Even as the winds and waters are ;  
 I could lie down like a tired child,  
 And weep away the life of care  
 Which I have borne and yet must  
 bear,

Till death like sleep might steal on me,  
 And I might feel in the warm air  
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea  
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last  
 monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,  
 As I, when this sweet day is gone,  
 Which my lost heart, too soon grown  
 old,

Insults with this untimely moan ;  
 They might lament—for I am one  
 Whom men love not,—and yet regret,  
 Unlike this day, which, when the sun  
 Shall on its stainless glory set.

Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in  
 memory yet. 1818. 1824.

## SONNET: ENGLAND IN 1819

AN old, mad, blind, despised, and dying  
 king,—  
 Princes, the dregs of their dull race  
 who flow  
 Through public scorn,—mud from a  
 muddy spring,—  
 Rulers who neither see, nor feel, nor  
 know,  
 But leech-like to their fainting country  
 cling,  
 Till they drop, blind in blood, without a  
 blow,—  
 A people starved and stabbed in the  
 untilled field,—  
 An army, which liberticide and prey  
 Makes as a two-edged sword to all who  
 wield  
 Golden and sanguine laws which tempt  
 and slay ;  
 Religion Christless, Godless—a book  
 sealed ;  
 A Senate,—Time's worst statute unre-  
 pealed,—  
 Are graves, from which a glorious  
 Phantom may  
 Burst, to illumine our tempestuous day.  
 1819. 1839.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND<sup>1</sup>

## I

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of  
 Autumn's being,  
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the  
 leaves dead  
 Are driven, like ghosts from an en-  
 chanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic  
 red,

Pestilence-stricken multitudes : O thou,  
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold  
 and low,

<sup>1</sup> This poem was conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno, near Florence, and on a day when that tempestuous wind, whose temperature is at once mild and animating, was collecting the vapors which pour down the autumnal rains. They began, as I foresaw, at sunset with a violent tempest of hail and rain, attended by that magnificent thunder and lightning peculiar to the Cisalpine regions.

The phenomenon alluded to at the conclusion of the third stanza is well known to naturalists. The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers, and of lakes, sympathizes with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is consequently influenced by the winds which announce it. (*Shelley's note.*)

Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth,  
and fill  
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed  
in air)  
With living hues and odors plain and  
hill;

Wild Spirit, which art moving every-  
where;  
Destroyer and preserver; hear, Oh hear!

## II

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep  
sky's commotion,  
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves  
are shed,  
Shook from the tangled boughs of  
Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are  
spread  
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,  
Like the bright hair uplifted from the  
head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the  
din verge  
Of the horizon to the zenith's height  
The locks of the approaching storm.  
Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing  
night  
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,  
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere  
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst:  
Oh hear!

## III

Thou who didst waken from his sum-  
mer dreams  
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,  
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline  
streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,  
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
Quivering within the wave's intenser  
day,

All overgrown with azure moss and  
flowers  
So sweet, the sense faints picturing  
them! Thou

For whose path the Atlantic's level  
powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while  
far below  
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods  
which wear  
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know  
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with  
fear,  
And tremble and despoil themselves:  
Oh hear!

## IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;  
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;  
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and  
share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even  
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over  
heaven,  
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed  
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er  
have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore  
need.

Oh lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!  
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained  
and bowed  
One too like thee: tameless, and swift,  
and proud.

## V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:  
What if my leaves are falling like its own!  
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal  
tone,  
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou,  
spirit fierce,  
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe  
Like withered leaves to quicken a new  
birth!

And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished  
hearth  
Ashes and sparks, my words among  
mankind!

Be through my lips to unawakened earth



The trumpet of a prophecy ! O, wind,  
If Winter comes, can Spring be far be-  
hind ? 1819. 1820.

## THE INDIAN SERENADE

I ARISE from dreams of thee  
In the first sweet sleep of night,  
When the winds are breathing low,  
And the stars are shining bright :  
I arise from dreams of thee,  
And a spirit in my feet  
Hath led me—who knows how !  
To thy chamber window, Sweet !

The wandering airs they faint  
On the dark, the silent stream—  
And the Champak odors fail  
Like sweet thoughts in a dream ;  
The nightingale's complaint,  
It dies upon her heart ;—  
As I must on thine,  
O ! belovèd as thou art !

Oh lift me from the grass !  
I die ! I faint ! I fail !

Let thy love in kisses rain  
On my lips and eyelids pale.  
My cheek is cold and white, alas !  
My heart beats loud and fast ;—  
Oh ! press it to thine own again,  
Where it will break at last.  
1819. 1822.

## LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

THE Fountains mingle with the River  
And the Rivers with the Ocean,  
The winds of Heaven mix for ever  
With a sweet emotion ;  
Nothing in the world is single ;  
All things by a law divine  
In one spirit meet and mingle.  
Why not I with thine ?—

See the mountains kiss high Heaven  
And the waves clasp one another ;  
No sister-flower would be forgiven  
If it disdained its brother,  
And the sunlight clasps the earth  
And the moonbeams kiss the sea :  
What are all these kissings worth  
If thou kiss not me ? 1819. 1819.

## PROMETHEUS UNBOUND ·

## A LYRICAL DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

AUDISNE HAEC AMPHIARAE, SUB TERRAM ABDITE ?

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PROMETHEUS	MERCURY	} Oceanides
DEMOGORGON	HERCULES	
JUPITER	ASIA	
THE EARTH	PANTHEA	}
OCEAN	IONE	
APOLLO THE PHANTASM OF JUPITER		
THE SPIRIT OF THE EARTH		
THE SPIRIT OF THE MOON		
SPIRITS OF THE HOURS		
SPIRITS, ECHOES, FAUNS, FURIES		

## ACT I

SCENE—A RAVINE OF ICY ROCKS IN THE  
INDIAN CAUCASUS.

PROMETHEUS is discovered bound to the  
Precipice. PANTHEA and IONE are  
seated at his feet. Time, night. Dur-  
ing the Scene, morning slowly breaks.

<sup>1</sup> See note at the end of the poem.

*Prometheus.* Monarch of Gods and  
Demons, and all Spirits  
But One, who throng those bright and  
rolling worlds  
Which Thou and I alone of living things  
Behold with sleepless eyes ! regard this  
Earth  
Made multitudinous with thy slaves,  
whom thou  
Requitest for knee-worship, prayer, and  
praise,  
And toil, and hecatombs of broken  
hearts,  
With fear and self-contempt and barren  
hope.  
Whilst me, who am thy foe, eyeless in  
hate,  
Hast thou made reign and triumph, to  
thy scorn  
O'er mine own misery and thy vain  
revenge.

*Evil is not  
inherent in  
systems of  
Creation*

*In Shelley's opinion  
his best poem*

Three thousand years of sleep-unsheltered hours,  
 And moments aye divided by keen pangs  
 Till they seemed years, torture and solitude,  
 Scorn and despair, — these are mine empire ;—  
 More glorious far than that which thou surveyest  
 From thine unenvied throne, O, Mighty God!  
 Almighty, had I deigned to share the shame  
 Of thine ill tyranny, and hung not here  
 Nailed to this wall of eagle-baffling mountain,  
 Black, wintry, dead, unmeasured ; without herb,  
 Insect, or beast, or shape or sound of life.  
 Ah me ! alas, pain, pain ever, for ever !  
 No change, no pause, no hope ! Yet I endure.  
 I ask the Earth, have not the mountains felt ?  
 I ask yon Heaven, the all-beholding Sun,  
 Has it not seen ? The Sea, in storm or calm,  
 Heaven's ever-changing Shadow, spread below,  
 Have its deaf waves not heard my agony?  
 Ah me ! alas, pain, pain ever, for ever !  
 The crawling glaciers pierce me with the spears  
 Of their moon-freezing crystals, the bright chains  
 Eat with their burning cold into my bones,  
 Heaven's wingèd hound, polluting from thy lips  
 His beak in poison not his own, tears up  
 My heart ; and shapeless sights come wandering by,  
 The ghastly people of the realm of dream,  
 Mocking me : and the Earthquake-fiends are charged  
 To wrench the rivets from my quivering wounds  
 When the rocks split and close again behind :  
 While from their loud abysses howling throng  
 The genii of the storm, urging the rage  
 Of whirlwind, and afflict me with keen hail.  
 And yet to me welcome is day and night,

Whether one breaks the hoar frost of the morn,  
 Or starry, dim, and slow, the other climbs  
 The leaden-colored east ; for then they lead  
 The wingless, crawling hours, one among whom  
 —As some dark Priest hales the reluctant victim—  
 Shall drag thee, cruel King, to kiss the blood  
 From these pale feet, which then might trample thee  
 If they disdained not such a prostrate slave.  
 Disdain ! Ah no ! I pity thee. What ruin  
 Will hunt thee undefended thro' the wide Heaven !  
 How will thy soul, cloven to its depth with terror,  
 Gape like a hell within ! I speak in grief,  
 Not exultation, for I hate no more,  
 As then ere misery made me wise. The curse  
 Once breathed on thee I would recall.  
 Ye Mountains,  
 Whose many-voicèd Echoes, through the mist  
 Of cataracts, flung the thunder of that spell !  
 Ye icy Springs, stagnant with wrinkling frost,  
 Which vibrated to hear me, and then crept  
 Shuddering thro' India ! Thou serenest Air,  
 Thro' which the Sun walks burning without beams !  
 And ye swift Whirlwinds, who on poised wings  
 Hung mute and moveless o'er yon hushed abyss,  
 As thunder, louder than your own, made rock  
 The orbèd world ! If then my words had power,  
 Though I am changed so that aught evil wish  
 Is dead within ; although no memory be  
 Of what is hate, let them not lose it now !  
 What was that curse ? for ye all heard me speak.

*First Voice (from the Mountains)*

Thrice three hundred thousand years



O'er the Earthquake's couch we  
stood :  
Oft, as men convulsed with fears,  
We trembled in our multitude.

*Second Voice (from the Springs)*

Thunderbolts had parched our water,  
We had been stained with bitter  
blood,  
And had run mute, 'mid shrieks of  
slaughter,  
Thro' a city and a solitude.

*Third Voice (from the Air)*

I had clothed, since Earth uprose,  
Its wastes in colors not their own,  
And oft had my serene repose  
Been cloven by many a rending  
groan.

*Fourth Voice (from the Whirlwinds)*

We had soared beneath these moun-  
tains  
Unresting ages; nor had thunder,  
Nor yon volcano's flaming fountains,  
Nor any power above or under  
Ever made us mute with wonder.

*First Voice*

But never bowed our snowy crest  
As at the voice of thine unrest.

*Second Voice*

Never such a sound before  
To the Indian waves we bore.  
A pilot asleep on the howling sea  
Leaped up from the deck in agony,  
And heard, and cried, "Ah, woe is me!"  
And died as mad as the wild waves be.

*Third Voice*

By such dread words from Earth to  
Heaven  
My still realm was never riven;  
When its wound was closed, there stood  
Darkness o'er the day like blood.

*Fourth Voice*

And we shrank back; for dreams of ruin  
To frozen caves our flight pursuing  
Made us keep silence—thus—and thus—  
Though silence is a hell to us.

*The Earth.* The tongueless Caverns  
of the craggy hills

Cried "Misery!" then; the hollow  
Heaven replied,  
"Misery!" and the Ocean's purple  
waves,  
Climbing the land, howled to the lash-  
ing winds,  
And the pale nations heard it, "Misery!"  
*Prometheus.* I hear a sound of voices:  
not the voice  
Which I gave forth. Mother, thy sons  
and thou  
Scorn him, without whose all-enduring  
will  
Beneath the fierce omnipotence of Jove,  
Both they and thou had vanished, like  
thin mist  
Unrolled on the morning wind. Know  
ye not me,  
The Titan? He who made his agony  
The barrier to your else all-conquering  
foe?  
Oh, rock-embosomed lawns, and snow-  
fed streams,  
Now seen athwart frore vapors, deep  
below,  
Thro' whose o'ershadowing woods I  
wandered once  
With Asia, drinking life from her loved  
eyes;  
Why scorns the spirit which informs ye,  
now  
To commune with me? me alone, who  
checked,  
As one who checks a fiend-drawn  
charioteer,  
The falsehood and the force of him who  
reigns  
Supreme, and with the groans of pining  
slaves  
Fills your dim glens and liquid wilder-  
nesses:  
Why answer ye not, still? Brethren!  
*The Earth.* They dare not.  
*Prometheus.* Who dares? for I would  
hear that curse again.  
Ha, what an awful whisper rises up!  
'Tis scarce like sound; it tingles thro'  
the frame  
As lightning tingles, hovering ere it  
strike.  
Speak, Spirit! from thine inorganic  
voice  
I only know that thou art moving near  
And love. How cursed I him?  
*The Earth.* How canst thou hear  
Who knowest not the language of the  
dead?  
*Prometheus.* Thou art a living spirit:  
speak as they.

*The Earth.* I dare not speak like life,  
lest Heaven's fell King  
Should hear, and link me to some wheel  
of pain  
More torturing than the one whereon I  
roll.

Subtle thou art and good, and tho' the  
Gods

Hear not this voice, yet thou art more  
than God

Being wise and kind: earnestly hearken  
now.

*Prometheus.* Obscurely thro' my  
brain, like shadows dim,  
Sweep awful thoughts, rapid and thick.  
I feel

Faint, like one mingled in entwining  
love;

Yet 'tis not pleasure.

*The Earth.* No, thou canst not hear;  
Thou art immortal, and this tongue is  
known

Only to those who die.

*Prometheus.* And what art thou,  
O, melancholy Voice?

*The Earth.* I am the Earth,  
Thy mother; she within whose stony  
veins,

To the last fibre of the loftiest tree  
Whose thin leaves trembled in the  
frozen air,

Joy ran, as blood within a living frame,  
When thou didst from her bosom, like a  
cloud,

Of glory, arise, a spirit of keen joy!  
And at thy voice her pining sons uplifted  
Their prostrate brows from the polluting  
dust,

And our almighty Tyrant with fierce  
dread

Grew pale, until his thunder chained  
thee here.

Then, see those million worlds which  
burn and roll

Around us: their inhabitants beheld  
My spherèd light wane in wide Heaven;  
the sea

Was lifted by strange tempest, and new  
fire

From earthquake-rifted mountains of  
bright snow

Shook its portentous hair beneath  
Heaven's frown;

Lightning and Inundation vexed the  
plains;

Blue thistles bloomed in cities; foodless  
toads

Within voluptuous chambers panting  
crawled:

When Plague had fallen on man, and  
beast and worm,

And Famine; and black blight on herb  
and tree;

And in the corn, and vines, and meadow-  
grass,

Teemed ineradicable poisonous weeds  
Draining their growth, for my wan  
breast was dry

With grief; and the thin air, my breath,  
was stained

With the contagion of a mother's hate  
Breathed on her child's destroyer; aye,  
I heard

Thy curse, the which, if thou remem-  
berest not,

Yet my innumerable seas and streams,  
Mountains, and caves, and winds, and  
yon wide air,

And the inarticulate people of the  
dead,

Preserve, a treasured spell. We meditate  
In secret joy and hope those dreadful  
words

But dare not speak them.

*Prometheus.* Venerable mother!  
All else who live and suffer take from  
thee

Some comfort; flowers, and fruits, and  
happy sounds,

And love, though fleeting; these may  
not be mine.

But mine own words, I pray, deny me  
not.

*The Earth.* They shall be told. Ere  
Babylon was dust,

The Magus Zoroaster, my dead child,  
Met his own image walking in the gar-  
den.

That apparition, sole of men, he saw.  
For know there are two worlds of life  
and death:

One that which thou beholdest; but the  
other

Is underneath the grave, where do in-  
habit

The shadows of all forms that think  
and live

Till death unite them and they part  
no more;

Dreams and the light imaginings of  
men,

And all that fate creates or love desires,  
Terrible, strange, sublime and beauteous  
shapes.

There thou art, and dost hang, a writh-  
ing shade,

'Mid whirlwind-peopled mountains; all  
the gods



Are there, and all the powers of nameless worlds,  
Vast, sceptred phantoms; heroes, men, and beasts;  
And Demogorgon, a tremendous gloom;  
And he, the supreme Tyrant, on his throne  
Of burning gold. Son, one of these shall utter  
The curse which all remember. Call at will

Thine own ghost, or the ghost of Jupiter, Hades or Typhon, or what mightier Gods From all-prolific Evil, since thy ruin Have sprung, and trampled on my prostrate sons.

Ask, and they must reply: so the revenge Of the Supreme may sweep thro' vacant shades,

As rainy wind thro' the abandoned gate Of a fallen palace.

*Prometheus.* Mother, let not aught Of that which may be evil, pass again My lips, or those of aught resembling me. Phantasm of Jupiter, arise, appear!

*Ione!*

My wings are folded o'er mine ears:

My wings are crossèd o'er mine eyes:

Yet thro' their silver shade appears,

And thro' their lulling plumes arise,

A Shape, a throng of sounds;

May it be no ill to thee

O thou of many wounds!

Near whom, for our sweet sister's sake,  
Ever thus we watch and wake.

*Panthea*

The sound is of whirlwind underground  
Earthquake, and fire, and mountains  
cloven;

The shape is awful like the sound,  
Clothed in dark purple, star-inwoven.

A sceptre of pale gold

To stay steps proud, o'er the slow  
cloud

His veined hand doth hold.

Cruel he looks, but calm and strong,

Like one who does, not suffers wrong.

*Phantasm of Jupiter.* Why have  
the secret powers of this strange  
world

Driven me, a frail and empty phantom,  
hither

On direst storms? What unaccustomed  
sounds

Are hovering on my lips, unlike the voice  
With which our pallid race hold ghastly  
talk

In darkness? And, proud sufferer, who  
art thou?

*Prometheus.* Tremendous Image, as  
thou art must be

He whom thou shadowest forth. I am  
his foe,

The Titan. Speak the words which I  
would hear,

Although no thought inform thine  
empty voice.

*The Earth.* Listen! And tho' your  
echoes must be mute,

Gray mountains, and old woods, and  
haunted springs,

Prophetic caves, and isle-surrounding  
streams,

Rejoice to hear what yet ye cannot speak.

*Phantasm.* A spirit seizes me and  
speaks within:

It tears me as fire tears a thunder-cloud.

*Panthea.* See, how he lifts his mighty  
looks, the Heaven

Darkens above.

*Ione.* He speaks! O shelter me!

*Prometheus.* I see the curse on  
gestures proud and cold,

And looks of firm defiance, and calm hate,  
And such despair as mocks itself with  
smiles,

Written as on a scroll: yet speak:  
Oh, speak!

*Phantasm*

Fiend, I defy thee! with a calm, fixed  
mind,

All that thou canst inflict I bid thee  
do;

Foul Tyrant both of Gods and Human-  
kind,

One only being shalt thou not  
subdue.

Rain then thy plagues upon me here,  
Ghastly disease, and frenzying fear;

And let alternate frost and fire

Eat into me, and be thine ire

Lightning, and cutting hail, and legioned  
forms

Of furies, driving by upon the wounding  
storms.

Ay, do thy worst. Thou art om-  
nipotent.

O'er all things but thyself I gave  
thee power,

And my own will. Be thy swift  
mischiefs sent

To blast mankind, from yon ethereal  
tower.

Let thy malignant spirit move

In darkness over those I love :  
On me and mine I imprecate  
The utmost torture of thy hate ;  
And thus devote to sleepless agony,  
This undeclining head, while thou must  
reign on high.

But thou, who art the God and Lord :  
O, thou,  
Who fillest with thy soul this world  
of woe,  
To whom all things of Earth and  
Heaven do bow  
In fear and worship : all-prevailing  
foe !  
I curse thee ! let a sufferer's curse  
Clasp thee, his torturer, like remorse ;  
Till thine Infinity shall be  
A robe of envenomed agony ;  
And thine Omnipotence a crown of pain,  
To cling like burning gold round thy  
dissolving brain.

Heap on thy soul, by virtue of this  
Curse  
Ill deeds, then be thou damned,  
beholding good ;  
Both infinite as is the universe,  
And thou, and thy self-torturing  
solitude.  
An awful image of calm power  
Though now thou sittest, let the hour  
Come, when thou must appear to be  
That which thou art internally.  
And after many a false and fruitless  
crime  
Scorn track thy lagging fall thro' bound-  
less space and time.

*Prometheus.* Were these my words,  
O, Parent?

*The Earth.* They were thine.

*Prometheus.* It doth repent me :  
words are quick and vain ;  
Grief for awhile is blind, and so was  
mine.

I wish no living thing to suffer pain.

*The Earth*

Misery, Oh misery to me,  
That Jove at length should vanquish  
thee.  
Wail, howl aloud, Land and Sea,  
The Earth's rent heart shall answer  
ye.  
Howl, Spirits of the living and the dead,  
Your refuge, your defence lies fallen and  
vanquishéd.

*First Echo*

Lies fallen and vanquishéd !

*Second Echo*

Fallen and vanquishéd !

*Ione*

Fear not : 'tis but some passing spasm,  
The Titan is unvanquished still.  
But see, where thro' the azure chasm  
Of yon forked and snowy hill  
Trampling the slant winds on high  
With golden-sandalled feet, that  
glow  
Under plumes of purple dye,  
Like rose-ensanguined ivory,  
A Shape comes now,  
Stretching on high from his right hand  
A serpent-cinctured wand.  
*Panthea.* 'Tis Jove's world-wander-  
ing herald, Mercury.

*Ione*

And who are those with hydra tresses  
And iron wings that climb the wind,  
Whom the frowning God represses  
Like vapors steaming up behind,  
Clanging loud, an endless crowd—

*Panthea*

These are Jove's tempest-walking  
hounds,  
Whom he gluts with groans and blood,  
When charioted on sulphurous cloud  
He bursts Heaven's bounds.

*Ione*

Are they now led, from the thin dead  
On new pangs to be fed ?

*Panthea*

The Titan looks as ever, firm, not  
proud.

*First Fury.* Ha ! I scent life !

*Second Fury.* Let me but look into  
his eyes !

*Third Fury.* The hope of torturing  
him smells like a heap  
Of corpses, to a death-bird after battle.

*First Fury.* Darest thou delay, O  
Herald ! take cheer, Hounds  
Of Hell : what if the Son of Maia soon  
Should make us food and sport—who  
can please long

The Omnipotent ?

*Mercury.* Back to your towers of  
iron,



And gnash, beside the streams of fire  
and wail,  
Your foodless teeth. Geryon, arise!  
and Gorgon,  
Chimæra, and thou Sphinx, subtlest of  
fiends  
Who ministered to Thebes Heaven's  
poisoned wine,  
Unnatural love, and more unnatural  
hate:

These shall perform your task.

*First Fury.* Oh, mercy! mercy!  
We die with our desire: drive us not  
back!

*Mercury.* Crouch then in silence.  
Awful Sufferer  
To thee unwilling, most unwillingly  
I come, by the great Father's will driven  
down,

To execute a doom of new revenge.  
Alas! I pity thee, and hate myself  
That I can do no more: aye from thy  
sight  
Returning, for a season, Heaven seems  
Hell,

So thy worn form pursues me night and  
day,

Smiling reproach. Wise art thou, firm  
and good,  
But vainly wouldst stand forth alone in  
strife

Against the Omnipotent; as yon clear  
lamps

That measure and divide the weary  
years

From which there is no refuge, long  
have taught

And long must teach. Even now thy  
Torturer arms

With the strange might of unimagined  
pains

The powers who scheme slow agonies in  
Hell,

And my commission is to lead them  
here,

Or what more subtle, foul, or savage  
fiends

People the abyss, and leave them to  
their task.

Be it not so! there is a secret known  
To thee, and to none else of living  
things,

Which may transfer the sceptre of wide  
Heaven,

The fear of which perplexes the Su-  
preme:

Clothe it in words, and bid it clasp his  
throne

In intercession; bend thy soul in prayer,

And like a suppliant in some gorgeous  
fane,

Let the will kneel within thy haughty  
heart:

For benefits and meek submission tame  
The fiercest and the mightiest.

*Prometheus.* Evil minds  
Change good to their own nature. I  
gave all

He has; and in return he chains me here  
Years, ages, night and day: whether  
the Sun

Split my parched skin, or in the moony  
night

The crystal-wingèd snow cling round  
my hair:

Whilst my belovèd race is trampled  
down

By his thought-executing ministers.  
Such is the tyrant's recompense: 'tis  
just:

He who is evil can receive no good;  
And for a world bestowed, or a friend  
lost,

He can feel hate, fear, shame; not gra-  
titude:

He but requites me for his own mis-  
deed.

Kindness to such is keen reproach, which  
breaks

With bitter stings the light sleep of  
Revenge.

Submission, thou dost know I cannot  
try:

For what submission but that fatal word,  
The death-seal of mankind's captivity,  
Like the Sicilian's hair-suspended sword,  
Which trembles o'er his crown, would  
he accept,

Or could I yield? Which yet I will not  
yield.

Let others flatter Crime, where it sits  
throned

In brief Omnipotence: secure are they:  
For Justice, when triumphant, will  
weep down

Pity, not punishment, on her own  
wrongs,

Too much avenged by those who err.  
I wait,

Enduring thus, the retributive hour  
Which since we spake is even nearer  
now.

But hark, the hell-hounds clamor: fear  
delay:

Behold! Heaven lowers under thy  
Father's frown.

*Mercury.* Oh, that we might be  
spared: I to inflict

And thou to suffer ! Once more answer me :

Thou knowest not the period of Jove's power ?

*Prometheus.* I know but this, that it must come.

*Mercury.* Alas !

Thou canst not count thy years to come of pain ?

*Prometheus.* They last while Jove must reign : nor more, nor less Do I desire or fear.

*Mercury.* Yet pause, and plunge Into Eternity, where recorded time, Even all that we imagine, age on age, Seems but a point, and the reluctant mind

Flags wearily in its unending flight, Till it sink, dizzy, blind, lost, shelterless ;

Perchance it has not numbered the slow years

Which thou must spend in torture, unretrieved ?

*Prometheus.* Perchance no thought can count them, yet they pass.

*Mercury.* If thou might'st dwell among the Gods the while

Lapped in voluptuous joy ?

*Prometheus.* I would not quit This bleak ravine, these unrepentant pains.

*Mercury.* Alas ! I wonder at, yet pity thee.

*Prometheus.* Pity the self-despising slaves of Heaven, Not me, within whose mind sits peace serene,

As light in the sun, throned : how vain is talk !

Call up the fiends.

*Ione.* O, sister, look ! White fire Has cloven to the roots yon huge snow-loaded cedar ;

How fearfully God's thunder howls behind !

*Mercury.* I must obey his words and thine : alas !

Most heavily remorse hangs at my heart !

*Panthea.* See where the child of Heaven, with wingèd feet, Runs down the slanted sunlight of the dawn.

*Ione.* Dear sister, close thy plumes over thine eyes

Lest thou behold and die : they come : they come

Blackening the birth of day with countless wings,

And hollow underneath, like death.

*First Fury.* Prometheus !

*Second Fury.* Immortal Titan !

*Third Fury.* Champion of Heaven's slaves !

*Prometheus.* He whom some dreadful voice invokes is here,

Prometheus, the chained Titan. Horrible forms,

What and who are ye ? Never yet there came

Phantasms so foul thro' monster-teeming Hell

From the all-miscreative brain of Jove ; Whilst I behold such execrable shapes,

Methinks I grow like what I contemplate,

And laugh and stare in loathsome sympathy.

*First Fury.* We are the ministers of pain, and fear,

And disappointment, and mistrust, and hate,

And clinging crime ; and as lean dogs pursue

Thro' wood and lake some struck and sobbing fawn,

We track all things that weep, and bleed, and live,

When the great King betrays them to our will.

*Prometheus.* Oh ! many fearful natures in one name,

I know ye ; and these lakes and echoes know

The darkness and the clangor of your wings.

But why more hideous than your loathed selves

Gather ye up in legions from the deep ?

*Second Fury.* We knew not that : Sisters, rejoice, rejoice !

*Prometheus.* Can aught exult in its deformity ?

*Second Fury.* The beauty of delight makes lovers glad,

Gazing on one another : so are we.

As from the rose which the pale priestess kneels

To gather for her festal crown of flowers The aerial crimson falls, flushing her cheek,

So from our victim's destined agony

The shade which is our form invests us round,

Else we are shapeless as our mother Night.

*Prometheus.* I laugh your power, and his who sent you here,



To lowest scorn. Pour forth the cup of pain.

*First Fury.* Thou thinkest we will rend thee bone from bone,  
And nerve from nerve, working like fire within?

*Prometheus.* Pain is my element, as hate is thine;

Ye rend me now: I care not.

*Second Fury.* Dost imagine  
We will but laugh into thy lidless eyes?

*Prometheus.* I weigh not what ye do,  
but what ye suffer,  
Being evil. Cruel was the power which called

You, or aught else so wretched, into light.

*Third Fury.* Thou think'st we will live thro' thee, one by one,  
Like animal life, and tho' we can obscure not

'The soul which burns within, that we will dwell

Beside it, like a vain loud multitude  
Vexing the self-content of wisest men;  
That we will be dread thought beneath thy brain,

And foul desire round thine astonished heart,

And blood within thy labyrinthine veins  
Crawling like agony.

*Prometheus.* Why, ye are thus now;  
Yet am I king over myself, and rule  
The torturing and conflicting throngs within,

As Jove rules you when Hell grows  
mutinous.

#### *Chorus of Furies*

From the ends of the earth, from the  
ends of the earth,  
Where the night has its grave and the  
morning its birth,

Come, come, come!

Oh, ye who shake hills with the scream  
of your mirth,

When cities sink howling in ruin; and  
ye

Who with wingless footsteps trample  
the sea,

And close upon Shipwreck and Famine's  
track,

Sit chattering with joy on the foodless  
wreck,

Come, come, come!

Leave the bed, low, cold and red,  
Strewed beneath a nation dead;

Leave the hatred, as in ashes

Fire is left for future burning:

It will burst in bloodier fashion,  
When ye stir it, soon returning:

Leave the self-contempt implanted  
In young-spirits, sense-enchanted,

Misery's yet unkindled fuel:

Leave Hell's secrets half unchanted  
To the maniac dreamer; cruel

More than ye can be with hate

Is he with fear.

Come, come, come!

We are steaming up from Hell's wide  
gate,

And we burthen the blast of the  
atmosphere,

But vainly we toil till ye come here.

*Ionè.* Sister, I hear the thunder of  
new wings.

*Panthea.* These solid mountains  
quiver with the sound

Even as the tremulous air: their shadows  
make

The space within my plumes more black  
than night.

#### *First Fury*

Your call was as a wingèd car  
Driven on whirlwinds fast and far;  
It rapt us from red gulf of war.

#### *Second Fury*

From wide cities, famine-wasted;

#### *Third Fury*

Groans half heard, and blood untasted;

#### *Fourth Fury*

Kingly conclaves stern and cold,  
Where blood with gold is bought and  
sold;

#### *Fifth Fury*

From the furnace, white and hot,  
In which—

#### *A Fury*

Speak not: whisper not  
I know all that ye would tell,  
But to speak might break the spell  
Which must bend the Invincible,  
The stern of thought;  
He yet defies the deepest power of  
Hell.

#### *Fury*

Tear the veil!

#### *Another Fury*

It is torn.

#### *Chorus*

The pale stars of the morn  
Shine on a misery, dire to be borne.

Dost thou faint, mighty Titan? We  
 laugh thee to scorn.  
 Dost thou boast the clear knowledge  
 thou waken'dst for man?  
 Then was kindled within him a thirst  
 which outran  
 Those perishing waters; a thirst of fierce  
 fever,  
 Hope, love, doubt, desire, which con-  
 sume him for ever.  
 One came forth of gentle worth  
 Smiling on the sanguine earth;  
 His words outlived him, like swift  
 poison,  
 Withering up truth, peace, and pity.  
 Look! where round the wide horizon  
 Many a million-peopled city  
 Vomits smoke in the bright air.  
 Mark that outcry of despair!  
 'Tis his mild and gentle ghost  
 Wailing for the faith he kindled:  
 Look again, the flames almost  
 To a glow-worm's lamp have  
 dwindled:  
 The survivors round the embers  
 Gather in dread.  
 Joy, joy, joy!  
 Past ages crowd on thee, but each one  
 remembers,  
 And the future is dark, and the present  
 is spread:  
 Like a pillow of thorns for thy slumber-  
 less head.

*Semichorus I*

Drops of bloody agony flow  
 From his white and quivering brow.  
 Grant a little respite now:  
 See a disenchanted nation  
 Springs like day from desolation;  
 To Truth its state is dedicate,  
 And Freedom leads it forth, her mate;  
 A legions band of linkéd brothers  
 Whom Love calls children—

*Semichorus II*

'Tis another's:  
 See how kindred murder kin:  
 'Tis the vintage time for death and sin:  
 Blood, like new wine, bubbles within;  
 Till Despair smothers  
 The struggling world, which slaves and  
 tyrants win.  
 [All the FURIES vanish, except one.  
 Ione. Hark, sister! what a low yet  
 dreadful groan.  
 Quite unsuppressed is tearing up the  
 heart

Of the good Titan, as storms tear the  
 deep,  
 And beasts hear the sea moan in inland  
 caves.  
 Darest thou observe how the fiends  
 torture him?  
*Panthea.* Alas! I looked forth twice,  
 but will no more.  
*Ione.* What didst thou see?  
*Panthea.* A woful sight: a youth  
 With patient looks nailed to a crucifix.  
*Ione.* What next?  
*Panthea.* The heaven around, the  
 earth below  
 Was peopled with thick shapes of human  
 death,  
 All horrible, and wrought by human  
 hands,  
 And some appeared the work of human  
 hearts,  
 For men were slowly killed by frowns  
 and smiles:  
 And other sights too foul to speak and  
 live  
 Were wandering by. Let us not tempt  
 worse fear  
 By looking forth: those groans are grief  
 enough.  
*Fury.* Behold an emblem: those  
 who do endure  
 Deep wrongs for man, and scorn, and  
 chains, but heap  
 Thousandfold torment on themselves  
 and him.  
*Prometheus.* Remit the anguish of  
 that lighted stare;  
 Close those wan lips; let that thorn-  
 wounded brow  
 Stream not with blood; it mingles with  
 thy tears!  
 Fix, fix those tortured orbs in peace and  
 death,  
 So thy sick throes shake not that cruci-  
 fix,  
 So those pale fingers play not with thy  
 gore.  
 O, horrible! Thy name I will not speak,  
 It hath become a curse. I see, I see  
 The wise, the mild, the lofty, and the  
 just,  
 Whom thy slaves hate for being like to  
 thee,  
 Some hunted by foul lies from their  
 heart's home,  
 An early-chosen, late-lamented home;  
 As hooded ounces cling to the driven  
 hind;  
 Some linked to corpses in unwholesome  
 cells:



Some—Hear I not the multitude laugh  
loud?—

Impaled in lingering fire: and mighty  
realms

Float by my feet, like sea-uprooted isles,  
Whose sons are kneaded down in com-  
mon blood

By the red light of their own burning  
homes.

*Fury.* Blood thou canst see, and fire;  
and canst hear groans;

Worse things, unheard, unseen, remain  
behind.

*Prometheus.* Worse?

*Fury.* In each human heart  
terror survives

The ruin it has gorged: the loftiest fear  
All that they would disdain to think  
were true:

Hypocrisy and custom make their minds  
The fanes of many a worship, now out-  
worn.

They dare not devise good for man's  
estate,

And yet they know not that they do not  
dare.

The good want power, but to weep  
barren tears.

The powerful goodness want: worse  
need for them.

The wise want love; and those who  
love want wisdom;

And all best things are thus confused to  
ill.

Many are strong and rich, and would  
be just,

But live among their suffering fellow-  
men

As if none felt: they know not what  
they do.

*Prometheus.* Thy words are like a  
cloud of wingéd snakes;

And yet I pity those they torture not.

*Fury.* Thou pitiest them? I speak  
no more! [*Vanishes.*

*Prometheus.* Ah woe!

Ah woe! Alas! pain, pain ever, for  
ever!

I close my tearless eyes, but see more  
clear

Thy works within my woe-illumed mind,  
Thou subtle tyrant! Peace is in the  
grave.

The grave hides all things beautiful and  
good:

I am a God and cannot find it there,  
Nor would I seek it: for, though dread

revenge,  
This is defeat, fierce king, not victory.

The sights with which thou torturest  
gird my soul

With new endurance, till the hour arrives  
When they shall be no types of things  
which are.

*Panthea.* Alas! what sawest thou?

*Prometheus.* There are two woes:  
To speak, and to behold; thou spare  
me one.

Names are there, Nature's sacred watch-  
words, they

Were borne aloft in bright emblazonry;  
The nations thronged around, and cried  
aloud,

As with one voice, Truth, liberty, and  
love!

Suddenly fierce confusion fell from  
heaven

Among them: there was strife, deceit,  
and fear:

Tyrants rushed in, and did divide the  
spoil.

This was the shadow of the truth I saw.

*The Earth.* I felt thy torture, son,  
with such mixed joy

As pain and virtue give. To cheer thy  
state

I bid ascend those subtle and fair spirits,  
Whose homes are the dim caves of human  
thought,

And who inhabit, as birds wing the wind,  
Its world-surrounding ether: they be-  
hold

Beyond that twilight realm, as in a glass,  
The future: may they speak comfort  
to thee!

*Panthea.* Look, sister, where a troop  
of spirits gather,

Like flocks of clouds in spring's delight-  
ful weather,

Thronging in the blue air!

*Ione.* And see! more come,  
Like fountain-vapors when the winds  
are dumb,

That climb up the ravine in scattered  
lines.

And, hark! is it the music of the pines?  
Is it the lake? Is it the waterfall?

*Panthea.* 'Tis something sadder,  
sweeter far than all.

#### *Chorus of Spirits*

From unremembered ages we  
Gentle guides and guardians be  
Of heaven-oppressed mortality;  
And we breathe, and sicken not.  
The atmosphere of human thought:  
Be it dim, and dank, and gray,  
Like a storm-extinguished day,

Travelled o'er by dying gleams ;  
 Be it bright as all between  
 Cloudless skies and windless streams,  
 Silent, liquid, and serene ;  
 As the birds within the wind,  
 As the fish within the wave,  
 As the thoughts of man's own mind  
 Float thro' all above the grave ;  
 We make there our liquid lair,  
 Voyaging cloudlike and unpent  
 Thro' the boundless element :  
 Thence we bear the prophecy  
 Which begins and ends in thee !

*Ione.* More yet come, one by one :  
 the air around them  
 Looks radiant as the air around a star.

#### *First Spirit*

On a battle-trumpet's blast  
 I fled hither, fast, fast, fast,  
 'Mid the darkness upward cast.  
 From the dust of creeds outworn,  
 From the tyrant's banner torn,  
 Gathering 'round me, onward borne,  
 There was mingled many a cry—  
 Freedom ! Hope ! Death ! Victory !  
 Till they faded thro' the sky ;  
 And one sound, above, around,  
 One sound beneath, around, above,  
 Was moving ; 'twas the soul of love ;  
 'Twas the hope, the prophecy,  
 Which begins and ends in thee.

#### *Second Spirit*

A rainbow's arch stood on the sea,  
 Which rocked beneath, immovably ;  
 And the triumphant storm did flee,  
 Like a conqueror, swift and proud,  
 Between, with many a captive cloud,  
 A shapeless, dark and rapid crowd,  
 Each by lightning riven in half :  
 I heard the thunder hoarsely laugh :  
 Mighty fleets were strewn like chaff  
 And spread beneath a hell of death  
 O'er the white waters. I alit  
 On a great ship lightning-split,  
 And speeded hither on the sigh  
 Of one who gave an enemy  
 His plank, then plunged aside to die.

#### *Third Spirit*

I sate beside a sage's bed,  
 And the lamp was burning red  
 Near the book where he had fed,  
 When a Dream with plumes of flame,  
 To his pillow hovering came,  
 And I knew it was the same

Which had kindled long ago  
 Pity, eloquence, and woe ;  
 And the world awhile below  
 Wore the shade its lustre made.  
 It has borne me here as fleet  
 As Desire's lightning feet ;  
 I must ride it back ere morrow,  
 Or the sage will wake in sorrow.

#### *Fourth Spirit*

On a poet's lips I slept  
 Dreaming like a love-adept  
 In the sound his breathing kept ;  
 Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,  
 But feeds on the aerial kisses  
 Of shapes that haunt thought's wilder-  
 nesses.  
 He will watch from dawn to gloom  
 The lake-reflected sun illumine  
 The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,  
 Nor heed nor see, what things they be ;  
 But from these create he can  
 Forms more real than living man,  
 Nurslings of immortality !  
 One of these awakened me,  
 And I sped to succor thee.

#### *Ione*

Behold'st thou not two shapes from the  
 east and west  
 Come, as two doves to one belovéd nest,  
 Twin nurslings of the all-sustaining air  
 On swift still wings glide down the  
 atmosphere ?  
 And, hark ! their sweet, sad voices ! 'tis  
 despair  
 Mingled with love and then dissolved  
 in sound.  
*Panthea.* Canst thou speak, sister ? all  
 my words are drowned.  
*Ione.* Their beauty gives me voice.  
 See how they float  
 On their sustaining wings of skiey grain,  
 Orange and azure deepening into gold :  
 Their soft smiles light the air like a  
 star's fire.

#### *Chorus of Spirits*

Hast thou beheld the form of love ?

#### *Fifth Spirit*

As over wide dominions  
 I sped, like some swift cloud that wings  
 the wide air's wildernesses,  
 That planet-crested shape swept by on  
 lightning-braided pinions,  
 Scattering the liquid joy of life from his  
 ambrosial tresses :



His footsteps paved the world with light ;  
 but as I past 'twas fading,  
 And hollow Ruin yawned behind : great  
 sages bound in madness,  
 And headless patriots, and pale youths  
 who perished, unupbraiding.  
 Gleamed in the night. I wandered o'er,  
 till thou, O King of sadness,  
 Turned by thy smile the worst I saw to  
 recollected gladness.

*Sixth Spirit*

Ah, sister ! Desolation is a delicate thing :  
 It walks not on the earth, it floats not on  
 the air,  
 But treads with killing footstep, and  
 fans with silent wing  
 The tender hopes which in their hearts  
 the best and gentlest bear ;  
 Who, soothed to false repose by the  
 fanning plumes above  
 And the music-stirring motion of its  
 soft and busy feet,  
 Dream visions of ærial joy, and call the  
 monster, Love,  
 And wake, and find the shadow Pain,  
 as he whom now we greet.

*Chorus*

Tho' Ruin now Love's shadow be,  
 Following him, destroyingly,  
 On Death's white and wingèd steed,  
 Which the fleetest cannot flee.  
 Trampling down both flower and weed,  
 Man and beast, and foul and fair,  
 Like a tempest thro' the air ;  
 Thou shalt quell this horseman grim,  
 Woundless though in heart or limb.  
*Prometheus.* Spirits ! how know ye  
 this shall be ?

*Chorus*

In the atmosphere we breathe,  
 As buds grow red when the snow-storms  
 flee,  
 From spring gathering up beneath,  
 Whose mild winds shake the elder brake,  
 And the wandering herdsmen know  
 That the white-thorn soon will blow :  
 Wisdom, Justice, Love, and Peace,  
 When they struggle to increase,  
 Are to us as soft winds be  
 To shepherd boys, the prophecy  
 Which begins and ends in thee.  
*Ione.* Where are the Spirits fled ?  
*Panthea.* Only a sense  
 Remains of them, like the omnipotence  
 Of music, when the inspired voice and  
 lute

Languish, ere yet the réponses are mute,  
 Which thro' the deep and labyrinthine  
 soul,

Like echoes thro' long caverns, wind  
 and roll.

*Prometheus.* How fair these airborne  
 shapes ! and yet I feel  
 Most vain all hope but love ; and thou  
 art far,  
 Asia ! who, when my being overflowed,  
 Wert like a golden chalice to bright wine  
 Which else had sunk into the thirsty  
 dust.

All things are still : alas ! how heavily  
 This quiet morning weighs upon my  
 heart ;

Tho' I should dream I could even sleep  
 with grief

If slumber were denied not. I would fain  
 Be what it is my destiny to be,  
 The savior and the strength of suffer-  
 ing man,  
 Or sink into the original gulf of things :  
 There is no agony, and no solace left ;  
 Earth can console, Heaven can torment  
 no more.

*Panthea.* Hast thou forgotten one  
 who watches thee  
 The cold dark night, and never sleeps  
 but when

The shadow of thy spirit falls on her ?

*Prometheus.* I said all hope was vain  
 but love : thou lovest.

*Panthea.* Deeply in truth ; but the  
 eastern star looks white,  
 And Asia waits in that far Indian vale  
 The scene of her sad exile ; rugged once  
 And desolate and frozen, like this ravine ;  
 But now invested with fair flowers and  
 herbs,  
 And haunted by sweet airs and sounds,  
 which flow  
 Among the woods and waters, from the  
 ether  
 Of her transforming presence, which  
 would fade  
 If it were mingled not with thine.  
 Farewell !

ACT II

SCENE I.—MORNING. A LOVELY VALE  
 IN THE INDIAN CAUCASUS. ASIA  
 alone.

*Asia.* From all the blasts of heaven  
 thou hast descended :  
 Yes, like a spirit, like a thought, which  
 makes

Unwonted tears throng to the horny  
eyes,  
And beatings haunt the desolated heart,  
Which should have learnt repose: thou  
hast descended  
Cradled in tempests; thou dost wake, O  
Spring!

O child of many winds! As suddenly  
Thou comest as the memory of a dream,  
Which now is sad because it hath been  
sweet;

Like genius, or like joy which riseth up  
As from the earth, clothing with golden  
clouds

The desert of our life.

This is the season, this the day, the hour;  
At sunrise thou shouldst come, sweet  
sister mine.

Too long desired, too long delaying,  
come!

How like death-worms the wingless  
moments crawl!

The point of one white star is quivering  
still

Deep in the orange light of widening  
morn

Beyond the purple mountains: thro' a  
chasm

Of wind-divided mist the darker lake  
Reflects it: now it wanes: it gleams  
again

As the waves fade, and as the burning  
threads

Of woven cloud unravel in pale air:  
'Tis lost! and thro' yon peaks of cloud-  
like snow

The roseate sunlight quivers: hear I not  
The Æolian music of her sea-green  
plumes

Winnowing the crimson dawn?

[PANTHEA enters.

I feel, I see  
Those eyes which burn thro' smiles that  
fade in tears,

Like stars half quenched in mists of silver  
dew.

Belovèd and most beautiful, who wearest  
The shadow of that soul by which I live,  
How late thou art! the spherèd sun had  
climbed

The sea: my heart was sick with hope,  
before

The printless air felt thy belated plumes.

*Panthea.* Pardon, great Sister! but  
my wings were faint

With the delight of a remembered  
dream,

As are the noontide plumes of summer  
winds

Satiate with sweet flowers. I was wont  
to sleep

Peacefully, and awake refreshed and  
calm

Before the sacred Titan's fall, and thy  
Unhappy love, had made, thro' use and  
pity,

Both love and woe familiar to my heart  
As they had grown to thine: erewhile I  
slept

Under the glaucous caverns of old Ocean  
Within dim bowers of green and purple  
moss,

Our young Ione's soft and milky arms  
Locked then, as now, behind my dark,  
moist hair,

While my shut eyes and cheek were  
pressed within

The folded depth of her life-breathing  
bosom:

But not as now, since I am made the  
wind

Which fails beneath the music that I  
bear

Of thy most wordless converse; since  
dissolved

Into the sense with which love talks, my  
rest

Was troubled and yet sweet; my waking  
hours

Too full of care and pain.

*Asia.* Lift up thine eyes,  
And let me read thy dream.

*Panthea.* As I have said  
With our sea-sister at his feet I slept.

The mountain mists, condensing at our  
voice

Under the moon, had spread their snowy  
flakes,

From the keen ice shielding our linkèd  
sleep.

Then two dreams came. One, I remem-  
ber not.

But in the other his pale wound-worn  
limbs

Fell from Prometheus, and the azure  
night

Grew radiant with the glory of that form  
Which lives unchanged within, and his  
voice fell

Like music which makes giddy the dim  
brain,

Faint with intoxication of keen joy:

"Sister of her whose footsteps pave the  
world

With loveliness—more fair than aught  
but her,

Whose shadow thou art—lift thine eyes  
on me."



I lifted them: the overpowering light  
 Of that immortal shape was shadowed  
   o'er  
 By love; which, from his soft and flow-  
   ing limbs,  
 And passion-parted lips, and keen, faint  
   eyes,  
 Steamed forth like vaporous fire; an  
   atmosphere  
 Which wrapt me in its all-dissolving  
   power,  
 As the warm ether of the morning sun  
 Wraps ere it drinks some cloud of wan-  
   dering dew.  
 I saw not, heard not, moved not, only felt  
 His presence flow and mingle thro' my  
   blood  
 Till it became his life, and his grew  
   mine,  
 And I was thus absorbed, until it passed,  
 And like the vapors when the sun sinks  
   down.  
 Gathering again in drops upon the  
   pines,  
 And tremulous as they, in the deep  
   night  
 My being was condensed; and as the  
   rays  
 Of thought were slowly gathered, I could  
   hear  
 His voice, whose accents lingered ere  
   they died  
 Like footsteps of weak melody: thy  
   name  
 Among the many sounds alone I heard  
 Of what might be articulate; tho' still  
 I listened thro' the night when sound  
   was none.  
 Ione wakened then, and said to me:  
 "Canst thou divine what troubles me  
   to-night?  
 I always knew what I desired before,  
 Nor ever found delight to wish in vain.  
 But now I cannot tell thee what I seek:  
 I know not; something sweet, since it  
   is sweet  
 Even to desire; it is thy sport, false  
   sister;  
 Thou hast discovered some enchantment  
   old,  
 Whose spells have stolen my spirit as I  
   slept  
 And mingled it with thine: for when  
   just now  
 We kissed, I felt within thy parted lips  
 The sweet air that sustained me, and  
   the warmth  
 Of the life-blood, for loss of which I  
   faint,

Quivered between our intertwining  
   arms."

I answered not, for the Eastern star  
   grew pale,  
 But fled to thee.

*Asia.* Thou speakest, but thy words  
 Are as the air: I feel them not: Oh, lift  
 Thine eyes, that I may read his written  
   soul!

*Panthea.* I lift them tho' they droop  
   beneath the load  
 Of that they would express: what canst  
   thou see

But thine own fairest shadow imaged  
   there?

*Asia.* Thine eyes are like the deep,  
   blue, boundless heaven  
 Contracted to two circles underneath  
 Their long, fine lashes; dark, far, mea-  
   sureless,

Orb within orb, and line thro' line in-  
   woven.

*Panthea.* Why lookest thou as if a  
   spirit past?

*Asia.* There is a change: beyond  
   their inmost depth  
 I see a shade, a shape: 'tis He, arrayed  
 In the soft light of his own smiles, which  
   spread

Like radiance from the cloud-surrounded  
   moon.

Prometheus, it is thine! depart not yet!  
 Say not those smiles that we shall meet  
   again

Within that bright pavilion which their  
   beams

Shall build on the waste world? The  
   dream is told.

What shape is that between us? Its  
   rude hair

Roughens the wind that lifts it, its  
   regard

Is wild and quick, yet 'tis a thing of air,  
 For thro' its gray robe gleams the golden  
   dew

Whose stars the noon has quenched not  
   *Dream.* Follow! Follow!

*Panthea.* It is mine other dream.

*Asia.* It disappears.

*Panthea.* It passes now into my  
   mind. Methought

As we sate here, the flower-infolding  
   buds

Burst on yon lightning-blasted almond-  
   tree,

When swift from the white Scythian  
   wilderness

A wind swept forth wrinkling the Earth  
   with frost:

I looked, and all the blossoms were  
blown down ;  
But on each leaf was stamped, as the  
blue bells

Of Hyacinth tell Apollo's written grief,  
O, FOLLOW, FOLLOW !

*Asia.* As you speak, your words  
Fill, pause by pause, my own forgotten  
sleep

With shapes. Methought among the  
lawns together

We wandered, underneath the young  
gray dawn,

And multitudes of dense white fleecy  
clouds

Were wandering in thick flocks along  
the mountains

Shepherded by the slow, unwilling  
wind ;

And the white dew on the new bladed  
grass,

Just piercing the dark earth, hung  
silently :

And there was more which I remember  
not :

But on the shadows of the morning  
clouds,

Athwart the purple mountain slope, was  
written

FOLLOW, O, FOLLOW ! as they vanished  
by,

And on each herb, from which Heaven's  
dew had fallen,

The like was stamp'd, as with a wither-  
ing fire,

A wind arose among the pines ; it shook  
The clinging music from their boughs,  
and then

Low, sweet, faint sounds, like the fare-  
well of ghosts,

Were heard : O, FOLLOW, FOLLOW,  
FOLLOW ME !

And then I said : " Panthea, look on me."   
But in the depth of those belovéd eyes  
Still I saw, FOLLOW, FOLLOW !

*Echo.* Follow, follow !

*Panthea.* The crags, this clear spring  
morning, mock our voices  
As they were spirit-tongued.

*Asia.* It is some being  
Around the crags. What fine clear  
sounds ! O, list !

*Echoes (unseen)*

Echoes we : listen !

We cannot stay :

As dew-stars glisten

Then fade away—

Child of Ocean !

*Asia.* Hark ! Spirits speak. The  
liquid réponses  
Of their aërial tongues yet sound.

*Panthea.* I hear.

*Echoes*

O, follow, follow,

As our voice recedeth

Thro' the caverns hollow,

Where the forest spreadeth ;

(*More distant*)

O, follow, follow !

Thro' the caverns hollow,

As the song floats thou pursue,

Where the wild bee never flew,

Thro' the noontide darkness deep,

By the odor-breathing sleep

Of faint night-flowers, and the waves

At the fountain-lighted caves,

While our music, wild and sweet,

Mocks thy gently falling feet,

Child of Ocean !

*Asia.* Shall we pursue the sound ? It  
grows more faint

And distant.

*Panthea.* List ! the strain floats  
nearer now.

*Echoes*

In the world unknown

Sleeps a voice unspoken ;

By thy step alone

Can its rest be broken ;

Child of Ocean !

*Asia.* How the notes sink upon the  
ebbing wind !

*Echoes*

O, follow, follow !

Thro' the caverns hollow,

As the song floats thou pursue,

By the woodland noontide dew ;

By the forests, lakes, and fountains

Thro' the many-folded mountains ;

To the rents, and gulfs, and chasms,

Where the Earth reposed from spasms,

On the day when He and thou

Parted, to commingle now ;

Child of Ocean !

*Asia.* Come, sweet Panthea, link thy  
hand in mine,

And follow, ere the voices fade away.

SCENE II.—A FOREST, INTERMINGLED  
WITH ROCKS AND CAVERNS.

ASIA and PANTHEA pass into it. Two  
young Fauns are sitting on a Rock  
listening.



*Semichorus I of Spirits*

The path thro' which that lovely twain  
 Have past, by cedar, pine, and yew,  
 And each dark tree that ever grew,  
 Is curtained out from Heaven's wide  
 blue;  
 Nor sun, nor moon, nor wind, nor rain,  
 Can pierce its interwoven bowers,  
 Nor aught, save where some cloud of  
 dew,  
 Drifted along the earth-creeping breeze,  
 Between the trunks of the hoar trees,  
 Hangs each a pearl in the pale  
 flowers  
 Of the green laurel, blown anew;  
 And bends, and then fades silently,  
 One frail and fair anemone:  
 Or when some star of many a one  
 That climbs and wanders thro' steep  
 night,  
 Has found the cleft thro' which alone  
 Beams fall from high those depths upon  
 Ere it is borne away, away,  
 By the swift Heavens that cannot stay,  
 It scatters drops of golden light,  
 Like lines of rain that ne'er unite:  
 And the gloom divine is all around.  
 And underneath is the mossy ground.

*Semichorus II*

There the voluptuous nightingales,  
 Are awake thro' all the broad noon-  
 day.  
 When one with bliss or sadness fails,  
 And thro' the windless ivy-boughs,  
 Sick with sweet love, droops dying  
 away  
 On its mate's music-panting bosom;  
 Another from the swinging blossom,  
 Watching to catch the languid close  
 Of the last strain, then lifts on high  
 The wings of the weak melody,  
 Till some new strain of feeling bear  
 The song, and all the woods are mute;  
 When there is heard thro' the dim air  
 The rush of wings, and rising there  
 Like many a lake-surrounded flute,  
 Sounds overflow the listener's brain  
 So sweet, that joy is almost pain.

*Semichorus I*

There those enchanted eddies play  
 Of echoes, music-tongued, which  
 draw,  
 By Demogorgon's mighty law,  
 With melting rapture, or sweet awe,  
 All spirits on that secret way;  
 As inland boats are driven to Ocean

Down streams made strong with moun-  
 tain-thaw:

And first there comes a gentle sound  
 To those in talk or slumber bound  
 And wakes the destined. Soft emotion  
 Attracts, impels them: those who saw  
 Say from the breathing earth behind  
 There steams a plume-uplifting wind  
 Which drives them on their path, while  
 they

Believe their own swift wings and feet  
 The sweet desires within obey:  
 And so they float upon their way,  
 Until, still sweet, but loud and strong,  
 The storm of sound is driven along,  
 Sucked up and hurrying: as they  
 fleet

Behind, its gathering billows meet  
 And to the fatal mountain bear  
 Like clouds amid the yielding air.

*First Faun.* Canst thou imagine  
 where those spirits live  
 Which make such delicate music in the  
 woods?

We haunt within the least frequented  
 caves  
 And closest coverts, and we know these  
 wilds,

Yet never meet them, tho' we hear them  
 oft:

Where may they hide themselves?

*Second Faun.* 'Tis hard to tell:  
 I have heard those more skilled in  
 spirits say,

The bubbles, which the enchantment of  
 the sun  
 Sucks from the pale faint water-flowers  
 that pave

The oozy bottom of clear lakes and  
 pools,  
 Are the pavilions where such dwell and  
 float

Under the green and golden atmosphere  
 Which noontide kindles thro' the woven  
 leaves;

And when these burst, and the thin fiery  
 air,

The which they breathed within those  
 lucent domes,

Ascends to flow like meteors thro' the  
 night,

They ride on them, and rein their head-  
 long speed,

And bow their burning crests, and glide  
 in fire

Under the waters of the earth again.

*First Faun.* If such live thus, have  
 others other lives,

Under pink blossoms or within the bells

Of meadow flowers, or folded violets  
deep,  
Or on their dying odors, when they  
die,

Or in the sunlight of the spheréd dew ?

*Second Faun.* Ay, many more which  
we may well divine.

But, should we stay to speak, noontide  
would come.

And thwart Silenus find his goats un-  
drawn,

And grudge to sing those wise and lovely  
songs

Of fate, and chance, and God, and Chaos  
old.

And Love, and the chained Titan's woe-  
ful doom,

And how he shall be loosed, and make  
the earth

One brotherhood: delightful strains  
which cheer

Our solitary twilights, and which charm  
To silence the unenvying nightingales.

SCENE III.—A PINNACLE OF ROCK  
AMONG MOUNTAINS. ASIA and PAN-  
THEA.

*Panthea.* Hither the sound has borne  
us—to the realm

Of Demogorgon, and the mighty portal,  
Like a volcano's meteor-breathing chasm,  
Whence the oracular vapor is hurled up  
Which lonely men drink wandering in  
their youth,

And call truth, virtue, love, genius, or  
joy,

That maddening wine of life, whose  
dregs they drain

To deep intoxication; and uplift,  
Like Mænads who cry loud, Evøe! Evøe!  
The voice which is contagion to the  
world.

*Asia.* Fit throne for such a power!  
Magnificent!

How glorious art thou, Earth! And if  
thou be

The shadow of some spirit lovelier still,  
Though evil stain its work, and it should  
be

Like its creation, weak yet beautiful,  
I could fall down and worship that and  
thee.

Even now my heart adoreth: Wonder-  
ful!

Look, sister, ere the vapor dim thy  
brain:

Beneath is a wide plain of billowy mist,  
As a lake, paving in the morning sky,

With azure waves which burst in silver  
light,

Some Indian vale. Behold it, rolling on  
Under the curdling winds, and islanding  
The peak whereon we stand, midway,  
around,

Encinctured by the dark and blooming  
forests,

Dim twilight-lawns, and stream-illu-  
mined caves,

And wind-enchanted shapes of wander-  
ing mist;

And far on high the keen sky-cleaving  
mountains

From icy spires of sun-like radiance fling  
The dawn, as lifted Ocean's dazzling  
spray,

From some Atlantic islet scattered up,  
Spangles the wind with lamp-like water-  
drops.

The vale is girdled with their walls, a  
howl

Of cataracts from their thaw-cloven  
ravines,

Satiates the listening wind, continuous,  
vast,

Awful as silence. Hark! the rushing  
snow!

The sun-awakened avalanche! whose  
mass,

Thrice sifted by the storm, had gathered  
there

Flake after flake, in heaven-defying  
minds

As thought by thought is piled, till some  
great truth

Is loosened, and the nations echo round,  
Shaken to their roots, as do the mountains  
now.

*Panthea.* Look how the gusty sea of  
mist is breaking

In crimson foam, even at our feet! it  
rises

As Ocean at the enchantment of the  
moon

Round foodless men wrecked on some  
oozy isle.

*Asia.* The fragments of the cloud are  
scattered up;

The wind that lifts them disentwines  
my hair;

Its billows now sweep o'er mine eyes;  
my brain

Grows dizzy; I see thin shapes within  
the mist.

*Panthea.* A countenance with beckon-  
ing smiles: there burns

An azure fire within its golden locks!  
Another and another: hark! they speak!



*Song of Spirits*

To the deep, to the deep,  
     Down, down !  
 Through the shade of sleep,  
 Through the cloudy strife  
 Of Death and of Life ;  
 Through the veil and the bar  
 Of things which seem and are  
 Even to the steps of the remotest throne,  
     Down, down !

While the sound whirls around,  
     Down, down !  
 As the fawn draws the hound,  
 As the lightning the vapor,  
 As the weak moth the taper ;  
 Death, despair ; love, sorrow ;  
 Time both ; to-day, to-morrow ;  
 As steel obeys the spirit of the stone,  
     Down, down !

Through the gray, void abysm,  
     Down, down !  
 Where the air is no prism,  
 And the moon and stars are not,  
 And the cavern-crag wears not  
 The radiance of Heaven,  
 Nor the gloom to Earth given,  
 Where there is one pervading, one alone,  
     Down, down !

In the depth of the deep,  
     Down, down !  
 Like veiled lightning asleep,  
 Like the spark nursed in embers,  
 The last look Love remembers,  
 Like a diamond, which shines  
 On the dark wealth of mines,  
 A spell is treasured but for thee alone,  
     Down, down !

We have bound thee, we guide thee ;  
     Down, down !  
 With the bright form beside thee ;  
 Resist not the weakness,  
 Such strength is in meekness  
 That the Eternal, the Immortal,  
 Must unloose through life's portal  
 The snake-like Doom coiled underneath  
     his throne  
     By that alone.

## SCENE IV.—THE CAVE OF

DEMOGORGON. ASIA and PANTHEA.

*Panthea.* What veiled form sits on  
     that ebon throne ?

*Asia.* The veil has fallen.

*Panthea.* I see a mighty darkness

Filling the seat of power, and rays of  
     gloom  
 Dart round, as light from the meridian  
     sun,  
 Ungazed upon and shapeless ; neither  
     limb,  
 Nor form, nor outline ; yet we feel it is  
 A living Spirit.

*Demogorgon.* Ask what thou wouldst  
     know.

*Asia.* What canst thou tell ?

*Demogorgon.* All things thou  
     dar'st demand.

*Asia.* Who made the living world ?

*Demogorgon.* God.

*Asia.* Who made all  
 That it contains ? thought, passion,  
     reason, will,  
 Imagination ?

*Demogorgon.* God : Almighty God.

*Asia.* Who made that sense which,  
     when the winds of spring  
 In rarest visitation, or the voice  
 Of one beloved heard in youth alone,  
 Fills the faint eyes with falling tears  
     which dim

The radiant looks of unbewailing flowers,  
 And leaves this peopled earth a solitude  
 When it returns no more ?

*Demogorgon.* Merciful God.

*Asia.* And who made terror, madness,  
     crime, remorse,  
 Which from the links of the great chain  
     of things,

To every thought within the mind of  
     man

Sway and drag heavily, and each one  
     reels

Under the load towards the pit of  
     death ;

Abandoned hope, and love that turns to  
     hate ;

And self-contempt, bitterer to drink  
     than blood ;

Pain, whose unheeded and familiar  
     speech

Is howling, and keen shrieks, day after  
     day ;

And Hell, or the sharp fear of Hell ?

*Demogorgon.* He reigns.

*Asia.* Utter his name : a world pining  
     in pain

Asks but his name : curses shall drag  
     him down.

*Demogorgon.* He reigns.

*Asia.* I feel, I know it : who ?

*Demogorgon.* He reigns.

*Asia.* Who reigns ? There was the  
     Heaven and Earth at first.

And Light and Love ; then Saturn, from  
     whose throne  
 Time fell, an envious shadow : such the  
     state  
 Of the earth's primal spirits beneath his  
     sway,  
 As the calm joy of flowers and living  
     leaves  
 Before the wind or sun has withered  
     them  
 And semivital worms ; but he refused  
 The birthright of their being, knowledge,  
     power,  
 The skill which wields the elements,  
     the thought  
 Which pierces this dim universe like  
     light,  
 Self-empire, and the majesty of love ;  
 For thirst of which they fainted. Then  
     Prometheus  
 Gave wisdom, which is strength, to  
     Jupiter,  
 And with this law alone, "Let man be  
     free,"  
 Clothed him with the dominion of wide  
     Heaven,  
 To know nor faith, nor love, nor law ; to  
     be  
 Omnipotent but friendless, is to reign ;  
 And Jove now reigned ; for on the race  
     of man  
 First famine, and then toil, and then  
     disease,  
 Strife, wounds, and ghastly death unseen  
     before,  
 Fell ; and the unseasonable seasons  
     drove  
 With alternating shafts of frost and fire,  
 Their shelterless, pale tribes to mountain  
     caves :  
 And in their desert hearts fierce wants  
     he sent,  
 And mad disquietudes, and shadows idle  
 Of unreal good, which levied mutual  
     war,  
 So ruining the lair wherein they raged.  
 Prometheus saw, and waked the legioned  
     hopes  
 Which sleep within folded Elysian  
     flowers,  
 Nepenthe, Moly, Amaranth, fadeless  
     blossoms,  
 That they might hide with thin and  
     rainbow wings  
 The shape of Death ; and Love he sent  
     to bind  
 The disunited tendrils of that vine  
 Which bears the wine of life, the human  
     heart ;

And he tamed fire which, like some  
     beast of prey,  
 Most terrible, but lovely, played beneath  
 The frown of man ; and tortured to his  
     will  
 Iron and gold, the slaves and signs of  
     power,  
 And gems and poisons, and all subtlest  
     forms  
 Hidden beneath the mountains and the  
     waves.  
 He gave man speech, and speech created  
     thought,  
 Which is the measure of the universe ;  
 And Science struck the thrones of earth  
     and heaven,  
 Which shook, but fell not ; and the  
     harmonious mind  
 Poured itself forth in all-prophetic song ;  
 And music lifted up the listening spirit  
 Until it walked, exempt from mortal  
     care,  
 Godlike, o'er the clear billows of sweet  
     sound ;  
 And human hands first mimicked and  
     then mocked,  
 With moulded limbs more lovely than  
     its own,  
 The human form, till marble grew  
     divine ;  
 And mothers, gazing, drank the love  
     men see  
 Reflected in their race, behold, and  
     perish.  
 He told the hidden power of herbs and  
     springs,  
 And Disease drank and slept. Death  
     grew like sleep.  
 He taught the implicated orbits woven  
 Of the wide-wandering stars ; and how  
     the sun  
 Changes his lair, and by what secret  
     spell  
 The pale moon is transformed, when her  
     broad eye  
 Gazes not on the interlunar sea :  
 He taught to rule, as life directs the  
     limbs,  
 The tempest-wingéd chariots of the  
     Ocean,  
 And the Celt knew the Indian. Cities  
     then  
 Were built, and through their snow-like  
     columns flowed  
 The warm winds, and the azure aether  
     shone,  
 And the blue sea and shadowy hills were  
     seen.  
 Such, the alleviations of his state,



Prometheus gave to man, for which he hangs

Withering in destined pain : but who rains down

Evil, the immedicable plague, which, while

Man looks on his creation like a God  
And sees that it is glorious, drives him on

The wreck of his own will, the scorn of earth,

The outcast, the abandoned, the alone ?  
Not Jove : while yet his frown shook heaven, ay when

His adversary from adamant chains  
Cursed him, he trembled like a slave.  
Declare

Who is his master ? Is he too a slave ?

*Demogorgon.* All spirits are enslaved  
which serve things evil :

Thou knowest if Jupiter be such or no.

*Asia.* Whom called'st thou God ?

*Demogorgon.* I spoke but as ye speak,

For Jove is the supreme of living things.

*Asia.* Who is the master of the slave ?

*Demogorgon.* If the abysm  
Could vomit forth its secrets. . . But a voice

Is wanting, the deep truth is imageless ;  
For what would it avail to bid thee gaze  
On the revolving world ? What to bid speak

Fate, Time, Occasion, Chance, and Change ? To these

All things are subject but eternal Love.

*Asia.* So much I asked before, and my heart gave

The response thou hast given ; and of such truths

Each to itself must be the oracle.

One more demand ; and do thou answer me

As mine own soul would answer, did it know

That which I ask. Prometheus shall arise

Henceforth the sun of this rejoicing world :

When shall the destined hour arrive ?

*Demogorgon.* Behold !

*Asia.* The rocks are cloven, and through the purple night

I see cars drawn by rainbow-wingéd steeds

Which trample the dim winds : in each there stands

A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight.

Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there.

And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars :

Others, with burning eyes, lean forth, and drink

With eager lips the wind of their own speed,

As if the thing they loved fled on before,  
And now, even now, they clasped it.  
Their bright locks

Stream like a comet's flashing hair : they all

Sweep onward.

*Demogorgon.* These are the immortal Hours,

Of whom thou didst demand. One waits for thee.

*Asia.* A spirit with a dreadful countenance

Checks its dark chariot by the craggy gulf.

Unlike thy brethren, ghastly charioteer,  
Who art thou ? Whither wouldst thou bear me ? Speak !

*Spirit.* I am the shadow of a destiny  
More dread than is my aspect : ere yon planet

Has set, the darkness which ascends with me

Shall wrap in lasting night heaven's kingless throne.

*Asia.* What meanest thou ?

*Panthea.* That terrible shadow floats

Up from its throne, as may the lurid smoke

Of earthquake-ruined cities o'er the sea.  
Lo ! it ascends the car ; the coursers fly  
Terrified : watch its path among the stars

Blackening the night !

*Asia.* Thus I am answered ; strange !

*Panthea.* See, near the verge, another chariot stays ;

An ivory shell inlaid with crimson fire,  
Which comes and goes within its sculptured rim

Of delicate strange tracery ; the young spirit

That guides it has the dove-like eyes of hope ;

How its soft smiles attract the soul ! as light

Lures wingéd insects through the lampless air.

*Spirit*

My coursers are fed with the lightning,

They drink of the whirlwind's stream,  
And when the red morning is brightning  
They bathe in the fresh sunbeam;  
They have strength for their swiftness  
I deem,

Then ascend with me, daughter of Ocean.

I desire; and their speed makes night  
kindle;

I fear: they outstrip the Typhoon;  
Ere the cloud piled on Atlas can dwindle

We encircle the earth and the moon:  
We shall rest from long labors at noon:

Then ascend with me, daughter of Ocean.

SCENE V.—THE CAR PAUSES WITHIN  
A CLOUD ON THE TOP OF A SNOWY  
MOUNTAIN. ASIA, PANTHEA, and the  
SPIRIT OF THE HOUR.

*Spirit*

On the brink of the night and the  
morning

My coursers are wont to respire;  
But the Earth has just whispered a warn-  
ing

That their flight must be swifter than  
fire:

They shall drink the hot speed of  
desire!

*Asia.* Thou breathest on their nostrils,  
but my breath

Would give them swifter speed.

*Spirit.* Alas! it could not.

*Panthea.* Oh Spirit! pause, and tell  
whence is the light

Which fills the cloud? the sun is yet  
unrisen.

*Spirit.* The sun will rise not until  
noon. Apollo

Is held in heaven by wonder; and the  
light

Which fills this vapor, as the ærial hue  
Of fountain-gazing roses fills the water,  
Flows from thy mighty sister.

*Panthea.* Yes, I feel—

*Asia.* What is it with thee, sister?  
Thou art pale.

*Panthea.* How thou art changed! I  
dare not look on thee;

I feel but see thee not. I scarce endure  
The radiance of thy beauty. Some good  
change

Is working in the elements, which suffer  
Thy presence thus unveiled. The Ne-  
reids tell

That on the day when the clear hyaline  
Was cloven at thy uprise, and thou didst  
stand

Within a veined shell, which floated on  
Over the calm floor of the crystal sea,  
Among the Ægean isles, and by the  
shores

Which bear thy name; love, like the  
atmosphere

Of the sun's fire filling the living world,  
Burst from thee, and illumined earth  
and heaven

And the deep ocean and the sunless  
caves

And all that dwells within them; till  
grief cast

Eclipse upon the soul from which it  
came:

Such art thou now; nor is it I alone,  
Thy sister, thy companion, thine own  
chosen one,

But the whole world which seeks thy  
sympathy.

Hearst thou not sounds i' the air which  
speak the love

Of all articulate beings? Feelest thou  
not

The inanimate winds enamored of thee?  
List! (*Music.*)

*Asia.* Thy words are sweeter than  
aught else but his

Whose echoes they are: yet all love is  
sweet,

Given or returned. Common as light  
is love,

And its familiar voice wearies not ever.  
Like the wide heaven, the all-sustaining  
air,

It makes the reptile equal to the God:  
They who inspire it most are fortunate,  
As I am now; but those who feel it most  
Are happier still, after long sufferings,  
As I shall soon become.

*Panthea.* List! Spirits speak.

*Voice in the Air Singing*

Life of Life! thy lips enkindle

With their love the breath between  
them;

And thy smiles before they dwindle

Make the cold air fire; then screen  
them

In those looks, where whoso gazes  
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! thy limbs are burning

Thro' the vest which seems to hide  
them;

As the radiant lines of morning

Thro' the clouds ere they divide them;  
And this atmosphere divinest

Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.



Fair are others ; none beholds thee,  
 But thy voice sounds low and tender  
 Like the fairest, for it folds thee  
 From the sight, that liquid splendor,  
 And all feel, yet see thee never,  
 As I feel now, lost for ever !

Lamp of Earth ! where'er thou movest  
 Its dim shapes are clad with bright-  
 ness,  
 And the souls of whom thou lovest  
 Walk upon the winds with lightness,  
 Till they fail, as I am failing,  
 Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing !

*Asia*

My soul is an enchanted boat,  
 Which, like a sleeping swan, doth  
 float  
 Upon the silver waves of thy sweet  
 singing ;  
 And thine doth like an angel sit  
 Beside a helm conducting it,  
 Whilst all the winds with melody are  
 ringing.  
 It seems to float ever, for ever,  
 Upon that many-winding river,  
 Between mountains, woods, abysses,  
 A paradise of wildernesses !  
 Till, like one in slumber bound,  
 Borne to the ocean, I float down,  
 around,  
 Into a sea profound, of ever-spreading  
 sound :

Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions  
 In music's most serene dominions ;  
 Catching the winds that fan that happy  
 heaven.  
 And we sail on, away, afar,  
 Without a course, without a star,  
 But, by the instinct of sweet music  
 driven ;  
 Till through Elysian garden islets  
 By thee, most beautiful of pilots,  
 Where never mortal pinnacle glided,  
 The boat of my desire is guided :  
 Realms where the air we breathe is  
 love,  
 Which in the winds and on the waves  
 doth move,  
 Harmonizing this earth with what we  
 feel above.

We have pass'd Age's icy caves,  
 And Manhood's dark and tossing  
 waves,  
 And Youth's smooth ocean, smiling to  
 betray :

Beyond the glassy gulfs we flee  
 Of shadow-peopled Infancy,  
 Through Death and Birth, to a diviner  
 day :

A paradise of vaulted bowers,  
 Lit by downward-gazing flowers,  
 And watery paths that wind between  
 Wildernesses calm and green,  
 Peopled by shapes too bright to see,  
 And rest, having beheld ; somewhat  
 like thee :  
 Which walk upon the sea, and chant  
 melodiously !

ACT III

SCENE I.—HEAVEN. JUPITER *on  
 his Throne* ; THETIS *and the other  
 Deities assembled*.

*Jupiter*. Ye congregated powers of  
 heaven, who share  
 The glory and the strength of him ye  
 serve,  
 Rejoice ! henceforth I am omnipotent.  
 All else had been subdued to me ; alone  
 The soul of man, like unextinguished fire,  
 Yet burns towards heaven with fierce  
 reproach, and doubt,  
 And lamentation, and reluctant prayer,  
 Hurling up insurrection, which might  
 make  
 Our antique empire insecure, though  
 built  
 On eldest faith, and hell's coeval, fear ;  
 And tho' my curses thro' the pendulous  
 air,  
 Like snow on herbless peaks, fall flake  
 by flake,  
 And cling to it ; tho' under my wrath's  
 night  
 It climbs the crags of life, step after step,  
 Which wound it, as ice wounds unsan-  
 dalled feet,  
 It yet remains supreme o'er misery,  
 Aspiring, unrepressed, yet soon to fall :  
 Even now have I begotten a strange  
 wonder,  
 That fatal child, the terror of the earth,  
 Who waits but till the destined hour  
 arrive,  
 Bearing from Demogorgon's vacant  
 throne  
 The dreadful might of ever-living limbs  
 Which clothed that awful spirit un-  
 beheld,  
 To redescend, and trample out the spark.  
 Pour forth heaven's wine, Idæan Gany-  
 mede,

And let it fill the Dædal cups like fire,  
And from the flower-inwoven soil divine  
Ye all-triumphant harmonies arise,  
As dew from earth under the twilight  
stars :

Drink ! be the nectar circling thro' your  
veins

The soul of joy, ye ever-living Gods,  
Till exultation burst in one wide voice  
Like music from Elysian winds.

And thou  
Ascend beside me, veiled in the light  
Of the desire which makes thee one with  
me,

Thetis, bright image of eternity !  
When thou didst cry, "Insufferable  
night !

God ! Spare me ! I sustain not the quick  
flames,

The penetrating presence ; all my being,  
Like him whom the Numidian seps did  
thaw

Into a dew with poison. is dissolved,  
Sinking thro' its foundations : " even then  
Two mighty spirits, mingling, made a  
third

Mightier than either, which, unbodied  
now,

Between us floats, felt, although unbe-  
held,

Waiting the incarnation, which ascends,  
(Hear ye the thunder of the fiery wheels  
Grinding the winds ?) from Demogorgon's  
throne.

Victory ! victory ! Feel'st thou not, O  
world,

The earthquake of his chariot thunder-  
ing up

Olympus ?

[*The Car of the HOUR arrives.  
DEMOGORGON descends, and moves  
towards the Throne of JUPITER.*

Awful shape, what art thou ?

Speak !

*Demogorgon.* Eternity. Demand no  
direr name.

Descend, and follow me down the abyss.  
I am thy child, as thou wert Saturn's  
child ;

Mightier than thee : and we must dwell  
together

Henceforth in darkness. Lift thy light-  
nings not.

The tyranny of heaven none may retain,  
Or reassume, or hold, succeeding thee :  
Yet if thou wilt, as 'tis the destiny  
Of trodden worms to writhe till they  
are dead,

Put forth thy might.

*Jupiter.*

Detested prodigy !

Even thus beneath the deep Titanian  
prisons

I trample thee ! thou lingerest ?

Mercy ! mercy !

No pity, no release, no respite ! Oh,  
That thou wouldst make mine enemy  
my judge,

Even where he hangs, seared by my  
long revenge,

On Caucasus ! he would not doom me  
thus.

Gentle, and just, and dreadless, is he  
not

The monarch of the world ? What then  
art thou ?

No refuge ! no appeal !

Sink with me then,

We too will sink on the wide waves of  
ruin,

Even as a vulture and a snake outspent  
Drop, twisted in inextricable fight,

Into a shoreless sea. Let hell unlock  
Its mounded oceans of tempestuous fire,

And whelm on them into the bottomless  
void

This desolated world, and thee, and me,  
The conqueror and the conquered, and  
the wreck

Of that for which they combated.

Ai ! Ai !

The elements obey me not. I sink

Dizzily down, ever, for ever, down.

And, like a cloud, mine enemy above  
Darkens my fall with victory ! Ai, Ai !

SCENE II.—THE MOUTH OF A GREAT  
RIVER IN THE ISLAND ATLANTIS. OCEAN  
is discovered reclining near the Shore ;  
APOLLO stands beside him.

*Ocean.* He fell, thou sayest, beneath  
his conqueror's frown ?

*Apollo.* Aye, when the strife was  
ended which made dim

The orb I rule, and shook the solid stars,  
The terrors of his eye illumined heaven  
With sanguine light, through the thick  
ragged skirts

Of the victorious darkness, as he fell :  
Like the last glare of day's red agony.

Which, from a rent among the fiery  
clouds,

Burns far along the tempest-wrinkled  
deep.

*Ocean.* He sunk to the abyss ? To the  
dark void ?

*Apollo.* An eagle so caught in some  
bursting cloud



On Caucasus, his thunder-baffled wings  
Entangled in the whirlwind, and his  
eyes

Which gazed on the undazzling sun,  
now blinded

By the white lightning, while the ponderous hail

Beats on his struggling form, which  
sinks at length

Prone, and the aerial ice clings over it.

*Ocean.* Henceforth the fields of  
Heaven-reflecting sea

Which are my realm, will heave, unstained with blood,

Beneath the uplifting winds, like plains  
of corn

Swayed by the summer air; my streams  
will flow

Round many-peopled continents, and  
round

Fortunate isles; and from their glassy  
thrones

Blue Proteus and his humid nymphs  
shall mark

The shadow of fair ships, as mortals see  
The floating bark of the light-laden  
moon

With that white star, its sightless pilot's  
crest,

Borne down the rapid sunset's ebbing  
sea;

Tracking their path no more by blood  
and groans,

And desolation, and the mingled voice  
Of slavery and command! but by the  
light

Of wave-reflected flowers, and floating  
odors,

And music soft, and mild, free, gentle  
voices,

And sweetest music, such as spirits love.

*Apollo.* And I shall gaze not on the  
deeds which make

My mind obscure with sorrow, as eclipse  
Darkens the sphere I guide; but list, I  
hear

The small, clear, silver lute of the young  
Spirit

That sits i' the morning star.

*Ocean.* Thou must away;

Thy steeds will pause at even, till when  
farewell:

The loud deep calls me home even now  
to feed it

With azure calm out of the emerald  
urns

Which stand for ever full beside my  
throne.

Behold the Nereids under the green sea,

Their wavering limbs borne on the wind-  
like stream,

Their white arms lifted o'er their stream-  
ing hair

With garlands pied and starry sea-flower  
crowns,

Hastening to grace their mighty sister's  
joy. [*A sound of waves is heard.*

It is the unpastured sea hungering for  
calm.

Peace, monster; I come now. Fare-  
well.

*Apollo.*

Farewell.

SCENE III.—CAUCASUS. PROMETHEUS,  
HERCULES, IONE, *the EARTH*, SPIR-  
ITS, ASIA, and PANTHEA, borne  
*in the Car with the SPIRIT OF THE*  
HOUR. HERCULES unbinds PROME-  
THEUS, who descends.

*Hercules.* Most glorious among  
spirits, thus doth strength

To wisdom, courage, and long-suffering  
love,

And thee, who art the form they ani-  
mate;

Minister like a slave.

*Prometheus.* Thy gentle words  
Are sweeter even than freedom long  
desired

And long delayed.

Asia, thou light of life,  
Shadow of beauty unbelied: and ye,

Fair sister nymphs, who made long  
years of pain

Sweet to remember, thro' your love and  
care:

Henceforth we will not part. There is  
a cave,

All overgrown with trailing odorous  
plants,

Which curtain out the day with leaves  
and flowers,

And paved with veined emerald, and a  
fountain

Leaps in the midst with an awakening  
sound.

From its curved roof the mountain's  
frozen tears

Like snow, or silver, or long diamond  
spires,

Hang downward, raining forth a doubt-  
ful light:

And there is heard the ever-moving air,  
Whispering without from tree to tree,

and birds,

And bees; and all around are mossy  
seats,

And the rough walls are clothed with  
 long soft grass ;  
 A simple dwelling, which shall be our  
 own ;  
 Where we will sit and talk of time and  
 change,  
 As the world ebbs and flows, ourselves  
 unchanged.  
 What can hide man from mutability ?  
 And if ye sigh, then I will smile ; and  
 thou,  
 Ione, shalt chant fragments of sea-  
 music,  
 Until I weep, when ye shall smile away  
 The tears she brought, which yet were  
 sweet to shed.  
 We will entangle buds and flowers and  
 beams  
 Which twinkle on the fountain's brim,  
 and make  
 Strange combinations out of common  
 things,  
 Like human babes in their brief inno-  
 cence ;  
 And we will search, with looks and  
 words of love,  
 For hidden thoughts, each lovelier than  
 the last,  
 Our unexhausted spirits ; and like lutes  
 Touched by the skill of the enamored  
 wind,  
 Weave harmonies divine, yet ever new,  
 From difference sweet where discord  
 cannot be ;  
 And hither come, sped on the charmed  
 winds,  
 Which meet from all the points of  
 heaven, as bees  
 From every flower ærial Enna feeds,  
 At their known island-homes in Himera,  
 The echoes of the human world, which  
 tell  
 Of the low voice of love, almost un-  
 heard,  
 And dove-eyed pity's murmured pain,  
 and music,  
 Itself the echo of the heart, and all  
 That tempers or improves man's life,  
 now free ;  
 And lovely apparitions, dim at first,  
 Then radiant, as the mind, arising  
 bright  
 From the embrace of beauty, whence  
 the forms  
 Of which these are the phantoms, cast  
 on them  
 The gathered rays which are reality,  
 Shall visit us, the progeny immortal  
 Of Painting, Sculpture, and rapt Poesy,

And arts, tho' unimagined, yet to be.  
 The wandering voices and the shadows  
 these  
 Of all that man becomes, the mediators  
 Of that best worship love, by him and us  
 Given and returned ; swift shapes and  
 sounds, which grow  
 More fair and soft as man grows wise  
 and kind,  
 And, veil by veil, evil and error fall :  
 Such virtue has the cave and place  
 around.

[*Turning to the Spirit of the Hour.*

For thee, fair Spirit, one toil remains.  
 Ione,  
 Give her that curvèd shell, which Pro-  
 teus old  
 Made Asia's nuptial boon, breathing  
 within it  
 A voice to be accomplished, and which  
 thou  
 Didst hide in grass under the hollow  
 rock.

*Ione.* Thou most desired Hour, more  
 loved and lovely  
 Than all thy sisters, this is the mystic  
 shell ;  
 See the pale azure fading into silver  
 Lining it with a soft yet glowing light :  
 Looks it not like lulled music sleeping  
 there ?

*Spirit.* It seems in truth the fairest  
 shell of Ocean :  
 Its sounds must be at once both sweet  
 and strange.

*Prometheus.* Go, borne over the  
 cities of mankind  
 On whirlwind-footed coursers : once  
 again  
 Outspeed the sun around the orbèd world ;  
 And as thy chariot cleaves the kindling  
 air,

Thou breathe into the many-folded shell,  
 Loosening its mighty music ; it shall be  
 As thunder mingled with clear echoes :  
 then

Return ; and thou shalt dwell beside our  
 cave.

And thou, O, Mother Earth !—

*The Earth.* I hear, I feel ;  
 Thy lips are on me, and thy touch runs  
 down

Even to the adamantine central gloom  
 Along these marble nerves ; 'tis life, 'tis  
 joy,

And through my withered, old and icy  
 frame

The warmth of an immortal youth shoots  
 down



Circling. Henceforth the many children  
     fair  
 Folded in my sustaining arms ; all  
     plants,  
 And creeping forms, and insects rain-  
     bow-winged,  
 And birds, and beasts, and fish, and  
     human shapes,  
 Which drew disease and pain from my  
     wan bosom,  
 Draining the poison of despair, shall  
     take  
 And interchange sweet nutriment ; to me  
 Shall they become like sister antelopes  
 By one fair dam, snow-white and swift  
     as wind,  
 Nursed among lilies near a brimming  
     stream.  
 The dew-mists of my sunless sleep shall  
     float  
 Under the stars like balm : night-folded  
     flowers  
 Shall suck unwithering hues in their  
     repose :  
 And men and beasts in happy dreams  
     shall gather  
 Strength for the coming day, and all its  
     joy :  
 And death shall be the last embrace of  
     her  
 Who takes the life she gave, even as a  
     mother  
 Folding her child, says, " Leave me not  
     again."  
*Asia.* Oh, mother ! wherefore speak  
     the name of death ?  
 Cease they to love, and move, and  
     breathe, and speak,  
 Who die ?  
*The Earth.* It would avail not to  
     reply :  
 Thou art immortal, and this tongue is  
     known  
 But to the uncommunicating dead.  
 Death is the veil which those who live  
     call life :  
 They sleep, and it is lifted : and mean-  
     while  
 In mild variety the seasons mild  
 With rainbow-skirted showers, and  
     odorous winds,  
 And long blue meteors cleansing the  
     dull night,  
 And the life-kindling shafts of the keen  
     sun's  
 All-piercing bow, and the dew-mingled  
     rain  
 Of the calm moonbeams, a soft influence  
     mild,

Shall clothe the forests and the fields,  
     ay, even  
 The crag-built deserts of the barren deep,  
 With ever-living leaves, and fruits, and  
     flowers.  
 And thou ! There is a cavern where my  
     spirit  
 Was panted forth in anguish whilst thy  
     pain  
 Made my heart mad, and those who did  
     inhale it  
 Became mad too, and built a temple  
     there,  
 And spoke, and were oracular, and lured  
 The erring nations round to mutual war,  
 And faithless faith, such as Jove kept  
     with thee ;  
 Which breath now rises, as amongst tall  
     weeds  
 A violet's exhalation, and it fills  
 With a serener light and crimson air  
 Intense, yet soft, the rocks and woods  
     around ;  
 It feeds the quick growth of the serpent  
     vine,  
 And the dark linkèd ivy tangling wild,  
 And budding, blown, or odor-faded  
     blossoms  
 Which star the winds with points of  
     colored light,  
 As they rain thro' them, and bright  
     golden globes  
 Of fruit, suspended in their own green  
     heaven,  
 And thro' their veinèd leaves and amber  
     stems  
 The flowers whose purple and trans-  
     lucid bowls  
 Stand ever mantling with aërial dew,  
 The drink of spirits : and it circles  
     round,  
 Like the soft waving wings of noonday  
     dreams,  
 Inspiring calm and happy thoughts, like  
     mine,  
 Now thou art thus restored. This cave  
     is thine.  
 Arise ! Appear !  
     *[A Spirit rises in the likeness of  
       a winged child.]*  
     This is my torch-bearer ;  
 Who let his lamp out in old time with  
     gazing  
 On eyes from which he kindled it anew  
 With love, which is as fire, sweet  
     daughter mine,  
 For such is that within thine own. Run,  
     wayward,  
 And guide this company beyond the peak

Of Bacchic Nysa, Mænad-haunted mountain,

And beyond Indus and its tribute rivers,  
Trampling the torrent streams and glassy lakes

With feet unwet, unwearied, undelaying,  
And up the green ravine, across the vale,  
Beside the windless and crystalline pool,  
Where ever lies, on unerasing waves,  
The image of a temple, built above,  
Distinct with column, arch, and architecture,

And palm-like capital, and over-wrought  
And populous most with living imagery,  
Praxitelean shapes, whose marble smiles  
Fill the hushed air with everlasting love.  
It is deserted now, but once it bore  
Thy name, Prometheus; there the emulous youths

Bore to thy honor thro' the divine gloom  
The lamp which was thine emblem;  
even as those

Who bear the untransmitted torch of hope

Into the grave, across the night of life.  
As thou hast borne it most triumphantly  
To this far goal of Time. Depart, farewell.

Beside that temple is the destined cave.

SCENE IV. A FOREST. IN THE BACKGROUND A CAVE, PROMETHEUS, ASIA, PANTHEA, IONE, and the SPIRIT OF THE EARTH.

*Ione.* Sister, it is not earthly : how it glides  
Under the leaves ! how on its head there burns

A light, like a green star, whose emerald beams

Are twined with its fair hair ! how, as it moves,

The splendor drops in flakes upon the grass !

Knowest thou it ?

*Panthea.* It is the delicate spirit  
That guides the earth thro' heaven.  
From afar

The populous constellations call that light

The loveliest of the planets ; and sometimes

It floats along the spray of the salt sea,  
Or makes its chariot of a foggy cloud,  
Or walks thro' fields or cities while men sleep,

Or o'er the mountain tops, or down the rivers,

Or thro' the green waste wilderness, as now,

Wondering at all it sees. Before Jove reigned

It loved our sister Asia, and it came  
Each leisure hour to drink the liquid light

Out of her eyes, for which it said it thirsted

As one bit by a dipsas, and with her  
It made its childish confidence, and told her

All it had known or seen, for it saw much,

Yet idly reasoned what it saw ; and called her—

For whence it sprung it knew not, nor do I—

Mother, dear mother.

*The Spirit of the Earth (running to Asia).* Mother, dearest mother ;  
May I then talk with thee as I was wont ?

May I then hide my eyes in thy soft arms,

After thy looks have made them tired of joy ?

May I then play beside thee the long noons,

When work is none in the bright silent air ?

*Asia.* I love thee, gentlest being, and henceforth

Can cherish thee unenvied : speak, I pray :

Thy simple talk once solaced, now delights.

*Spirit of the Earth.* Mother, I am grown wiser, though a child

Cannot be wise like thee, within this day ;

And happier too ; happier and wiser both.  
Thou knowest that toads, and snakes,

and loathly worms,  
And venomous and malicious beasts,

and boughs  
That bore ill berries in the woods, were ever

An hindrance to my walks o'er the green world :

And that, among the haunts of human-kind,

Hard-featured men, or with proud, angry looks,

Or cold, staid gait, or false and hollow smiles,

Or the dull sneer of self-loved ignorance,  
Or other such foul masks, with which

ill thoughts



Hide that fair being whom we spirits  
call man ;  
And women too, ugliest of all things  
evil,  
(Tho' fair, even in a world where thou  
art fair,  
When good and kind, free and sincere  
like thee),  
When false or frowning made me sick  
at heart  
To pass them, tho' they slept, and I un-  
seen.  
Well, my path lately lay thro' a great  
city  
Into the woody hills surrounding it :  
A sentinel was sleeping at the gate :  
When there was heard a sound, so loud  
it shook  
The towers amid the moonlight, yet  
more sweet  
Than any voice but thine, sweetest of  
all ;  
A long, long sound, as it would never  
end :  
And all the inhabitants leapt suddenly  
Out of their rest, and gathered in the  
streets,  
Looking in wonder up to Heaven, while  
yet  
The music pealed along. I hid myself  
Within a fountain in the public square,  
Where I lay like the reflex of the moon  
Seen in a wave under green leaves ; and  
soon  
Those ugly human shapes and visages  
Of which I spoke as having wrought me  
pain,  
Passed floating thro' the air, and fading  
still  
Into the winds that scattered them ; and  
those  
From whom they passed seemed mild  
and lovely forms  
After some foul disguise had fallen, and  
all  
Were somewhat changed, and after brief  
surprise  
And greetings of delighted wonder, all  
Went to their sleep again : and when  
the dawn  
Came, would'st thou think that toads,  
and snakes, and efts,  
Could e'er be beautiful ? yet so they were,  
And that with little change of shape or  
hue :  
All things had put their evil nature off ;  
I cannot tell my joy, when o'er a lake  
Upon a drooping bough with night-  
shade twined,

I saw two azure halcyons clinging down-  
ward  
And thinning one bright bunch of  
amber berries.  
With quick long beaks, and in the deep  
there lay  
Those lovely forms imaged as in a sky ;  
So, with my thoughts full of these happy  
changes,  
We meet again, the happiest change of  
all.  
*Asia.* And never will we part, till  
thy chaste sister  
Who guides the frozen and inconstant  
moon  
Will look on thy more warm and equal  
light  
Till her heart thaw like flakes of April  
snow  
And love thee.  
*Spirit of the Earth.* What ; as  
Asia loves Prometheus ?  
*Asia.* Peace, wanton, thou art yet  
not old enough.  
Think ye by gazing on each other's eyes  
To multiply your lovely selves, and fill  
With spheréd fires the interlunar air ?  
*Spirit of the Earth.* Nay, mother,  
while my sister trims her lamp  
Tis hard I should go darkling.  
*Asia.* Listen ; look !  
*The SPIRIT OF THE HOUR enters.*  
*Prometheus.* We feel what thou hast  
heard and seen ; yet speak.  
*Spirit of the Hour.* Soon as the sound  
had ceased whose thunder filled  
The abysses of the sky and the wide earth,  
There was a change : the impalpable  
thin air  
And the all-circling sunlight were trans-  
formed,  
As if the sense of love dissolved in them  
Had folded itself round the spheréd  
world.  
My vision then grew clear, and I could  
see  
Into the mysteries of the universe :  
Dizzy as with delight I floated down ;  
Winnowing the lightsome air with lan-  
guid plumes,  
My coursers sought their birthplace in  
the sun,  
Where they henceforth will live exempt  
from toil  
Pasturing flowers of vegetable fire ;  
And where my moonlike car will stand  
within  
A temple, gazed upon by Phidian forms

Of thee, and Asia, and the Earth, and  
me,  
And you fair nymphs looking the love  
we feel,—  
In memory of the tidings it has borne,—  
Beneath a dome fretted with graven  
flowers,  
Poised on twelve columns of resplendent  
stone,  
And open to the bright and liquid sky.  
Yoked to it by an amphisbenic snake  
The likeness of those winged steeds will  
mock  
The flight from which they find repose.  
Alas,  
Whither has wandered now my partial  
tongue  
When all remains untold which ye  
would hear?  
As I have said I floated to the earth:  
It was, as it is still, the pain of bliss  
To move, to breathe, to be; I wander-  
ing went  
Among the haunts and dwellings of  
mankind.  
And first was disappointed not to see  
Such mighty change as I had felt within  
Expressed in outward things; but soon  
I looked,  
And behold, thrones were kingless, and  
men walked  
One with the other even as spirits do,  
None fawned, none trampled; hate,  
disdain, or fear,  
Self-love or self-contempt, on human  
brows,  
No more inscribed, as o'er the gate of  
hell,  
"All hope abandon ye who enter here;"  
None frowned, none trembled, none  
with eager fear  
Gazed on another's eye of cold command,  
Until the subject of the tyrant's will  
Became, worse fate, the abject of his  
own,  
Which spurred him, like an outspent  
horse, to death.  
None wrought his lips in truth-entang-  
ling lines  
Which smiled the lie his tongue dis-  
dained to speak;  
None, with firm sneer, trod out in his  
own heart  
The sparks of love and hope till there  
remained  
Those bitter ashes, a soul self-consumed.  
And the wretch crept a vampire among  
men.  
Infecting all with his own hideous ill;

None talked that common, false, cold,  
hollow talk  
Which makes the heart deny the *yes* it  
breathes,  
Yet question that unmeant hypocrisy  
With such a self-mistrust as has no  
name.  
And women, too, frank, beautiful, and  
kind  
As the free heaven which rains fresh  
light and dew  
On the wide earth, passed; gentle radi-  
ant forms,  
From custom's evil taint exempt and  
pure;  
Speaking the wisdom once they could  
not think,  
Looking emotions once they feared to  
feel,  
And changed to all which once they  
dared not be,  
Yet being now, made earth like heaven;  
nor pride,  
Nor jealousy, nor envy, nor ill shame,  
The bitterest of those drops of treasured  
gall,  
Spoilt the sweet taste of the nepenthe,  
love.  
  
Thrones, altars, judgment-seats, and  
prisons, wherein,  
And beside which, by wretched men  
were borne  
Sceptres, tiaras, swords, and chains,  
and tomes *commented upon*  
Of reasoned wrong, glozed on by ignor-  
ance,  
Were like those monstrous and barbaric  
shapes,  
The ghosts of a no more remembered  
fame,  
Which, from their unworn obelisks,  
look forth  
In triumph o'er the palaces and tombs  
Of those who were their conquerors:  
mouldering round  
Those imaged to the pride of kings and  
priests,  
A dark yet mighty faith, a power as  
wide  
As is the world it wasted, and are now  
But an astonishment; even so the tools  
And emblems of its last captivity,  
Amid the dwellings of the peopled  
earth,  
Stand, not o'erthrown, but unregarded  
now.  
And those foul shapes, abhorred by god  
and man,



Which, under many a name and many a  
form,  
Strange, savage, ghastly, dark and  
execrable,  
Were Jupiter, the tyrant of the world ;  
And which the nations, panic-stricken,  
served  
With blood, and hearts broken by long  
hope, and love  
Dragged to his altars soiled and garland-  
less,  
And slain among men's unreclaiming  
tears,  
Flattering the thing they feared, which  
fear was hate,  
Frown, mouldering fast, o'er their  
abandoned shrines :  
The painted veil, by those who were,  
called life,  
Which mimicked, as with colors idly  
spread,  
All men believed and hoped, is torn  
aside ;  
The loathsome mask has fallen, the man  
remains  
Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but  
man  
Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nation-  
less,  
Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the  
king  
Over himself ; just, gentle, wise : but  
man  
Passionless ; no, yet free from guilt or  
pain,  
Which were, for his will made or suffered  
them,  
Nor yet exempt, tho' ruling them like  
slaves,  
From chance, and death, and mutability,  
The clogs of that which else might over-  
soar  
The loftiest star of unascended heaven,  
Pinnacled dim in the intense inane.

## ACT IV

SCENE, A PART OF THE FOREST NEAR THE  
CAVE OF PROMETHEUS. PANTHEA  
and IONE are sleeping : they awaken  
gradually during the first Song.

*Voice of unseen Spirits*

The pale stars are gone !  
For the sun, their swift shepherd,  
To their folds them compelling,  
In the depths of the dawn,  
Hastes, in meteor-eclipsing array, and  
they flee

Beyond his blue dwelling,  
As fawns flee the leopard.  
But where are ye ?

*A Train of dark Forms and Shadows  
passes by confusedly, singing.*

Here, oh, here :  
We bear the bier  
Of the Father of many a cancelled year !  
Spectres we  
Of the dead Hours be,  
We bear Time to his tomb in eternity.

Strew, oh, strew  
Hair, not yew !  
Wet the dusty pall with tears, not dew !  
Be the faded flowers  
Of Death's bare bowers  
Spread on the corpse of the King of  
Hours !

Haste, oh, haste !  
As shades are chased,  
Trembling, by day, from heaven's blue  
waste.

We melt away,  
Like dissolving spray,  
From the children of a diviner day,  
With the lullaby  
Of winds that die  
On the bosom of their own harmony !

*Ione*

What dark forms were they ?

*Panthea*

The past Hours weak and gray,  
With the spoil which their toil  
Raked together  
From the conquest but One could  
foil.

*Ione*

Have they past ?

*Panthea*

They have past ;  
They outspeeded the blast,  
While 'tis said, they are fled :

*Ione*

Whither, oh, whither ?

*Panthea*

To the dark, to the past, to the dead.

*Voice of unseen Spirits*

Bright clouds float in heaven,  
Dew-stars gleam on earth,  
Waves assemble on ocean,  
They are gathered and driven

By the storm of delight, by the panic of  
glee!

They shake with emotion,  
They dance in their mirth.  
But where are ye?

The pine boughs are singing  
Old songs with new gladness,  
The billows and fountains  
Fresh music are flinging,  
Like the notes of a spirit from land and  
from sea;

The storms mock the mountains  
With the thunder of gladness.  
But where are ye?

*Ione.* What charioteers are these?

*Panthea.* Where are their  
chariots?

*Semichorus of Hours*

The voice of the Spirits of Air and of  
Earth

Have drawn back the figured curtain  
of sleep

Which covered our being and darkened  
our birth

In the deep.

*A Voice*

In the deep?

*Semichorus II*

Oh, below the deep.

*Semichorus I*

An hundred ages we had been kept  
Cradled in visions of hate and care,  
And each one who waked as his brother  
slept,  
Found the truth—

*Semichorus II*

Worse than his visions were!

*Semichorus I*

We have heard the lute of Hope in sleep;  
We have known the voice of Love in  
dreams,

We have felt the wand of Power, and  
leap—

*Semichorus II*

As the billows leap in the morning  
beams!

*Chorus*

Weave the dance on the floor of the  
breeze,  
Pierce with song heaven's silent light,

Enchant the day that too swiftly flees,  
To check its flight ere the cave of  
night.

Once the hungry Hours were hounds  
Which chased the day like a bleeding  
deer,

And it limped and stumbled with many  
wounds

Through the nightly dells of the  
desert year.

But now, oh weave the mystic measure  
Of music, and dance, and shapes of  
light,

Let the Hours, and the spirits of might  
and pleasure,

Like the clouds and sunbeams, unite.

*A Voice*

Unite!

*Panthea.* See, where the Spirits of  
the human mind

Wrapt in sweet sounds, as in bright veils,  
approach.

*Chorus of Spirits*

We join the throng  
Of the dance and the song,

By the whirlwind of gladness borne  
along;

As the flying-fish leap  
From the Indian deep,

And mix with the sea-birds, half asleep.

*Chorus of Hours*

Whence come ye, so wild and so fleet,  
For sandals of lightning are on your  
feet,

And your wings are soft and swift as  
thought,

And your eyes are as love which is veiled  
not?

*Chorus of Spirits*

We come from the mind  
Of human kind

Which was late so dusk, and obscene,  
and blind,

Now 'tis an ocean  
Of clear emotion,

A heaven of serene and mighty motion;

From that deep abyss  
Of wonder and bliss,

Whose caverns are crystal palaces;  
From those skiey towers

Where Thought's crowned powers

Sit watching your dance, ye happy  
Hours!



From the dim recesses  
Of woven caresses,  
Where lovers catch ye by your loose  
tresses ;  
From the azure isles,  
Where sweet Wisdom smiles,  
Delaying your ships with her siren  
wiles.

From the temples high  
Of Man's ear and eye,  
Roofed over Sculpture and Poesy ;  
From the murmurings  
Of the unsealed springs  
Where Science bedews his Dædal wings.

Years after years,  
Through blood, and tears,  
And a thick hell of hatreds, and hopes,  
and fears ;  
We waded and flew,  
And the islets were few  
Where the bud-blighted flowers of hap-  
piness grew.

Our feet now, every palm,  
Are sandalled with calm,  
And the dew of our wings is a rain of  
balm ;  
And, beyond our eyes,  
The human love lies  
Which makes all it gazes on Paradise.

*Chorus of Spirits and Hours*

Then weave the web of the mystic  
measure ;  
From the depths of the sky and the ends  
of the earth,  
Come, swift Spirits of might and of  
pleasure,  
Fill the dance and the music of mirth,  
As the waves of a thousand streams  
rush by  
To an ocean of splendor and harmony !

*Chorus of Spirits*

Our spoil is won,  
Our task is done,  
We are free to dive, or soar, or run ;  
Beyond and around,  
Or within the bound  
Which clips the world with darkness  
round.

We'll pass the eyes  
Of the starry skies  
Into the hoar deep to colonise :  
Death, Chaos, and Night,

From the sound of our flight,  
Shall flee, like mist from a tempest's  
might.

And Earth, Air, and Light,  
And the Spirit of Might,  
Which drives round the stars in their  
fiery flight ;  
And Love, Thought, and Breath,  
The powers that quell Death,  
Wherever we soar shall assemble be-  
neath.

And our singing shall build  
In the void's loose field  
A world for the Spirit of Wisdom to  
wield ;  
We will take our plan  
From the new world of man,  
And our work shall be called the Pro-  
methean.

*Chorus of Hours*

Break the dance, and scatter the song ;  
Let some depart, and some remain.

*Semichorus I*

We, beyond heaven, are driven along !

*Semichorus II*

Us the enchantments of earth retain :

*Semichorus I*

Ceaseless, and rapid, and fierce, and free,  
With the Spirits which build a new earth  
and sea,  
And a heaven where yet heaven could  
never be.

*Semichorus II*

Solemn, and slow, and serene, and bright,  
Leading the Day and outspeeding the  
Night,  
With the powers of a world of perfect  
light.

*Semichorus I*

We whirl, singing loud, round the gather-  
ing sphere,  
Till the trees, and the beasts, and the  
clouds appear  
From its chaos made calm by love, not  
fear.

*Semichorus II*

We encircle the ocean and mountains of  
earth,  
And the happy forms of its death and  
birth

Change to the music of our sweet mirth.

*Chorus of Hours and Spirits*

Break the dance, and scatter the song,  
Let some depart, and some remain,  
Wherever we fly we lead along  
In leashes, like starbeams, soft yet  
strong,  
The clouds that are heavy with love's  
sweet rain.

*Panthea.* Ha! they are gone!

*Ione.* Yet feel you no delight  
From the past sweetness?

*Panthea.* As the bare green hill  
When some soft cloud vanishes into rain,  
Laughs with a thousand drops of sunny  
water

To the unpavilioned sky!

*Ione.* Even whilst we speak  
New notes arise. What is that awful  
sound?

*Panthea.* 'Tis the deep music of the  
rolling world  
Kindling within the strings of the waved  
air,

Æolian modulations.

*Ione.* Listen too,  
How every pause is filled with under  
notes,  
Clear, silver, icy, keen, awakening tones,  
Which pierce the sense, and live within  
the soul,  
As the sharp stars pierce winter's crystal  
air

And gaze upon themselves within the sea.

*Panthea.* But see where through two  
openings in the forest  
Which hanging branches overcanopy,  
And where two runnels of a rivulet,  
Between the close moss violet-inwoven,  
Have made their path of melody, like  
sisters

Who part with sighs that they may meet  
in smiles,

Turning their dear disunion to an isle  
Of lovely grief, a wood of sweet sad  
thoughts;

Two visions of strange radiance float  
upon

The ocean-like enchantment of strong  
sound,

Which flows intenser, keener, deeper yet  
Under the ground and through the wind-  
less air.

*Ione.* I see a chariot like that thinnest  
boat,  
In which the mother of the months is  
borne

By ebbing night into her western cave,  
When she upsprings from interlunar  
dreams,

O'er which is curved an orblike canopy  
Of gentle darkness, and the hills and  
woods

Distinctly seen through that dusk airy  
veil,

Regard like shapes in an enchanter's  
glass;

Its wheels are solid clouds, azure and  
gold,

Such as the genii of the thunderstorm  
Pile on the floor of the illumined sea  
When the sun rushes under it; they roll  
And move and grow as with an inward  
wind;

Within it sits a wingéd infant, white  
Its countenance, like the whiteness of  
bright snow,

Its plumes are as feathers of sunny frost,  
Its limbs gleam white, through the wind  
flowing folds

Of its white robe, woof of ethereal pearl.  
Its hair is white, the brightness of white  
light

Scattered in strings; yet its two eyes  
are heavens

Of liquid darkness, which the Deity  
Within seems pouring, as a storm is  
poured

From jagged clouds, out of their arrowy  
lashes,

Tempering the cold and radiant air  
around,

With fire that is not brightness: in its  
hand

It sways a quivering moonbeam, from  
whose point

A guiding power directs the chariot's  
prow

Over its wheeléd clouds, which as they  
roll

Over the grass, and flowers, and waves,  
wake sounds,

Sweet as a singing rain of silver dew.

*Panthea.* And from the other open-  
ing in the wood

Rushes, with loud and whirlwind har-  
mony,

A sphere, which is as many thousand  
spheres,

Solid as crystal, yet through all its mass  
Flow, as through empty space, music  
and light:

Ten thousand orbs involving and in-  
volved,

Purple and azure, white, and green, and  
golden,



Sphere within sphere ; and every space  
 between  
 Peopled with unimaginable shapes,  
 Such as ghosts dream dwell in the lamp-  
 less deep,  
 Yet each inter-transpicuous, and they  
 whirl  
 Over each other with a thousand motions,  
 Upon a thousand sightless axles spin-  
 ning,  
 And with the force of self-destroying  
 swiftuess,  
 Intensely, slowly, solemnly roll on,  
 Kindling with mingled sounds, and  
 many tones,  
 Intelligible words and music wild.  
 With mighty whirl the multitudinous  
 orb  
 Grinds the bright brook into an azure  
 mist  
 Of elemental subtlety, like light ;  
 And the wild odor of the forest flowers,  
 The music of the living grass and air,  
 The emerald light of leaf-entangled  
 beams  
 Round its intense yet self-conflicting  
 speed,  
 Seem kneaded into one aërial mass  
 Which drowns the sense. Within the  
 orb itself,  
 Pillowed upon its alabaster arms,  
 Like to a child o'erwearied with sweet  
 toil,  
 On its own folded wings, and wavy hair,  
 The Spirit of the Earth is laid asleep,  
 And you can see its little lips are moving,  
 Amid the changing light of their own  
 smiles,  
 Like one who talks of what he loves in  
 dream.  
*Ione.* 'T is only mocking the orb's  
 harmony.  
*Panthea.* And from a star upon its  
 forehead, shoot,  
 Like swords of azure fire, or golden  
 spears  
 With tyrant-quelling myrtle overtined,  
 Embleming heaven and earth united  
 now,  
 Vast beams like spokes of some invisible  
 wheel  
 Which whirl as the orb whirls, swifter  
 than thought,  
 Filling the abyss with sun-like lighten-  
 ings,  
 And perpendicular now, and now trans-  
 verse,  
 Pierce the dark soil, and as they pierce  
 and pass,

Make bare the secrets of the earth's deep  
 heart ;  
 Infinite mine of adamant and gold,  
 Valueless stones, and unimagined gems,  
 And caverns on crystalline columns  
 poised  
 With vegetable silver overspread ;  
 Wells of unfathomed fire, and water  
 springs  
 Whence the great sea, even as a child is  
 fed,  
 Whose vapors clothe earth's monarch  
 mountain-tops  
 With kingly ermine snow. The beams  
 flash on  
 And make appear the melancholy ruins  
 Of cancelled cycles ; anchors, beaks of  
 ships ;  
 Planks turned to marble ; quivers, helms,  
 and spears,  
 And gorgon-headed targes, and the  
 wheels  
 Of scythéd chariots and the emblazonry  
 Of trophies, standards, and armorial  
 beasts,  
 Round which death laughed, sepulchred  
 emblems  
 Of dead destruction, ruin within ruin !  
 The wrecks beside of many a city vast,  
 Whose population which the earth grew  
 over  
 Was mortal, but not human ; see, they  
 lie,  
 Their monstrous works, and uncouth  
 skeletons,  
 Their statues, homes and fanes ; pro-  
 digious shapes  
 Huddled in gray annihilation, split,  
 Jammed in the hard, black deep ; and  
 over these,  
 The anatomies of unknown wingéd  
 things,  
 And fishes which were isles of living  
 scale,  
 And serpents, bony chains, twisted  
 around  
 The iron crags, or within heaps of dust  
 To which the tortuous strength of their  
 last pangs  
 Had crushed the iron crags ; and over  
 these  
 The jagged alligator, and the might  
 Of earth-convulsing behemoth, which  
 once  
 Were monarch beasts, and on the slimy  
 shores,  
 And weed-overgrown continents of earth,  
 Increased and multiplied like summer  
 worms

On an abandoned corpse, till the blue  
globe  
Wrapt deluge round it like a cloak, and  
they  
Yelled, gasped, and were abolished ; or  
some God  
Whose throne was in a comet, passed,  
and cried,  
Be not ! And like my words they were  
no more.

*The Earth*

The joy, the triumph, the delight, the  
madness !  
The boundless, overflowing, bursting  
gladness,  
The vaporous exultation not to be con-  
fined !  
Ha ! ha ! the animation of delight  
Which wraps me, like an atmosphere  
of light,  
And bears me as a cloud is borne by its  
own wind.

*The Moon*

Brother mine, calm wanderer,  
Happy globe of land and air,  
Some Spirit is darted like a beam from  
thee,  
Which penetrates my frozen frame,  
And passes with the warmth of flame,  
With love, and odor, and deep melody  
Through me, through me !

*The Earth*

Ha ! ha ! the caverns of my hollow  
mountains,  
My cloven fire-crags, sound-exulting  
fountains  
Laugh with a vast and inextinguishable  
laughter.  
The oceans, and the deserts, and the  
abysses,  
And the deep air's unmeasured  
wildernesses,  
Answer from all their clouds and billows,  
echoing after.

They cry aloud as I do. Sceptred  
curse,  
Who all our green and azure universe  
Threatenedst to muffle round with black  
destruction, sending  
A solid cloud to rain hot thunder-  
stones,  
And splinter and knead down my  
children's bones,  
All I bring forth, to one void mass,  
battering and blending.

Until each crag-like tower, and  
storied column,  
Palace, and obelisk, and temp  
solemn,  
My imperial mountains crowned with  
cloud, and snow, and fire ;  
My sea-like forests, every blade and  
blossom  
Which finds a grave or cradle in m  
bosom,  
Were stamped by thy strong hate into  
lifeless mire.

How art thou sunk, withdrawn  
covered, drunk up  
By thirsty nothing, as the brackish  
cup  
Drained by a desert-troop, a little dro  
for all ;  
And from beneath, around, within  
above,  
Filling thy void annihilation, love  
Burst in like light on caves cloven b  
the thunder-ball.

*The Moon*

The snow upon my lifeless mountain  
Is loosened into living fountains,  
My solid oceans flow, and sing, and  
shine :  
A spirit from my heart bursts forth  
It clothes with unexpected birth  
My cold bare bosom : Oh ! it must b  
thine  
On mine, on mine !

Gazing on thee I feel, I know  
Green stalks burst forth, and bright  
flowers grow,  
And living shapes upon my bosom  
move :  
Music is in the sea and air,  
Winged clouds soar here and there  
Dark with the rain new buds are dream  
ing of :  
'Tis love, all love !

*The Earth*

It interpenetrates my granite mass  
Through tangled roots and trodden  
clay doth pass,  
Into the utmost leaves and delicate  
flowers ;  
Upon the winds, among the clouds't  
spread,  
It wakes a life in the forgotten dead  
They breathe a spirit up from the  
obscurest bowers,



And like a storm bursting its cloudy  
prison  
With thunder, and with whirlwind,  
has arisen  
Out of the lampless caves of unimagined  
being :  
With earthquake shock and swift-  
ness making shiver  
Thought's stagnant chaos, unremoved  
for ever,  
Till hate, and fear, and pain, light-van-  
quished shadows, fleeing,

Leave Man, who was a many-sided  
mirror,  
Which could distort to many a shape  
of error,  
This true fair world of things, a sea re-  
flecting love ;  
Which over all his kind as the sun's  
heaven  
Gliding o'er ocean, smooth, serene, and  
even  
Darting from starry depths radiance and  
life, doth move,

Leave Man, even as a leprous child  
is left,  
Who follows a sick beast to some  
warm cleft  
Of rocks, through which the might of  
healing springs is poured ;  
Then when it wanders home with  
rosy smile,  
Unconscious, and its mother fears  
awhile  
It is a spirit, then, weeps on her child  
restored—

Man, oh, not men ! a chain of linked  
thought,  
Of love and might to be divided not,  
Compelling the elements with adaman-  
tine stress ; [gaze,  
As the sun rules, even with a tyrant's  
The unquiet republic of the maze  
Of planets, struggling fierce towards  
heaven's free wilderness—

Man, one harmonious soul of many  
a soul,  
Whose nature is its own divine control,  
Where all things flow to all, as rivers to  
the sea ; [love ;  
Familiar acts are beautiful through  
Labor, and pain, and grief, in life's  
green grove  
Sport like tame beasts, none knew how  
gentle they could be !

His will, with all mean passions, bad  
delights,  
And selfish cares, its trembling  
satellites,  
A spirit ill to guide, but mighty to obey,  
Is as a tempest-wingéd ship, whose  
helm  
Love rules, through waves which  
dare not overwhelm,  
Forcing life's wildest shores to own its  
sovereign sway.

All things confess his strength.  
Through the cold mass  
Of marble and of color his dreams pass ;  
Bright threads whence mothers weave  
the robes their children wear ;  
Language is a perpetual orphic song,  
Which rules with Dædal harmony a  
throng  
Of thoughts and forms, which else  
senseless and shapeless were.

The lightning is his slave ; heaven's  
utmost deep  
Gives up her stars, and like a flock of  
sheep  
They pass before his eye, are numbered,  
and roll on !  
The tempest is his steed, he strides  
the air ;  
And the abyss shouts from her depth  
laid bare,  
Heaven, hast thou secrets ? Man un-  
veils me ; I have none.

#### *The Moon*

The shadow of white death has past  
From my path in heaven at last,  
A clinging shroud of solid frost and sleep ;  
And through my newly-woven bowers,  
Wander happy paramours,  
Less mighty, but as mild as those who  
keep  
Thy vales more deep.

#### *The Earth*

As the dissolving warmth of dawn  
may fold  
A half unfrozen dew-globe, green and  
gold,  
And crystalline, till it becomes a wingéd  
mist,  
And wanders up the vault of the blue  
day,  
Outlives the noon, and on the sun's  
last ray  
Hangs o'er the sea, a fleece of fire and  
amethyst,

*The Moon*

Thou art folded, thou art lying  
 In the light which is undying  
 Of thine own joy, and heaven's smile  
     divine ;  
 All suns and constellations shower  
 On thee a light, a life, a power  
 Which doth array thy sphere ; thou  
     pourest thine  
     On mine, on mine !

*The Earth*

I spin beneath my pyramid of night,  
 Which points into the heavens dream-  
     ing delight,  
 Murmuring victorious joy in my en-  
     chanted sleep ;  
 As a youth lulled in love-dreams faint-  
     ly sighing,  
 Under the shadows of his beauty ly-  
     ing,  
 Which round his rest a watch of light  
     and warmth doth keep.

*The Moon*

As in the soft and sweet eclipse,  
 When soul meets soul on lovers' lips,  
 High hearts are calm, and brightest eyes  
     are dull ;  
 So when thy shadow falls on me,  
 Then am I mute and still, by thee  
 Covered ; of thy love, Orb most beautiful,  
     Full, oh, too full !

Thou art speeding round the sun  
 Brightest world of many a one ;  
 Green and azure sphere which shinest  
 With a light which is divinest  
 Among all the lamps of Heaven  
 To whom life and light is given ;  
 I, thy crystal paramour,  
 Borne beside thee by a power  
 Like the polar Paradise,  
 Magnet-like of lovers' eyes ;  
 I, a most enamored maiden  
 Whose weak brain is overladen  
 With the pleasure of her love,  
 Maniac-like around thee move  
 Gazing, an insatiate bride,  
 On thy form from every side  
 Like a Mænad, round the cup  
 Which Agave lifted up  
 In the weird Cadmæan forest.  
 Brother, wheresoe'er thou soarest  
 I must hurry, whirl and follow  
 Through the heavens wide and hollow,  
 Sheltered by the warm embrace  
 Of thy soul from hungry space,

Drinking from thy sense and sight  
 Beauty, majesty, and might,  
 As a lover or chameleon  
 Grows like what it looks upon  
 As a violet's gentle eye  
 Gazes on the azure sky  
 Until its hue grows like what it beholds,  
 As a gray and watery mist  
 Glows like solid amethyst  
 Athwart the western mountain it en-  
     folds,  
 When the sunset sleeps  
 Upon its snow.

*The Earth*

And the weak day weeps  
 That it should be so.  
 Oh, gentle Moon, the voice of thy de-  
     light  
 Falls on me like thy clear and tender  
     light  
 Soothing the seaman, borne the summer  
     night,  
 Through isles for ever calm :  
 Oh, gentle Moon, thy crystal accents  
     pierce  
 The caverns of my pride's deep universe,  
 Charming the tiger joy, whose tramp-  
     lings fierce  
 Made wounds which need thy balm.  
*Panthea.* I rise as from a bath of  
     sparkling water,  
 A bath of azure light, among dark rocks,  
 Out of the stream of sound.

*Ione.* Ah me ! sweet sister,  
 The stream of sound has ebbed away  
     from us,  
 And you pretend to rise out of its wave,  
 Because your words fall like the clear,  
     soft dew  
 Shaken from a bathing wood-nymph's  
     limbs and hair.  
*Panthea.* Peace ! peace ! A mighty  
     Power, which is as darkness,  
 Is rising out of Earth, and from the sky  
 Is showered like night, and from within  
     the air  
 Bursts, like eclipse which had been  
     gathered up  
 Into the pores of sunlight : the bright  
     visions,  
 Wherein the singing spirits rode and  
     shone,  
 Gleam like pale meteors through a  
     watery night.  
*Ione.* There is a sense of words upon  
     mine ear.  
*Panthea.* An universal sound like  
     words : Oh, list !



*Demogorgon*

Thou, Earth, calm empire of a happy  
soul,  
Sphere of divinest shapes and har-  
monies,  
Beautiful orb! gathering as thou dost  
roll  
The love which paves thy path along  
the skies :

*The Earth*

I hear: I am as a drop of dew that  
dies.

*Demogorgon*

Thou, Moon, which gazest on the nightly  
Earth  
With wonder, as it gazes upon thee ;  
Whilst each to men, and beasts, and the  
swift birth  
Of birds, is beauty, love, calm, har-  
mony :

*The Moon*

I hear: I am a leaf shaken by thee !

*Demogorgon*

Ye kings of suns and stars, Demons and  
Gods,  
Ethereal Dominations, who possess  
Elysian, windless, fortunate abodes  
Beyond Heaven's constellated wilder-  
ness :

*A Voice from above*

Our great Republic hears, we are  
blest, and bless.

*Demogorgon*

Ye happy dead, whom beams of brightest  
verse  
Are clouds to hide, not colors to  
portray,  
Whether your nature is that universe  
Which once ye saw and suffered—

*A Voice from beneath*

Or as they  
Whom we have left, we change and  
pass away.

*Demogorgon*

Ye elemental Genii, who have homes  
From man's high mind even to the  
central stone  
Of sullen lead; from Heaven's star-  
fretted domes

To the dull weed some sea-worm  
battens on :

*A confused Voice*

We hear: thy words waken Oblivion.

*Demogorgon*

Spirits, whose homes are flesh: ye beasts  
and birds,  
Ye worms, and fish; ye living leaves  
and buds;  
Lightning and wind; and ye untame-  
able herds,  
Meteors and mists, which throng air's  
solitudes :—

*A Voice*

Thy voice to us is wind among still  
woods.

*Demogorgon*

Man, who wert once a despot and a slave;  
A dupe and a deceiver; a decay;  
A traveller from the cradle to the grave  
Through the dim night of this im-  
mortal day :

*All*

Speak: thy strong words may never  
pass away.

*Demogorgon*

This is the day, which down the void  
abysm  
At the Earth-born's spell yawns for  
Heaven's despotism,  
And Conquest is dragged captive  
through the deep:  
Love, from its awful throne of patient  
power  
In the wise heart, from the last giddy  
hour  
Of dead endurance, from the slippery,  
steep,  
And narrow verge of crag-like agony,  
springs  
And folds over the world its healing  
wings.

Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and En-  
durance,  
These are the seals of that most firm  
assurance  
Which bars the pit over Destruction's  
strength;  
And if, with infirm hand, Eternity,  
Mother of many acts and hours, should  
free

The serpent that would clasp her with  
his length;  
These are the spells by which to reas-  
sume  
An empire o'er the disentangled doom.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks in-  
finite;  
To forgive wrongs darker than death or  
night:

To defy Power, which seems omni-  
potent;

To love, and bear; to hope till Hope  
creates

From its own wreck the thing it con-  
templates;

Neither to change, nor falter, nor re-  
pent;

This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be  
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and  
free;

This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and  
Victory.<sup>1</sup> *Sept. 1818-1819. 1820.*

<sup>1</sup> The prominent feature of Shelley's theory of the destiny of the human species was that evil is not inherent in the system of the creation, but an accident that might be expelled. This also forms a portion of Christianity: God made earth and man perfect, till he, by his fall,

"Brought death into the world and all our woe."

Shelley believed that mankind had only to will that there should be no evil, and there would be none. It is not my part in these Notes to notice the arguments that have been urged against this opinion, but to mention the fact that he entertained it, and was indeed attached to it with fervent enthusiasm. That man could be so perfectionized as to be able to expel evil from his own nature, and from the greater part of the creation, was the cardinal point of his system. And the subject he loved best to dwell on was the image of One warring with the Evil Principle, oppressed not only by it, but by all—even the good, who were deluded into considering evil a necessary portion of humanity; a victim full of fortitude and hope and the spirit of triumph, emanating from a reliance in the ultimate omnipotence of Good. Such he had depicted in his last poem, when he made Laon the enemy and the victim of tyrants. He now took a more idealised image of the same subject. He followed certain classical authorities in figuring Saturn as the good principle, Jupiter the usurping evil one, and Prometheus as the regenerator, who, unable to bring mankind back to primitive innocence, used knowledge as a weapon to defeat evil, by leading mankind, beyond the state wherein they are sinless through ignorance, to that in which they are virtuous through wisdom. Jupiter punished the temerity of the Titan by chaining him to a rock of Caucasus, and causing a vulture to devour his still-renewed heart. There was a prophecy afloat in heaven portending the fall of Jove, the secret of averting which was known only to Prometheus; and the god offered freedom from torture on condition of its being communicated to him. According to the

## THE SENSITIVE PLANT

### PART FIRST

A SENSITIVE Plant in a garden grew,  
And the young winds fed it with silver  
dew,  
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the  
light,  
And closed them beneath the kisses of  
night.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,

mythological story, this referred to the offspring of Thetis, who was destined to be greater than his father. Prometheus at last bought pardon for his crime of enriching mankind with his gifts, by revealing the prophecy. Hercules killed the vulture, and set him free; and Thetis was married to Peleus, the father of Achilles.

Shelley adapted the catastrophe of this story to his peculiar views. The son greater than his father, born of the nuptials of Jupiter and Thetis, was to dethrone Evil, and bring back a happier reign than that of Saturn. Prometheus defies the power of his enemy, and endures centuries of torture; till the hour arrives when Jove, blind to the real event, but darkly guessing that some great good to himself will flow, espouses Thetis. At the moment, the Primal Power of the world drives him from his usurped throne, and Strength, in the person of Hercules, liberates Humanity, typified in Prometheus, from the tortures generated by evil done or suffered. Asia, one of the Oceanides, is the wife of Prometheus—she was, according to other mythological interpretations, the same as Venus and Nature. When the benefactor of mankind is liberated, Nature resumes the beauty of her prime, and is united to her husband, the emblem of the human race, in perfect and happy union. In the fourth Act, the Poet gives further scope to his imagination, and idealizes the forms of creation—such as we know them, instead of such as they appeared to the Greeks. Maternal Earth, the mighty parent, is superseded by the Spirit of the Earth, the guide of our planet through the realms of sky; while his fair and weaker companion and attendant, the Spirit of the Moon, receives bliss from the annihilation of Evil in the superior sphere.

Shelley develops more particularly in the lyrics of this drama his abstruse and imaginative theories with regard to the creation. It requires a mind as subtle and penetrating as his own to understand the mystic meanings scattered throughout the poem. They elude the ordinary reader by their abstraction and delicacy of distinction, but they are far from vague. It was his design to write prose metaphysical essays on the nature of Man, which would have served to explain much of what is obscure in his poetry; a few scattered fragments of observations and remarks alone remain. He considered these philosophical views of Mind and Nature to be instinct with the intensest spirit of poetry.

More popular poets clothe the ideal with familiar and sensible imagery. Shelley loved to idealize the real—to gift the mechanism of the material universe with a soul and a voice, and to bestow such also on the most delicate and abstract emotions and thoughts of the mind. Sophocles was his great master in this species of imagery.—(From Mrs. Shelley's note.)



Like the Spirit of Love felt everywhere ;  
And each flower and herb on Earth's  
    dark breast  
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with  
    bliss  
In the garden, the field, or the wilder-  
    ness,  
Like a doe in the noontide with love's  
    sweet want,  
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snowdrop and then the violet,  
Arose from the ground with warm rain  
    wet,  
And their breath was mixed with fresh  
    odor, sent  
From the turf, like the voice and the  
    instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the  
    tulip tall,  
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,  
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's  
    recess,  
Till they die of their own dear loveliness ;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,  
Whom youth makes so fair and passion  
    so pale,  
That the light of its tremulous bells is  
    seen  
Through their pavilions of tender green ;

And the hyacinth purple, and white,  
    and blue,  
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal  
    anew  
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,  
It was felt like an odor within the  
    sense ;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath  
    address,  
Which unveiled the depth of her glow-  
    ing breast,  
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air  
The soul of her beauty and love lay  
    bare :

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,  
As a Mænad, its moonlight-colored cup,  
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,  
Gazed through clear dew on the tender  
    sky ;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet  
    tuberose,

The sweetest flower for scent that blows ;  
And all rare blossoms from every clime  
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant  
    bosom  
Was pranked under boughs of embower-  
    ing blossom,  
With golden and green light, slanting  
    through  
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,  
And starry river-buds glimmered by,  
And around them the soft stream did  
    glide and dance  
With a motion of sweet sound and  
    radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of  
    moss,  
Which led through the garden, along  
    and across,  
Some open at once to the sun and the  
    breeze,  
Some lost among bowers of blossoming  
    trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate  
    bells  
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,  
And flowrets which drooping as day  
    drooped too  
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and  
    blue,  
To roof the glow-worm from the evening  
    dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise  
The flowers (as an infant's awakening  
    eyes  
Smile on its mother, whose singing  
    sweet  
Can first lull, and at last must awaken  
    it),

When Heaven's blithe winds had un-  
    folded them,  
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,  
Shone smiling to Heaven, and every one  
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun ;

For each one was interpenetrated  
With the light and the odor its neigh-  
    bor shed,  
Like young lovers whom youth and love  
    make dear  
Wrapped and filled by their mutual  
    atmosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant which could  
     give small fruit  
 Of the love which it felt from the leaf  
     to the root,  
 Received more than all, it loved more  
     than ever,  
 Where none wanted but it, could belong  
     to the giver,

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright  
     flower ;  
 Radiance and odor are not its dower ;  
 It loves, even like Love, its deep heart  
     is full,  
 It desires what it has not, the beautiful !

The light winds which from unsustain-  
     ing wings,  
 Shed the music of many murmurings ;  
 The beams which dart from many a  
     star  
 Of the flowers whose hues they bear  
     afar ;

The plumed insects swift and free,  
 Like golden boats on a sunny sea,  
 Laden with light and odor, which pass  
 Over the gleam of the living grass ;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie  
 Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides  
     high,  
 Then wander like spirits among the  
     spheres,  
 Each cloud faint with the fragrance it  
     bears ;

The quivering vapors of dim noontide,  
 Which like a sea o'er the warm earth  
     glide,  
 In which every sound, and odor, and  
     beam,  
 Move, as reeds in a single stream ;

Each and all like ministering angels  
     were  
 For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to  
     bear,  
 Whilst the lagging hours of the day  
     went by  
 Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from  
     heaven above,  
 And the Earth was all rest, and the air  
     was all love,  
 And delight, tho' less bright, was far  
     more deep,  
 And the day's veil fell from the world  
     of sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the  
     insects were drowned  
 In an ocean of dreams without a sound ;  
 Whose waves never mark, tho' they  
     ever impress  
 The light sand which paves it, conscious-  
     ness ;

(Only overhead the sweet nightingale  
 Ever sang more sweet as the day might  
     fail,  
 And snatches of its Elysian chant  
 Were mixed with the dreams of the  
     Sensitive Plant.)

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest  
 Up-gathered into the bosom of rest ;  
 A sweet child weary of its delight,  
 The feeblest and yet the favorite,  
 Cradled within the embrace of night.

#### PART SECOND

There was a Power in this sweet place,  
 An Eve in this Eden ; a ruling grace  
 Which to the flowers did they waken or  
     dream.  
 Was as God is to the starry scheme.

A Lady, the wonder of her kind,  
 Whose form was upborne by a lovely  
     mind  
 Which, dilating, had moulded her mien  
     and motion  
 Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the  
     ocean ;

Tended the garden from morn to even :  
 And the meteors of that sublunar heaven,  
 Like the lamps of the air when night  
     walks forth,  
 Laughed round her footsteps up from  
     the Earth !

She had no companion of mortal race,  
 But her tremulous breath and her flush-  
     ing face  
 Told, whilst the morn kissed the sleep  
     from her eyes  
 That her dreams were less slumber than  
     Paradise :

As if some bright Spirit for her sweet  
     sake  
 Had deserted heaven while the stars  
     were awake.  
 As if yet around her he lingering were,  
 Tho' the veil of daylight concealed him  
     from her.



Her step seemed to pity the grass it  
pressed ;  
You might hear by the heaving of her  
breast,  
That the coming and going of the wind  
Brought pleasure there and left passion  
behind.

And wherever her airy footstep trod,  
Her trailing hair from the grassy sod  
Erased its light vestige, with shadowy  
sweep,  
Like a sunny storm o'er the dark green  
deep.

I doubt not the flowers of that garden  
sweet  
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet ;  
I doubt not they felt the spirit that came  
From her glowing fingers thro' all their  
frame.

She sprinkled bright water from the  
stream  
On those that were faint with the sunny  
beam ;  
And out of the cups of the heavy flowers  
She emptied the rain of the thunder  
showers.

She lifted their heads with her tender  
hands,  
And sustained them with rods and osier  
bands ;  
If the flowers had been her own infants  
she  
Could never have nursed them more  
tenderly.

And all killing insects and gnawing  
worms,  
And things of obscene and unlovely  
forms,  
She bore in a basket of Indian woof,  
Into the rough woods far aloof,

In a basket, of grasses and wild-flowers  
full,  
The freshest her gentle hands could pull  
For the poor banished insects, whose  
intent,  
Although they did ill, was innocent.

But the bee and the beamlike ephemeris  
Whose path is the lightning's, and soft  
moths that kiss  
The sweet lips of the flowers, and harm  
not, did she  
Make her attendant angels be.

And many an antenatal tomb,  
Where butterflies dream of the life to  
come,  
She left clinging round the smooth and  
dark  
Edge of the odorous cedar bark.

This fairest creature from earliest spring  
Thus moved through the garden minis-  
tering  
All the sweet season of summer tide,  
And ere the first leaf looked brown—she  
died !

## PART THIRD

Three days the flowers of the garden fair,  
Like stars when the moon is awakened,  
were,  
Or the waves of Baiæ, ere luminous  
She floats up through the smoke of  
Vesuvius.

And on the fourth, the Sensitive Plant  
Felt the sound of the funeral chant,  
And the steps of the bearers, heavy and  
slow,  
And the sobs of the mourners deep and  
low ;

The weary sound and the heavy breath,  
And the silent motions of passing death,  
And the smell, cold, oppressive, and  
dank,  
Sent through the pores of the coffin  
plank ;

The dark grass, and the flowers among  
the grass,  
Were bright with tears as the crowd did  
pass ;  
From their sighs the wind caught a  
mournful tone,  
And sate in the pines, and gave groan  
for groan.

The garden once fair, became cold and  
foul,  
Like the corpse of her who had been its  
soul,  
Which at first was lovely as if in sleep,  
Then slowly changed, till it grew a heap  
To make men tremble who never weep.

Swift summer into the autumn flowed,  
And frost in the mist of the morning  
rode,  
Though the noonday sun looked clear  
and bright,  
Mocking the spoil of the secret night.

The rose leaves, like flakes of crimson  
snow,  
Paved the turf and the moss below.  
The lilies were drooping, and white, and  
wan,  
Like the head and the skin of a dying  
man.

And Indian plants, of scent and hue  
The sweetest that ever were fed on dew,  
Leaf by leaf, day after day,  
Were massed into the common clay.

And the leaves, brown, yellow, and gray,  
and red,  
And white with the whiteness of what  
is dead,  
Like troops of ghosts on the dry wind  
past;  
Their whistling noise made the birds  
aghast.

And the gusty winds waked the wingéd  
seeds,  
Out of their birthplace of ugly weeds,  
Till they clung round many a sweet  
flower's stem,  
Which rotted into the earth with them.

The water-blooms under the rivulet  
Fell from the stalks on which they were  
set;  
And the eddies drove them here and  
there,  
As the winds did those of the upper air.

Then the rain came down, and the  
broken stalks,  
Were bent and tangled across the walks;  
And the leafless network of parasite  
bowers  
Massed into ruin; and all sweet flowers.

Between the time of the wind and the  
snow,  
All loathliest weeds began to grow,  
Whose coarse leaves were splashed with  
many a speck,  
Like the water-snake's belly and the  
toad's back.

And thistles, and nettles, and darnels  
rank,  
And the dock, and henbane, and hem-  
lock dank,  
Stretched out its long and hollow shank,  
And stifled the air till the dead wind  
stank.

And plants, at whose names the verse  
feels loath,

Filled the place with a monstrous under  
growth,  
Prickly, and pulpos, and blistering, and  
blue,  
Livid, and starred with a lurid dew.

And agarics, and fungi, with mildew  
and mould  
Started like mist from the wet ground  
cold;  
Pale, fleshy, as if the decaying dead  
With a spirit of growth had been  
animated!

Spawn, weeds, and filth, a leprous scum,  
Made the running rivulet thick and  
dumb  
And at its outlet flags huge as stakes  
Dammed it up with roots knotted like  
water snakes.

And hour by hour, when the air was  
still,  
The vapors arose which have strength  
to kill:  
At morn they were seen, at noon they  
were felt,  
At night they were darkness no star  
could melt.

And unctuous meteors from spray to  
spray  
Crept and flitted in broad noonday  
Unseen; every branch on which they  
alit  
By a venomous blight was burned and  
bit.

The Sensitive Plant like one forbid  
Wept, and the tears within each lid  
Of its folded leaves which together grew  
Were changed to a blight of frozen  
glue.

For the leaves soon fell, and the branches  
soon  
By the heavy axe of the blast were  
hewn;  
The sap shrank to the root through  
every pore  
As blood to a heart that will beat no  
more.

For Winter came: the wind was his  
whip:  
One choppy finger was on his lip:  
He had torn the cataracts from the hills  
And they clanked at his girdle like  
manacles;



His breath was a chain which without  
a sound  
The earth, and the air, and the water  
bound ;

He came, fiercely driven, in his chariot-  
throne  
By the tenfold blasts of the arctic zone.

Then the weeds which were forms of  
living death  
Fled from the frost to the earth beneath.  
Their decay and sudden flight from frost  
Was but like the vanishing of a ghost !

And under the roots of the Sensitive  
Plant

The moles and the dormice died for  
want :

The birds dropped stiff from the frozen  
air

And were caught in the branches naked  
and bare.

First there came down a thawing rain  
And its dull drops froze on the boughs  
again,

Then there steamed up a freezing dew  
Which to the drops of the thaw-rain  
grew ;

And a northern whirlwind, wandering  
about

Like a wolf that had smelt a dead child  
out,

Shook the boughs thus laden, and heavy  
and stiff,

And snapped them off with his rigid  
griff.

When winter had gone and spring came  
back

The Sensitive Plant was a leafless wreck ;  
But the mandrakes, and toadstools, and  
docks, and darnels,

Rose like the dead from their ruined  
charnels.

#### CONCLUSION

Whether the Sensitive Plant, or that  
Which within its boughs like a spirit  
sat

Ere its outward form had known decay,  
Now felt this change, I cannot say.

Whether that lady's gentle mind,  
No longer with the form combined  
Which scattered love, as stars do light,  
Found sadness, where it left delight,

I dare not guess ; but in this life  
Of error, ignorance, and strife,  
Where nothing is, but all things seem,  
And we the shadows of the dream,

It is a modest creed, and yet  
Pleasant if one considers it,  
To own that death itself must be,  
Like all the rest, a mockery.

That garden sweet, that lady fair,  
And all sweet shapes and odors there,  
In truth have never passed away :  
'Tis we, 'tis ours, are changed ; not they.  
1820. 1820.

#### THE CLOUD

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting  
flowers,

From the seas and the streams ;

I bear light shade for the leaves when  
laid

In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews  
that waken

The sweet buds every one,

When rocked to rest on their mother's  
breast,

As she dances about the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,

And whiten the green plains under,

And then again I dissolve it in rain,

And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,

And their great pines groan aghast ;

And all the night 'tis my pillow white,

While I sleep in the arms of the  
blast.

Sublime on the towers of my skiey  
bowers,

Lightning my pilot sits,

In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,

It struggles and howls at fits ;

Over earth and ocean, with gentle  
motion,

This pilot is guiding me,

Lured by the love of the genii that move

In the depths of the purple sea ;

Over the rills, and the crags, and the  
hills,

Over the lakes and the plains,

Wherever he dream, under mountain or  
stream,

The Spirit he loves remains ;

And I all the while bask in heaven's  
blue smile,

Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor  
 eyes,  
 And his burning plumes outspread,  
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,  
 When the morning star shines dead,  
 As on the jag of a mountain crag,  
 Which an earthquake rocks and  
 swings,  
 An eagle alit one moment may sit  
 In the light of its golden wings.  
 And when sunset may breathe, from the  
 lit sea beneath,  
 Its ardors of rest and of love,  
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
 From the depth of heaven above,  
 With wings folded I rest, on mine airy  
 nest,  
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,  
 Whom mortals call the moon,  
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like  
 floor,  
 By the midnight breezes strewn;  
 And wherever the beat of her unseen  
 feet,  
 Which only the angels hear,  
 May have broken the woof of my tent's  
 thin roof,  
 The stars peep behind her and peer;  
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,  
 Like a swarm of golden bees,  
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built  
 tent,  
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,  
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me  
 on high,  
 Are each paved with the moon and  
 these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning  
 zone,  
 And the moon's with a girdle of  
 pearl;  
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars  
 reel and swim,  
 When the whirlwinds my banner  
 unfurl.  
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like  
 shape,  
 Over a torrent sea,  
 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,  
 The mountains its columns be.  
 The triumphal arch through which I  
 march  
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,  
 When the powers of the air are chained  
 to my chair,  
 Is the million-colored bow;

The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,  
 While the moist earth was laughing  
 below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,  
 And the nursling of the sky;  
 I pass through the pores of the ocean  
 and shores;  
 I change, but I cannot die.  
 For after the rain when with never a  
 stain,  
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,  
 And the winds and sunbeams with their  
 convex gleams,  
 Build up the blue dome of air,  
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
 And out of the caverns of rain,  
 Like a child from the womb, like a  
 ghost from the tomb,  
 I arise and unbuild it again.

1820. 1820.

#### TO A SKYLARK

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!  
 Bird thou never wert,  
 That from heaven, or near it,  
 Pourest thy full heart  
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher  
 From the earth thou springest  
 Like a cloud of fire;  
 The blue deep thou wingest,  
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring  
 ever singest.

In the golden lightning  
 Of the sunken sun,  
 O'er which clouds are brightning,  
 Thou dost float and run;  
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just  
 begun.

The pale purple even  
 Melts around thy flight;  
 Like a star of heaven,  
 In the broad daylight  
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy  
 shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows  
 Of that silver sphere,  
 Whose intense lamp narrows  
 In the white dawn clear,  
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is  
 there.

All the earth and air  
 With thy voice is loud,



As, when night is bare,  
From one lonely cloud  
The moon rains out her beams, and  
heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not ;  
What is most like thee ?  
From rainbow clouds there flow not  
Drops so bright to see,  
As from thy presence showers a rain of  
melody.

Like a poet hidden  
In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and fears it  
heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden  
In a palace-tower,  
Soothing her love-laden  
Soul in secret hour  
With music sweet as love, which over-  
flows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden  
In a dell of dew,  
Scattering unbeholden  
Its aërial hue  
Among the flowers and grass, which  
screen it from the view :

Like a rose embowered  
In its own green leaves,  
By warm winds deflowered,  
Till the scent it gives  
Makes faint with too much sweet these  
heavy-wingéd thieves :

Sound of vernal showers  
On the twinkling grass,  
Rain-awakened flowers,  
All that ever was  
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music  
doth surpass :

Teach us, sprite or bird,  
What sweet thoughts are thine:  
I have never heard  
Praise of love or wine  
That panted forth a flood of rapture so  
divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,  
Or triumphal chant,  
Matched with thine would be all  
But an empty vaunt,  
A thing wherein we feel there is some  
hidden want.

What objects are the fountains  
Of thy happy strain ?  
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?  
What shapes of sky or plain ?  
What love of thine own kind ? what ig-  
norance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance  
Languor cannot be :  
Shadow of annoyance  
Never came near thee :  
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad  
satiety.

Waking or asleep,  
Thou of death must deem  
Things more true and deep  
Than we mortals dream,  
Or how could thy notes flow in such a  
crystal stream ?

We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not :  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught ;  
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of  
saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn  
Hate, and pride, and fear ;  
If we were things born  
Not to shed a tear,  
I know not how thy joy we ever should  
come near.

Better than all measures  
Of delightful sound,  
Better than all treasures  
That in books are found,  
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of  
the ground !

Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know,  
Such harmonious madness  
From my lips would flow,  
The world should listen then, as I am  
listening now. 1820. 1820.

TO——

I FEAR thy kisses, gentle maiden,  
Thou needest not fear mine ;  
My spirit is too deeply laden  
Ever to burthen thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion,  
Thou needest not fear mine ;  
Innocent is the heart's devotion  
With which I worship thine.  
1820. 1824.

## ARETHUSA

ARETHUSA arose  
 From her couch of snows  
 In the Acroceraunian mountains,—  
 From cloud and from crag,  
 With many a jag,  
 Shepherding her bright fountains.  
 She leapt down the rocks,  
 With her rainbow locks  
 Streaming among the streams;—  
 Her steps paved with green  
 The downward ravine  
 Which slopes to the western gleams :  
 And gliding and springing  
 She went, ever singing,  
 In murmurs as soft as sleep ;  
 The Earth seemed to love her,  
 And Heaven smiled above her,  
 As she lingered towards the deep.

Then Alpheus bold,  
 On his glacier cold,  
 With his trident the mountains strook  
 And opened a chasm  
 In the rocks ;—with the spasm  
 All Erymanthus shook.  
 And the black south wind  
 It concealed behind  
 The urns of the silent snow,  
 And earthquake and thunder  
 Did rend in sunder  
 The bars of the springs below.  
 The beard and the hair  
 Of the River-god were  
 Seen through the torrent's sweep,  
 As he followed the light  
 Of the fleet nymph's flight  
 To the brink of the Dorian deep.

“ Oh, save me ! Oh, guide me !  
 And bid the deep hide me,  
 For he grasps me now by the hair ! ”  
 The loud Ocean heard,  
 To its blue depth stirred,  
 And divided at her prayer ;  
 And under the water  
 The Earth's white daughter  
 Fled like a sunny beam ;  
 Behind her descended  
 Her billows, unblended  
 With the brackish Dorian stream :—  
 Like a gloomy stain  
 On the emerald main  
 Alpheus rushed behind,—  
 As an eagle pursuing  
 A dove to its ruin  
 Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

Under the bowers  
 Where the Ocean Powers  
 Sit on their pearlèd thrones,  
 Through the coral woods  
 Of the weltering floods,  
 Over heaps of unvalued stones ;  
 Through the dim beams  
 Which amid the streams  
 Weave a network of colored light ;  
 And under the caves,  
 Where the shadowy waves  
 Are as green as the forest's night ;—  
 Outspeeding the shark.  
 And the sword-fish dark,  
 Under the ocean foam,  
 And up through the rifts  
 Of the mountain cliffs  
 They passed to their Dorian home.

And now from their fountains  
 In Enna's mountains,  
 Down one vale where the morning basks,  
 Like friends once parted  
 Grown single-hearted,  
 They ply their watery tasks.  
 At sunrise they leap  
 From their cradles steep  
 In the cave of the shelving hill ;  
 At noontide they flow  
 Through the woods below  
 And the meadows of Asphodel ;  
 And at night they sleep  
 In the rocking deep  
 Beneath the Ortygian shore ;  
 Like spirits that lie  
 In the azure sky  
 When they love but live no more.  
1820. 1824.

## HYMN OF PAN

FROM the forests and highlands  
 We come, we come ;  
 From the river-girt islands,  
 Where loud waves are dumb  
 Listening to my sweet pipings.  
 The wind in the reeds and the rushes,  
 The bees on the bells of thyme,  
 The birds on the myrtle bushes,  
 The cicale above in the lime,  
 And the lizards below in the grass,  
 Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,  
 Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,  
 And all dark Tempe lay  
 In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing  
 The light of the dying day,  
 Speeded by my sweet pipings.



The Sileni, and Sylvaus, and Fauns,  
And the Nymphs of the woods and  
waves,  
To the edge of the moist river-lawns,  
And the brink of the dewy caves,  
And all that did then attend and follow  
Were silent with love, as you now,  
Apollo,  
With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars,  
 I sang of the dædal Earth,  
 And of Heaven—and the giant wars,  
 And Love, and Death, and Birth,—  
 And then I changed my pip-  
 ings,—  
 Singing how down the vale of Menalus  
 I pursued a maiden and clasp'd a reed :  
 Gods and men, we are all deluded thus !  
 It breaks in our bosom and then we  
 bleed :  
 All wept, as I think both ye now would,  
 If envy or age had not frozen your blood,  
 At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

1820. 1824.

## THE QUESTION

I DREAMED that, as I wandered by the  
way,  
Bare winter suddenly was changed to  
spring,  
And gentle odors led my steps astray,  
Mixed with a sound of waters mur-  
muring  
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay  
Under a copse, and hardly dared to  
fling  
Its green arms round the bosom of the  
stream,  
But kissed it and then fled, as thou  
mightest in dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,  
Daisies, those pearly Arcturi of the  
earth,  
The constellated flower that never sets;  
Faint ox lips; tender bluebells, at  
whose birth  
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall  
flower that wets—  
Like a child, half in tenderness and  
mirth—  
Its mother's face with heaven's collected  
tears,  
When the low wind, its playmate's voice,  
it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush  
eglantine,

Green cowbind and the moonlight-  
colored May,  
And cherry-blossoms, and white cups,  
whose wine  
Was the bright dew, yet drained not  
by the day ;  
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,  
With its dark buds and leaves, wan-  
dering astray ;  
And flowers azure, black, and streaked  
with gold,  
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge,  
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple  
prankt with white,  
And starry river buds among the sedge,  
And floating water-lilies, broad and  
bright,  
Which lit the oak that overhung the  
hedge  
With moonlight beams of their own  
watery light ;  
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep  
green  
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober  
sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers  
 I made a nosegay, bound in such a  
     way  
 That the same hues, which in their  
     natural bowers  
 Were mingled or opposed, the like  
     array  
 Kept these imprisoned children of the  
     Hours  
 Within my hand,—and then, elate  
     and gay,  
 I hastened to the spot whence I had  
     come,  
 That I might there present it!—oh! to  
     whom?

1820. 1822.

## SONG

RARELY, rarely, comest thou,  
Spirit of Delight !  
Wherefore hast thou left me now  
Many a day and night ?  
Many a weary night and day  
'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me  
Win thee back again?  
With the joyous and the free  
Thou wilt scoff at pain.  
Spirit false ! thou hast forgot  
All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade  
Of a trembling leaf,  
Thou with sorrow art dismayed ;  
Even the sighs of grief  
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,  
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty  
To a merry measure,  
Thou wilt never come for pity,  
Thou wilt come for pleasure,  
Pity then will cut away  
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,  
Spirit of Delight !  
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest,  
And the starry night ;  
Autumn evening, and the morn  
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms  
Of the radiant frost ;  
I love waves, and winds, and storms,  
Every thing almost  
Which is Nature's, and may be  
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,  
And such society  
As is quiet, wise, and good ;  
Between thee and me  
What difference ? but thou dost possess  
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings,  
And like light can flee,  
But above all other things,  
Spirit, I love thee—  
Thou art love and life ! Oh come,  
Make once more my heart thy home.  
1820.<sup>1</sup> 1824.

#### TO THE MOON

ART thou pale for weariness  
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the  
earth,  
Wandering companionless  
Among the stars that have a different  
birth,—  
And ever changing, like a joyless eye  
That finds no object worth its constancy?  
1820. 1824.

<sup>1</sup> Though included by Mrs. Shelley, and by later editors, among the poems of 1821, there is a copy of this poem in the Harvard College Manuscripts, dated in Shelley's handwriting, "Pisa, May, 1820." See note in Edward Dowden's Edition of Shelley.

#### THE WORLD'S WANDERERS

TELL me, thou star, whose wings of light  
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,  
In what cavern of the night  
Will thy pinions close now ?

Tell me, moon, thou pale and gray  
Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,  
In what depth of night or day  
Seekest thou repose now ?

Weary wind, who wanderest  
Like the world's rejected guest,  
Hast thou still some secret nest  
On the tree or billow ?

1820. 1824.

#### TIME LONG PAST

LIKE the ghost of a dear friend dead  
Is Time long past.  
A tone which is now forever fled,  
A hope which is now forever past,  
A love so sweet it could not last,  
Was Time long past.

There were sweet dreams in the night  
Of Time long past :  
And, was it sadness or delight,  
Each day a shadow onward cast  
Which made us wish it yet might last—  
That Time long past.

There is regret, almost remorse,  
For Time long past.  
'Tis like a child's beloved corse  
A father watches, till at last  
Beauty is like remembrance, cast  
From Time long past.  
1820. 1870.

#### EPIPSYCHIDION

VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE NOBLE AND  
UNFORTUNATE LADY, EMILIA V——,  
NOW IMPRISONED IN THE CONVENT  
OF ——

L'anima amante si slancia fuori del creato, e  
si crea nel infinito un Mondo tutto per essa,  
diverso assai da questo oscuro e pauroso baratro.  
HER OWN WORDS.

SWEET Spirit ! Sister of that orphan  
one,  
Whose empire is the name thou weepest  
on,  
In my heart's temple I suspend to thee  
These votive wreaths of withered  
memory.



Poor captive bird! who, from thy  
 narrow cage,  
 Pourest such music, that it might as-  
 suage  
 The rugged hearts of those who prisoned  
 thee,  
 Were they not deaf to all sweet melody;  
 This song shall be thy rose: its petals  
 pale  
 Are dead, indeed, my adored Nightin-  
 gale!  
 But soft and fragrant is the faded  
 blossom,  
 And it has no thorn left to wound thy  
 bosom.

High, spirit-wingéd Heart! who dost  
 for ever  
 Beat thine unfeeling bars with vain en-  
 deavor,  
 Till those bright plumes of thought, in  
 which arrayed  
 It over-soared this low and worldly  
 shade,  
 Lie shattered; and thy panting, wounded  
 breast  
 Stains with dear blood its unmaternal  
 nest!  
 I weep vain tears: blood would less  
 bitter be,  
 Yet poured forth gladlier, could it profit  
 thee.

Seraph of Heaven! too gentle to be  
 human,  
 Veiling beneath that radiant form of  
 Woman  
 All that is insupportable in thee  
 Of light, and love, and immortality!  
 Sweet Benediction in the eternal Curse!  
 Veiled Glory of this lampless Universe!  
 Thou Moon beyond the clouds! Thou  
 living Form  
 Among the Dead! Thou Star above the  
 Storm!  
 Thou Wonder, and thou Beauty, and  
 thou Terror!  
 Thou Harmony of Nature's art! Thou  
 Mirror  
 In whom, as in the splendor of the Sun,  
 All shapes look glorious which thou  
 gazest on!  
 Ay, even the dim words which obscure  
 thee now  
 Flash, lightning-like, with unaccus-  
 tomed glow;  
 I pray thee that thou blot from this sad  
 song  
 All of its much mortality and wrong,

With those clear drops, which start like  
 sacred dew  
 From the twin lights thy sweet soul  
 darkens through,  
 Weeping, till sorrow becomes ecstasy:  
 Then smile on it, so that it may not die.

I never thought before my death to  
 see  
 Youth's vision thus made perfect.  
 Emily,  
 I love thee; though the world by no  
 thin name  
 Will hide that love, from its unvalued  
 shame.  
 Would we two had been twins of the same  
 mother!  
 Or, that the name my heart lent to  
 another  
 Could be a sister's bond for her and  
 thee,  
 Blending two beams of one eternity!  
 Yet were one lawful and the other true,  
 These names, though dear, could paint  
 not, as is due,  
 How beyond refuge I am thine. Ah me!  
 I am not thine: I am a part of *thee*.

Sweet Lamp! my moth-like Muse has  
 burnt its wings;  
 Or, like a dying swan who soars and  
 sings,  
 Young Love should teach Time, in his  
 own gray style,  
 All that thou art. Art thou not void of  
 guile,  
 A lovely soul formed to be blest and  
 bless?  
 A well of sealed and secret happiness,  
 Whose waters like blithe light and  
 music are,  
 Vanquishing dissonance and gloom? A  
 Star  
 Which moves not in the moving  
 Heavens, alone?  
 A smile amid dark frowns? a gentle  
 tone  
 Amid rude voices? a beloved light?  
 A Solitude, a Refuge, a Delight?  
 A Lute which those whom Love has  
 taught to play  
 Make music on, to soothe the roughest  
 day  
 And lull fond grief asleep? a buried  
 treasure?  
 A cradle of young thoughts of wingless  
 pleasure;  
 A violet-shrouded grave of Woe?—I  
 measure

The world of fancies, seeking one like thee,  
And find—alas! mine own infirmity.

She met me, Stranger, upon life's rough way,  
And lured me towards sweet Death; as  
Night by Day,  
Winter by Spring, or Sorrow by swift Hope,  
Led into light, life, peace. An antelope,  
In the suspended impulse of its lightness,  
Were less ethereally light: the brightness  
Of her divinest presence trembles through  
Her limbs, as underneath a cloud of dew  
Embodied in the windless Heaven of June  
Amid the splendor-wingéd stars, the Moon  
Burns, inextinguishably beautiful:  
And from her lips, as from a hyacinth full  
Of honey-dew, a liquid murmur drops,  
Killing the sense with passion; sweet as stops  
Of planetary music heard in trance.  
In her mild lights the starry spirits dance,  
The sunbeams of those wells which ever leap  
Under the lightnings of the soul—too deep  
For the brief fathom-line of thought or sense.  
The glory of her being, issuing thence,  
Stains the dead, blank, cold air with a warm shade  
Of unentangled intermixture, made  
By Love, of light and motion: one intense  
Diffusion, one serene Omnipresence,  
Whose flowing outlines mingle in their flowing  
Around her cheeks and utmost fingers glowing  
With the unintermitted blood, which there  
Quivers (as in a fleece of snow-like air  
The crimson pulse of living morning quiver),  
Continuously prolonged, and ending never,  
Till they are lost, and in that Beauty furred  
Which penetrates and clasps and fills the world;

Scarce visible from extreme loveliness.  
Warm fragrance seems to fall from her light dress  
And her loose hair; and where some heavy tress  
The air of her own speed has disentwined,  
The sweetness seems to satiate the faint wind;  
And in the soul a wild odor is felt,  
Beyond the sense, like fiery dews that melt  
Into the bosom of a frozen bud.—  
See where she stands! a mortal shape indued  
With love and life and light and deity,  
And motion which may change but cannot die;  
An image of some bright Eternity;  
A shadow of some golden dream; a Splendor  
Leaving the third sphere pilotless; a tender  
Reflection of the eternal Moon of Love  
Under whose motions life's dull billows move;  
A Metaphor of Spring and Youth and Morning;  
A Vision like incarnate April, warning,  
With smiles and tears, Frost the Anatomy  
Into his summer grave.

Ah, woe is me!

What have I dared? where am I lifted?  
how  
Shall I descend, and perish not? I know  
That Love makes all things equal: I have heard  
By mine own heart this joyous truth averred:  
The spirit of the worm beneath the sod  
In love and worship, blends itself with God.

Spouse! Sister! Angel! Pilot of the Fate  
Whose course has been so starless! Oh, too late  
Belovéd! Oh, too soon adored, by me!  
For in the fields of immortality  
My spirit should at first have worshipped thine,  
A divine presence in a place divine;  
Or should have moved beside it on this earth,  
A shadow of that substance, from its birth;  
But not as now:—I love thee; yes, I feel  
That on the fountain of my heart a seal



Is set, to keep its waters pure and bright  
For thee, since in those *tears* thou hast  
delight.

We—are we not formed, as notes of  
music are,

For one another, though dissimilar;  
Such difference without discord, as can  
make

Those sweetest sounds, in which all  
spirits shake

As trembling leaves in a continuous air?

Thy wisdom speaks in me, and bids  
me dare

Beacon the rocks on which high hearts  
are wrecked.

I never was attached to that great sect,  
Whose doctrine is, that each one should  
select

Out of the crowd a mistress or a friend,  
And all the rest, though fair and wise,  
commend

To cold oblivion, though it is in the  
code

Of modern morais, and the beaten road  
Which those poor slaves with weary  
footsteps tread,

Who travel to their home among the  
dead

By the broad highway of the world, and  
so

With one chained friend; perhaps a  
jealous foe,

The dreariest and the longest journey go.

True Love in this differs from gold  
and clay

That to divide is not to take away.  
Love is like understanding, that grows  
bright,

Gazing on many truths; 'tis like thy  
light,

Imagination! which from earth and sky,  
And from the depths of human phan-  
tasy,

As from a thousand prisms and mirrors,  
fills

The Universe with glorious beams, and  
kills

Error, the worm, with many a sun-like  
arrow

Of its reverberated lightning. Narrow  
The heart that loves, the brain that  
contemplates,

The life that wears, the spirit that  
creates

One object, and one form, and builds  
thereby

A sepulchre for its eternity.

Mind from its object differs most in  
this:

Evil from good; misery from happiness;  
The baser from the nobler; the impure  
And frail, from what is clear and must  
endure.

If you divide suffering and dross, you  
may

Diminish till it is consumed away;  
If you divide pleasure and love and  
thought,

Each part exceeds the whole; and we  
know not

How much, while any yet remains un-  
shared,

Of pleasure may be gained, of sorrow  
spared:

This truth is that deep well, whence  
sages draw

The unenvied light of hope; the eternal  
law

By which those live, to whom this world  
of life

Is as a garden ravaged, and whose strife  
Tills for the promise of a later birth  
The wilderness of this Elysian earth.

There was a Being whom my spirit  
oft

Met on its visioned wanderings, far  
aloft,

In the clear golden prime of my youth's  
dawn,

Upon the fairy isles of sunny lawn,  
Amid the enchanted mountains, and the  
caves

Of divine sleep, and on the air-like  
waves

Of wonder-level dream, whose tremu-  
lous floor

Paved her light steps;—on an imagined  
shore,

Under the gray beak of some promon-  
tory

She met me, robed in such exceeding  
glory,

That I beheld her not. In solitudes  
Her voice came to me through the  
whispering woods,

And from the fountains, and the odors  
deep

Of flowers, which, like lips murmuring  
in their sleep

Of the sweet kisses which had lulled  
them there,

Breathed but of *her* to the enamored air;  
And from the breezes whether low or

loud,  
And from the rain of every passing cloud,

And from the singing of the summer  
birds,  
And from all sounds, all silence. In  
the words  
Of antique verse and high romance,—in  
form,  
Sound, color—in whatever checks that  
Storm  
Which with the shattered present chokes  
the past ;  
And in that best philosophy, whose taste  
Makes this cold common hell, our life, a  
doom  
As glorious as a fiery martyrdom ;  
Her Spirit was the harmony of truth.—

Then, from the caverns of my dreamy  
youth  
I sprang, as one sandalled with plumes  
of fire,  
And towards the loadstar of my one  
desire,  
I flitted, like a dizzy moth, whose flight  
Is as a dead leaf's in the owlet light,  
When it would seek in Hesper's setting  
sphere  
A radiant death, a fiery sepulchre,  
As if it were a lamp of earthly flame.—  
But She, whom prayers or tears then  
could not tame,  
Passed, like a God throned on a wingéd  
planet,  
Whose burning plumes to tenfold swift-  
ness fan it,  
Into the dreary cone of our life's shade ;  
And as a man with mighty loss dismayed,  
I would have followed, though the  
grave between  
Yawned like a gulf whose spectres are  
unseen :  
When a voice said :—" O Thou of hearts  
the weakest,  
The phantom is beside thee whom thou  
seekest."  
Then I—" Where?" the world's echo  
answered " where!"  
And in that silence, and in my despair,  
I questioned every tongueless wind that  
flew  
Over my tower of mourning, if it knew  
Whither 'twas fled, this soul out of my  
soul ;  
And murmured names and spells which  
have control  
Over the sightless tyrants of our fate ;  
But neither prayer nor verse could dis-  
sipate  
The night which closed on her ; nor  
uncreate

That world within this Chaos, mine and  
me,  
Of which she was the veiled Divinity,  
The world I say of thoughts that wor-  
shipped her :  
And therefore I went forth, with hope  
and fear  
And every gentle passion sick to death,  
Feeding my course with expectation's  
breath,  
Into the wintry forest of our life ;  
And struggling through its error with  
vain strife,  
And stumbling in my weakness and my  
haste,  
And half bewildered by new forms, I past  
Seeking among those untaught foresters  
If I could find one form resembling hers,  
In which she might have masked her-  
self from me.  
There,—One, whose voice was venomed  
melody  
Sate by a well, under blue nightshade  
bowers ;  
The breath of her false mouth was like  
faint flowers,  
Her touch was as electric poison,—flame  
Out of her looks into my vitals came,  
And from her living cheeks and bosom  
flew  
A killing air, which pierced like honey-  
dew  
Into the core of my green heart, and lay  
Upon its leaves ; until, as hair grown gray  
O'er a young brow, they hid its unblown  
prime  
With ruins of unseasonable time.

In many mortal forms I rashly sought  
The shadow of that idol of my thought.  
And some were fair—but beauty dies  
away :  
Others were wise—but honeyed words  
betray :  
And One was true—oh ! why not true  
to me?  
Then, as a hunted deer that could not  
flee,  
I turned upon my thoughts, and stood  
at bay,  
Wounded and weak and panting ; the  
cold day  
Trembled, for pity of my strife and pain.  
When, like a noonday dawn, there  
shone again  
Deliverance. One stood on my path  
who seemed  
As like the glorious shape which I had  
dreamed,



As is the Moon, whose changes ever run  
 Into themselves, to the eternal Sun ;  
 The cold chaste Moon, the Queen of  
   Heaven's bright isles,  
 Who makes all beautiful on which she  
   smiles,  
 That wandering shrine of soft yet icy  
   flame  
 Which ever is transformed, yet still the  
   same,  
 And warms not but illumines. Young  
   and fair  
 As the descended Spirit of that sphere,  
 She hid me, as the Moon may hide the  
   night  
 From its own darkness, until all was  
   bright  
 Between the Heaven and Earth of my  
   calm mind,  
 And, as a cloud charioted by the wind,  
 She led me to a cave in that wild place,  
 And sate beside me, with her downward  
   face  
 Illumining my slumbers, like the Moon  
 Waxing and waning o'er Endymion.  
 And I was laid asleep, spirit and limb,  
 And all my being became bright or dim  
 As the Moon's image in a summer sea,  
 According as she smiled or frowned on  
   me ;  
 And there I lay, within a chaste cold  
   bed :  
 Alas, I then was nor alive nor dead ;—  
 For at her silver voice came Death and  
   Life,  
 Unmindful each of their accustomed  
   strife,  
 Masked like twin babes, a sister and a  
   brother,  
 The wandering hopes of one abandoned  
   mother,  
 And through the cavern without wings  
   they flew,  
 And cried "Away, he is not of our  
   crew."  
 I wept, and though it be a dream, I  
   weep.

What storms then shook the ocean of  
   my sleep,  
 Blotting that Moon, whose pale and  
   waning lips  
 Then shrank as in the sickness of  
   eclipse ;—  
 And how my soul was as a lampless sea,  
 And who was then its Tempest ; and  
   when She,  
 The Planet of that hour, was quenched,  
   what frost

Crept o'er those waters, till from coast  
   to coast  
 The moving billows of my being fell  
 Into a death of ice, immovable ;—  
 And then—what earthquakes made it  
   gape and split,  
 The white Moon smiling all the while  
   on it,  
 These words conceal :—If not, each word  
   would be  
 The key of stanchless tears. Weep not  
   for me !

At length, into the obscure Forest  
   came  
 The Vision I had sought through grief  
   and shame.  
 Athwart that wintry wilderness of  
   thorns  
 Flashed from her motion splendor like  
   the Morn's  
 And from her presence life was radiated  
 Through the gray earth and branches  
   bare and dead ;  
 So that her way was paved, and roofed  
   above  
 With flowers as soft as thoughts of bud-  
   ding love ;  
 And music from her respiration spread  
 Like light,—all other sounds were pene-  
   trated  
 By the small, still, sweet spirit of that  
   sound,  
 So that the savage winds hung mute  
   around ;  
 And odors warm and fresh fell from her  
   hair,  
 Dissolving the dull cold in the frore air :  
 Soft as an Incarnation of the Sun,  
 When light is changed to love, this  
   glorious One  
 Floated into the cavern where I lay,  
 And called my Spirit, and the dreaming  
   clay  
 Was lifted by the thing that dreamed  
   below  
 As smoke by fire, and in her beauty's  
   glow  
 I stood, and felt the dawn of my long  
   night  
 Was penetrating me with living light :  
 I knew it was the Vision veiled from me  
 So many years—that it was Emily.

Twin Spheres of light who rule this  
   passive Earth,  
 This world of love, this *me* ; and into  
   birth [dart  
 Awaken all its fruits and flowers, and

Magnetic might into its central heart ;  
 And lift its billows and its mists, and  
     guide  
 By everlasting laws, each wind and tide  
 To its fit cloud, and its appointed cave ;  
 And lull its storms, each in the craggy  
     grave  
 Which was its cradle, luring to faint  
     bowers  
 The armies of the rainbow-wingéd  
     showers ;  
 And, as those married lights, which  
     from the towers  
 Of Heaven look forth and fold the wan-  
     dering globe  
 In liquid sleep and splendor, as a robe ;  
 And all their many-mingled influence  
     blend,  
 If equal, yet unlike, to one sweet end ;—  
 So ye, bright regents, with alternate  
     sway  
 Govern my sphere of being, night and  
     day !  
 Thou, not disdaining even a borrowed  
     might :  
 Thou, not eclipsing a remoter light ;  
 And, through the shadow of the  
     seasons three,  
 From Spring to Autumn's sere maturity,  
 Light it into the Winter of the tomb,  
 Where it may ripen to a brighter bloom.  
 Thou too, O Comet beautiful and fierce,  
 Who drew the heart of this frail Uni-  
     verse  
 Towards thine own : till, wrecked in  
     that convulsion,  
 Alternating attraction and repulsion,  
 Thine went astray and that was rent in  
     twain ;  
 Oh, float into our azure heaven again !  
 Be there love's folding-star at thy return ;  
 The living Sun will feed thee from its  
     urn [horn  
 Of golden fire ; the Moon will veil her  
 In thy last smiles ; adoring Even and  
     Morn  
 Will worship thee with incense of calm  
     breath  
 And lights and shadows ; as the star of  
     Death  
 And Birth is worshipped by those  
     sisters wild  
 Called Hope and Fear—upon the heart  
     are piled  
 Their offerings,—of this sacrifice divine  
 A world shall be the altar.  
                                 Lady mine,  
 Scorn not these flowers of thought, the  
     fading birth

Which from its heart of hearts that plant  
     puts forth  
 Whose fruit, made perfect by thy sunny  
     eyes,  
 Will be as of the trees of Paradise.

The day is come, and thou wilt fly  
     with me.  
 To whatsoe'er of dull mortality  
 Is mine, remain a vestal sister still ;  
 To the intense, the deep, the imperish-  
     able,  
 Not mine but me, henceforth be thou  
     united  
 Even as a bride, delighting and de-  
     lighted.  
 The hour is come :—the destined Star  
     has risen  
 Which shall descend upon a vacant  
     prison.  
 The walls are high, the gates are strong,  
     thick set  
 The sentinels—but true love never yet  
 Was thus constrained : it overleaps all  
     fence :  
 Like lightning, with invisible violence  
 Piercing its continents ; like Heaven's  
     free breath,  
 Which he who grasps can hold not ;  
     liker Death,  
 Who rides upon a thought, and makes  
     his way  
 Through temple, tower, and palace, and  
     the array  
 Of arms ; more strength has Love than  
     he or they ;  
 For it can burst his charnel, and make  
     free  
 The limbs in chains, the heart in agony,  
 The soul in dust and chaos.

                                Emily,  
 A ship is floating in the harbor now,  
 A wind is hovering o'er the mountain's  
     brow ;  
 There is a path on the sea's azure floor,  
 No keel has ever ploughed that path  
     before ;  
 The halcyons brood around the foamless  
     isles ; [wiles ;  
 The treacherous Ocean has forsworn its  
 The merry mariners are bold and free :  
 Say, my heart's sister, wilt thou sail  
     with me ?  
 Our bark is as an albatross, whose nest  
 Is a far Eden of the purple East ;  
 And we between her wings will sit,  
     while Night  
 And Day, and storm, and Calm, pursue  
     their flight,



Our ministers, along the boundless Sea,  
 Treading each other's heels, unheededly.  
 It is an Isle under Ionian skies,  
 Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise,  
 And, for the harbors are not safe and  
     good,  
 This land would have remained a soli-  
     tude  
 But for some pastoral people native  
     there,  
 Who from the Elysian, clear, and golden  
     air  
 Draw the last spirit of the age of gold,  
 Simple and spirited; innocent and bold.  
 The blue Ægean girds this chosen home,  
 With ever-changing sound and light and  
     foam,  
 Kissing the sifted sands, and caverns  
     hoar;  
 And all the winds wandering along the  
     shore  
 Undulate with the undulating tide:  
 There are thick woods where sylvan  
     forms abide;  
 And many a fountain, rivulet, and pond,  
 As clear as elemental diamond,  
 Or serene morning air; and far beyond,  
 The mossy tracks made by the goats  
     and deer  
 (Which the rough shepherd treads but  
     once a year),  
 Pierce into glades, caverns, and bowers,  
     and halls  
 Built round with ivy, which the water-  
     falls  
 Illumining, with sound that never fails  
 Accompany the noonday nightingales;  
 And all the place is peopled with sweet  
     airs;  
 The light clear element which the isle  
     wears  
 Is heavy with the scent of lemon-flowers,  
 Which floats like mist laden with unseen  
     showers  
 And falls upon the eyelids like faint  
     sleep;  
 And from the moss violets and jonquils  
     peep,  
 And dart their arrowy odor through the  
     brain  
 Till you might faint with that delicious  
     pain,  
 And every motion, odor, beam, and tone  
 With that deep music is in unison:  
 Which is a soul within the soul—they  
     seem  
 Like echoes of an antenatal dream.—  
 It is an isle 'twixt Heaven, Air, Earth,  
     and Sea,

Cradled, and hung in clear tranquility;  
 Bright as that wandering Eden Lucifer,  
 Washed by the soft blue Oceans of  
     young air.  
 It is a favored place. Famine or Blight,  
 Pestilence, War, and Earthquake, never  
     light  
 Upon its mountain-peaks; blind vul-  
     tures, they  
 Sail onward far upon their fatal way:  
 The winged storms, chanting their  
     thunder-psalm  
 To other lands, leave azure chasms of  
     calm  
 Over this isle, or weep themselves in dew,  
 From which its fields and woods ever  
     renew  
 Their green and golden immortality.  
 And from the sea there rise, and from  
     the sky  
 There fall, clear exhalations, soft and  
     bright,  
 Veil after veil, each hiding some delight,  
 Which Sun or Moon or zephyr draw  
     aside,  
 Till the isle's beauty, like a naked bride  
 Glowing at once with love and loveli-  
     ness,  
 Blushes and trembles at its own excess:  
 Yet, like a buried lamp, a Soul no less  
 Burns in the heart of this delicious isle,  
 An atom of th' Eternal, whose own  
     smile  
 Unfolds itself, and may be felt, not seen  
 O'er the gray rocks, blue waves, and  
     forests green,  
 Filling their bare and void interstices.—  
 But the chief marvel of the wilderness  
 Is a lone dwelling, built by whom or  
     how  
 None of the rustic island-people know;  
 'Tis not a tower of strength, though  
     with its height  
 It overtops the woods; but, for delight,  
 Some wise and tender Ocean-King, ere  
     crime  
 Had been invented, in the world's young  
     prime,  
 Reared it, a wonder of that simple time.  
 An envy of the isles, a pleasure-house  
 Made sacred to his sister and his spouse.  
 It scarce seems now a wreck of human  
     art,  
 But, as it were Titanic; in the heart  
 Of Earth having assumed its form, then  
     grown  
 Out of the mountains, from the living  
     stone,  
 Lifting itself in caverns light and high;

For all the antique and learned imagery  
 Has been erased, and in the place of it  
 The ivy and the wild-vine interknit  
 The volumes of their many twining  
   stems;  
 Parasite flowers illume with dewy gems  
 The lampless halls, and when they fade,  
   the sky  
 Peeps through their winter-woof of  
   tracery  
 With Moonlight patches, or star atoms  
   keen,  
 Or fragments of the day's intense  
   serene;—  
 Working mosaic on their Parian floors.  
 And, day and night, aloof, from the  
   high towers  
 And terraces, the Earth and Ocean seem  
 To sleep in one another's arms, and dream  
 Of waves, flowers, clouds, woods, rocks,  
   and all that we  
 Read in their smiles, and call reality.

    This isle and house are mine, and I  
     have vowed  
 Thee to be lady of the solitude.—  
 And I have fitted up some chambers  
   there  
 Looking towards the golden Eastern air,  
 And level with the living winds, which  
   flow  
 Like waves above the living waves  
   below.—  
 I have sent books and music there, and  
   all  
 Those instruments with which high  
   spirits call  
 The future from its cradle, and the past  
 Out of its grave, and make the present  
   last  
 In thoughts and joys which sleep, but  
   cannot die,  
 Folded within their own eternity.  
 Our simple life wants little, and true  
   taste  
 Hires not the pale drudge Luxury, to  
   waste  
 The scene it would adorn, and therefore  
   still,  
 Nature with all her children, haunts the  
   hill.  
 The ring-dove, in the embowering ivy,  
   yet  
 Keeps up her love-lament, and the owls  
   flit  
 Round the evening tower, and the young  
   stars glance  
 Between the quick bats in their twilight  
   dance;

The spotted deer bask in the fresh  
   moonlight  
 Before our gate, and the slow, silent  
   night  
 Is measured by the pants of their calm  
   sleep.  
 Be this our home in life, and when years  
   heap  
 Their withered hours, like leaves, on  
   our decay,  
 Let us become the overhanging day,  
 The living soul of this Elysian isle,  
 Conscious, inseparable, one. Meanwhile  
 We two will rise, and sit, and walk  
   together,  
 Under the roof of blue Ionian weather,  
 And wander in the meadows, or ascend  
 The mossy mountains, where the blue  
   heavens bend  
 With lightest winds, to touch their para-  
   mour;  
 Or linger, where the pebble-paven shore,  
 Under the quick, faint kisses of the sea  
 Trembles and sparkles as with ecstasy,—  
 Possessing and possessed by all that is  
 Within that calm circumference of bliss,  
 And by each other, till to love and live  
 Be one:—or, at the noontide hour, arrive  
 Where some old cavern hoar seems yet  
   to keep  
 The moonlight of the expired night  
   asleep,  
 Through which the awakened day can  
   never peep;  
 A veil for our seclusion, close as Night's,  
 Where secure sleep may kill thine  
   innocent lights;  
 Sleep, the fresh dew of languid love, the  
   rain  
 Whose drops quench kisses till they  
   burn again.  
 And we will talk, until thought's melody  
 Become too sweet for utterance, and it  
   die  
 In words, to live again in looks, which  
   dart  
 With thrilling tone into the voiceless  
   heart,  
 Harmonising silence without a sound.  
 Our breath shall intermix, our bosoms  
   bound,  
 And our veins beat together; and our  
   lips  
 With other eloquence than words, eclipse  
 The soul that burns between them, and  
   the wells  
 Which boil under our being's inmost  
   cells,  
 The fountains of our deepest life, shall be



Confused in passion's golden purity,  
As mountain-springs under the morning  
Sun.

We shall become the same, we shall be  
one

Spirit within two frames, oh ! wherefore  
two ?

One passion in twin-hearts, which grows  
and grew,

Till like two meteors of expanding flame,  
Those spheres instinct with it become  
the same,

Touch, mingle, are transfigured ; ever  
still

Burning, yet ever unconsumable :

In one another's substance finding food,  
Like flames too pure and light and un-  
imbued

To nourish their bright lives with baser  
prey,

Which point to Heaven and cannot pass  
away :

One hope within two wills, one will  
beneath

Two overshadowing minds, one life, one  
death,

One Heaven, one Hell, one immortality,  
And one annihilation. Woe is me !

The wingéd words on which my soul  
would pierce

Into the height of love's rare Universe,  
Are chains of lead around its flight of  
fire—

I pant, I sink, I tremble, I expire !

Weak Verses, go, kneel at your  
Sovereign's feet,

And say :—" We are the masters of thy  
slave ;

What wouldest thou with us and ours  
and thine ?"

Then call your sisters from Oblivion's  
cave,

All singing loud : " Love's very pain is  
sweet,

But its reward is in the world divine  
Which, if not here, it builds beyond the  
grave."

So shall ye live when I am there. Then  
haste

Over the hearts of men, until ye meet  
Marina, Vanna, Primus, and the rest,  
And bid them love each other and be  
blest ;

And leave the troop which errs, and  
which reproves,

And come and be my guest,—for I am  
Love's. 1821. 1821.

## TO NIGHT

SWIFTLY walk o'er the western wave,  
Spirit of Night !

Out of thy misty eastern cave,  
Where all the long and lone daylight,  
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,  
Which make thee terrible and dear,—  
Swift be thy flight !

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,  
Star-inwrought !

Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day ;  
Kiss her until she be wearied out,  
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land  
Touching all with thine opiate wand—  
Come, long sought !

When I arose and saw the dawn,  
I sighed for thee ;

When light rode high, and the dew was  
gone,

And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,  
And the weary Day turned to his rest,  
Lingering like an unloved guest,  
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,  
Wouldst thou me ?

Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,  
Murmured like a noontide bee,  
Shall I nestle near thy side ?

Wouldst thou me ?—And I replied,  
No, not thee !

Death will come when thou art dead  
Soon, too soon—

Sleep will come when thou art fled ;  
Of neither would I ask the boon

I ask of thee, belovéd Night—  
Swift be thine approaching flight,

Come soon, soon !

1821. 1824.

## TIME

UNFATHOMABLE Sea ! whose waves are  
years,

Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep  
woe

Are brackish with the salt of human  
tears !

Thou shoreless flood, which in thy  
ebb and flow

Claspest the limits of mortality !

And sick of prey, yet howling on for  
more,

Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable  
shore ;

Treacherous in calm, and terrible in  
storm,  
Who shall put forth on thee,  
Unfathomable Sea? 1821. 1824.

## SONNET: POLITICAL GREATNESS

NOR happiness, nor majesty, nor fame,  
Nor peace, nor strength, nor skill in  
arms or arts,  
Shepherd those herds whom tyranny  
makes tame;  
Verse echoes not one beating of their  
hearts,  
History is but the shadow of their  
shame,  
Art veils her glass, or from the pageant  
starts  
As to oblivion their blind millions  
fleet,  
Staining that Heaven with obscene  
imagery  
Of their own likeness. What are  
numbers knit  
By force or custom? Man who man  
would be.  
Must rule the empire of himself; in it  
Must be supreme, establishing his  
throne  
On vanquished will, quelling the an-  
archy  
Of hopes and fears, being himself alone.  
1821. 1824.

## MUTABILITY

THE flower that smiles to-day  
To-morrow dies;  
All that we wish to stay  
Tempt and then flies.  
What is this world's delight?  
Lightning that mocks the night,  
Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is!  
Friendship how rare!  
Love, how it sells poor bliss  
For proud despair!  
But we, though soon they fall,  
Survive their joy, and all  
Which ours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,  
Whilst flowers are gay,  
Whilst eyes that change ere night  
Make glad the day;  
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,  
Dream thou—and from thy sleep  
Then wake to weep.  
1821. 1824.

## A LAMENT

O world! O life! O time!  
On whose last steps I climb  
Trembling at that where I had stood  
before;  
When will return the glory of your  
prime?  
No more—Oh, never more!  
Out of the day and night  
A joy has taken flight;  
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter  
hoar,  
Move my faint heart with grief, but with  
delight  
No more—Oh, never more!  
1821. 1824.

## TO ———

MUSIC, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory—  
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,  
Live within the sense they quicken,  
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,  
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;  
And so thy thoughts, when thou art  
gone  
Love itself shall slumber on.  
1821. 1824.

## ADONAIS

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEATS,  
AUTHOR OF ENDYMION, HYPERION, ETC.

Ἄσκηρ πρὶν μὲν ἐλαμπες ἐνὶ ζωοῖσιν Ἐῷος  
Νῦν δὲ θανὼν λάμπεις Ἐσπερος ἐν φθιμένοις.  
PLATO.

I WEEP for Adonais—he is dead!  
Oh weep for Adonais! though our tears  
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear  
a head!  
And thou, sad Hour, selected from all  
years  
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure  
compeers,  
And teach them thine own sorrow! Say:  
“With me  
Died Adonais; till the Future dares  
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall  
be  
An echo and a light unto eternity!”  
Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when  
he lay,  
When thy Son lay, pierced by the shaft  
which flies



In darkness? where was lorn Urania  
 When Adonais died? With veiled eyes,  
 'Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise  
 She sate, while one, with soft enamored  
 breath,  
 Rekindled all the fading melodies  
 With which, like flowers that mock  
 the corse beneath,  
 He had adorned and hid the coming bulk  
 of death.

Oh weep for Adonais—he is dead!  
 Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and  
 weep!  
 Yet wherefore? Quench within their  
 burning bed  
 Thy fiery tears, and let thy lov'd heart  
 keep,  
 Like his, a mute and uncomplaining  
 sleep;  
 For he is gone, where all things wise  
 and fair  
 Descend;—oh, dream not that the am-  
 orous Deep  
 Will yet restore him to the vital air;  
 Death feeds on his mute voice, and  
 laughs at our despair.

Most musical of mourners, weep again  
 Lament anew, Urania!—He died,  
 Who was the Sire of an immortal strain,  
 Blind, old, and lonely, when his  
 country's pride,  
 The priest, the slave, and the liberticide,  
 Trampled and mocked with many a  
 loathed rite  
 Of lust and blood; he went, unterrified,  
 Into the gulf of death; but his clear  
 Sprite  
 Yet reigns o'er earth; the third among  
 the sons of light.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!  
 Not all to that bright station dared to  
 climb;  
 And happier they their happiness who  
 knew,  
 Whose tapers yet burn through that  
 night of time  
 In which suns perished; others more  
 sublime,  
 Struck by the envious wrath of man  
 or God,  
 Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent  
 prime;  
 And some yet live, treading the thorny  
 road,  
 Which leads, through toil and hate, to  
 Fame's serene abode.

But now, thy youngest, dearest one  
 has perished,  
 The nursling of thy widowhood, who  
 grew,  
 Like a pale flower by some sad maiden  
 cherished,  
 And fed with true love tears, instead of  
 dew;  
 Most musical of mourners, weep anew!  
 Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and  
 the last,  
 The bloom, whose petals nipt before  
 they blew  
 Died on the promise of the fruit, is  
 waste;  
 The broken lily lies—the storm is over-  
 past.

To that high Capital, where kingly Death  
 Keeps his pale court in beauty and  
 decay,  
 He came; and bought, with price of  
 purest breath,  
 A grave among the eternal. — Come  
 away!  
 Haste, while the vault of blue Italian  
 day  
 Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still  
 He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;  
 Awake him not! surely he takes his fill  
 Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all  
 ill.

He will awake no more, oh, never  
 more!—  
 Within the twilight chamber spreads  
 apace,  
 The shadow of white Death, and at the  
 door  
 Invisible Corruption waits to trace  
 His extreme way to her dim dwelling-  
 place;  
 The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and  
 awe  
 Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to  
 deface  
 So fair a prey, till darkness, and the law  
 Of change shall o'er his sleep the mortal  
 curtain draw.

Oh weep for Adonais! — The quick  
 Dreams,  
 The passion-wingéd Ministers of thought,  
 Who were his flocks, whom near the  
 living streams  
 Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he  
 taught  
 The love which was its music, wander  
 not,—

Wander no more, from kindling brain to  
brain,  
But droop there, whence they sprung ;  
and mourn their lot  
Round the cold heart, where, after their  
sweet pain,  
They ne'er will gather strength, or find  
a home again.

And one with trembling hands clasps  
his cold head,  
And fans him with her moonlight wings,  
and cries ;  
“ Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not  
dead ;  
See, on the silken fringe of his faint  
eyes,  
Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there  
lies  
A tear some Dream has loosened from  
his brain.”  
Lost Angel of a ruined Paradise !  
She knew not 'twas her own ; as with no  
stain  
She faded, like a cloud which had out-  
wept its rain.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew  
Washed his light limbs as if embalming  
them ;  
Another clipt her profuse locks, and  
threw  
The wreath upon him, like an anadem,  
Which frozen tears instead of pearls  
begem ;  
Another in her wilful grief would  
break  
Her bow and wingèd reeds, as if to  
stem  
A greater loss with one which was more  
weak ;  
And dull the barbèd fire against his frozen  
cheek.

Another Splendor on his mouth alit,  
That mouth, whence it was wont to draw  
the breath  
Which gave it strength to pierce the  
guarded wit,  
And pass into the panting heart be-  
neath  
With lightning and with music : the  
damp death  
Quenched its caress upon his icy lips ;  
And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath  
Of moonlight vapor, which the cold  
night clips,  
It flushed through his pale limbs, and  
passed to its eclipse.

And others came . . . Desires and  
Adorations,  
Wingèd Persuasions and veiled Des-  
tinies,  
Splendors and Glooms, and glimmering  
Incarnations  
Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phan-  
tasies ;  
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,  
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by  
the gleam  
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,  
Came in slow pomp ;—the moving pomp  
might seem  
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal  
stream.

All he had loved, and moulded into  
thought,  
From shape, and hue, and odor, and  
sweet sound,  
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought  
Her eastern watchtower, and her hair  
unbound,  
Wet with the tears which should adorn  
the ground,  
Dimmed the aërial eyes that kindle day ;  
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,  
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,  
And the wild winds flew round, sobbing  
in their dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless moun-  
tains,  
And feeds her grief with his remembered  
lay,  
And will no more reply to winds or  
fountains,  
Or amorous birds perched on the young  
green spray,  
Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing  
day ;  
Since she can mimic not his lips, more  
dear  
Than those for whose disdain she pined  
away  
Into a shadow of all sounds :—a drear  
Murmur, between their songs, is all the  
woodmen hear.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and  
she threw down  
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn  
were,  
Or they dead leaves ; since her delight is  
flown  
For whom should she have waked the  
sullen year ?  
To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear



Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both  
Thou Adonais: wan they stand and  
sere  
Amid the faint companions of their  
youth,  
With dew all turned to tears; odor, to  
sighing ruth.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale,  
Mourns not her mate with such melodi-  
ous pain;  
Not so the eagle, who like thee could  
scale  
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's  
domain  
Her mighty youth with morning, doth  
complain,  
Soaring and screaming round her empty  
nest,  
As Albion wails for thee; the curse of  
Cain  
Light on his head who pierced thy inno-  
cent breast  
And scared the angel soul that was its  
earthly guest!

Ah woe is me! Winter is come and  
gone,  
But grief returns with the revolving  
year;  
The airs and streams renew their joyous  
tone:  
The ants, the bees, the swallows re-  
appear;  
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead  
Seasons' bier;  
The amorous birds now pair in every  
brake,  
And build their mossy homes in field and  
brere;  
And the green lizard, and the golden  
snake,  
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their  
trance awake.

Through wood and stream and field and  
hill and Ocean  
A quickening life from the Earth's heart  
has burst  
As it has ever done, with change and  
motion,  
From the great morning of the world  
when first  
God dawned on Chaos; in its stream im-  
mersed  
The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer  
light;  
All baser things pant with life's sacred  
thirst;

Diffuse themselves; and spend in love's  
delight,  
The beauty and the joy of their renewed  
might.

The leprous corpse touched by this spirit  
tender  
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;  
Like incarnations of the stars, when  
splendor  
Is changed to fragrance, they illumine  
death  
And mock the merry worm that wakes  
beneath;  
Nought we know, dies. Shall that alone  
which knows  
Be as a sword consumed before the  
sheath  
By sightless lightning?—th' intense  
atom glows  
A moment, then is quenched in a most  
cold repose.

Alas! that all we loved of him should be  
But for our grief, as if it had not been,  
And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!  
Whence are we, and why are we? of  
what scene  
The actors or spectators? Great and  
mean  
Meet massed in death, who lends what  
life must borrow.  
As long as skies are blue, and fields are  
green,  
Evening must usher night, night urge  
the morrow,  
Month follow month with woe, and year  
wake year to sorrow.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!  
"Wake thou," cried Misery, "child-  
less Mother, rise  
Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy  
heart's core,  
A wound more fierce than his with tears  
and sighs."  
And all the Dreams that watched  
Urania's eyes,  
And all the Echoes whom their sister's  
song  
Had held in holy silence, cried:  
"Arise!"  
Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory  
stung,  
From her ambrosial rest the fading  
Splendor sprung.

She rose like an autumnal Night, that  
springs

Out of the East, and follows wild and drear  
 The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,  
 Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,  
 Had left the Earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear  
 So struck, so roused, so rapt Urania;  
 So saddened round her like an atmosphere  
 Of stormy mist; so swept her on her way  
 Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,  
 Through camps and cities rough with stone, and steel,  
 And human hearts, which to her airy tread  
 Yielding not, wounded the invisible  
 Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell:  
 And barbéd tongues, and thoughts more sharp than they  
 Rent the soft Form they never could repel,  
 Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,  
 Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.

In the death chamber for a moment  
 Death  
 Shamed by the presence of that living Might  
 Blushed to annihilation, and the breath  
 Revisited those lips, and life's pale light  
 Flashed through those limbs, so late her dear delight.  
 "Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,  
 As silent lightning leaves the starless night!  
 Leave me not!" cried Urania: her distress  
 Roused Death: Death rose and smiled,  
 and met her vain caress.

"Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again;  
 Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live;  
 And in my heartless breast and burning brain  
 That word, that kiss, shall all thoughts else survive,  
 With food of saddest memory kept alive,  
 Now thou art dead, as if it were a part  
 Of thee, my Adonais! I would give

All that I am to be as thou now art!  
 But I am chained to Time, and cannot thence depart!

"O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,  
 Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men  
 Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart  
 Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?  
 Defenceless as thou wert, oh where was then  
 Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear?  
 Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when  
 Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,  
 The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.

"The herded wolves, bold only to pursue;  
 The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead;  
 The vultures to the conqueror's banner true  
 Who feed where Desolation first has fed,  
 And whose wings rain contagion;—how they fled,  
 When like Apollo, from his golden bow,  
 The Pythian of the age one arrow sped  
 And smiled!—The spoilers tempt no second blow,  
 They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying low.

"The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;  
 He sets, and each ephemeral insect then  
 Is gathered into death without a dawn,  
 And the immortal stars awake again;  
 So is it in the world of living men:  
 A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight  
 Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and when  
 It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light  
 Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night."

Thus ceased she: and the mountain shepherds came,  
 Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent;  
 The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame  
 Over his living head like Heaven is bent,  
 An early but enduring monument,  
 Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song



In sorrow ; from her wilds Ierne sent  
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,  
And love taught grief to fall like music  
from his tongue.

Midst others of less note, came one  
frail Form,  
A phantom among men ; companionless  
As the last cloud of an expiring storm  
Whose thunder is its knell ; he, as I  
guess,  
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,  
Actæon-like, and now he fled astray  
With feeble steps o'er the world's wil-  
derness,  
And his own thoughts, along that rugged  
way,  
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father  
and their prey.

A pardlike Spirit beautiful and swift—  
A Love in desolation masked ;—a Power  
Girt round with weakness ;—it can  
scarce uplift  
The weight of the superincumbent hour ;  
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,  
A breaking billow ;—even whilst we  
speak  
Is it not broken ? On the withering  
flower  
The killing sun smiles brightly : on a  
cheek  
The life can burn in blood, even while  
the heart may break.

His head was bound with pansies over-  
blown,  
And faded violets, white, and pied, and  
blue ;  
And a light spear topped with a cypress  
cone,  
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy tresses  
grew  
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday  
dew,  
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart  
Shook the weak hand that grasped it ;  
of that crew  
He came the last, neglected and apart ;  
A herd-abandoned deer struck by the  
hunter's dart.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan  
Smiled through their tears ; well knew  
that gentle band  
Who in another's fate now wept his own ;  
As in the accents of an unknown land,  
He sung new sorrow ; sad Urania  
scanned

The Stranger's mien, and murmured :  
“ Who art thou ? ”

He answered not, but with a sudden  
hand  
Made bare his branded and ensanguined  
brow,  
Which was like Cain's or Christ's—oh,  
that it should be so !

What softer voice is hushed over the  
dead ?  
Athwart what brow is that dark mantle  
thrown ?  
What form leans sadly o'er the white  
deathbed,  
In mockery of monumental stone,  
The heavy heart heaving without a  
moan ?  
If it be He, who, gentlest of the wise,  
Taught, soothed, loved, honored the  
departed one ;  
Let me not vex, with inharmonious  
sighs  
The silence of that heart's accepted  
sacrifice.

Our Adonais has drunk poison—oh !  
What deaf and viperous murderer could  
crown  
Life's early cup with such a draught of  
woe ?  
The nameless worm would now itself  
disown :  
It felt, yet could escape the magic tone  
Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and  
wrong,  
But what was howling in one breast  
alone,  
Silent with expectation of the song,  
Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver  
lyre unstrung.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy  
fame !  
Live ! fear no heavier chastisement from  
me,  
Thou noteless blot on a remembered  
name !  
But be thyself, and know thyself to be !  
And ever at thy season be thou free  
To spill the venom when thy fangs o'er-  
flow :  
Remorse and Self-contempt shall cling  
to thee ;  
Hot Shame shall burn upon thy secret  
brow,  
And like a beaten hound tremble thou  
shalt—as now.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See the note on page 254.

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled  
 Far from these carrion kites that scream  
     below ;  
 He wakes or sleeps with the enduring  
     dead ;  
 Thou canst not soar where he is sitting  
     now.—  
 Dust to the dust ! but the pure spirit  
     shall flow  
 Back to the burning fountain whence  
     it came,  
 A portion of the Eternal, which must  
     glow  
 Through time and change, unquench-  
     ably the same,  
 Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid  
     hearth of shame.

Peace, peace ! he is not dead, he doth  
     not sleep—  
 He hath awakened from the dream of  
     life—  
 'Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep  
 With phantoms an unprofitable strife,  
 And in mad trance, strike with our  
     spirit's knife  
 Invulnerable nothings.—*We* decay  
 Like corpses in a charnel ; fear and grief  
 Convulse us and consume us day by day,  
 And cold hopes swarm like worms with-  
     in our living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our  
     night ;  
 Envy and calumny and hate and pain,  
 And that unrest which men miscall de-  
     light,  
 Can touch him not and torture not again ;  
 From the contagion of the world's slow  
     stain  
 He is secure, and now can never mourn  
 A heart grown cold, a head grown gray  
     in vain ;  
 Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to  
     burn,  
 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented  
     urn.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead,  
     not he ;  
 Mourn not for Adonais,—Thou young  
     Dawn [thee  
 Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from  
 The spirit thou lamentest is not gone ;  
 Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan !  
 Cease ye faint flowers and fountains,  
     and thou Air  
 Which like a mourning veil thy scarf  
     hadst thrown

O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it  
     bare  
 Even to the joyous stars which smile on  
     its despair !

He is made one with Nature : there is  
     heard  
 His voice in all her music, from the moan  
 Of thunder to the song of night's sweet  
     bird ;  
 He is a presence to be felt and known  
 In darkness and in light, from herb and  
     stone,  
 Spreading itself where'er that Power  
     may move  
 Which has withdrawn his being to its  
     own ;  
 Which wields the world with never  
     wearied love,  
 Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it  
     above.

He is a portion of the loveliness  
 Which once he made more lovely : he  
     doth bear  
 His part, while the one Spirit's plastic  
     stress  
 Sweeps through the dull dense world,  
     compelling there  
 All new successions to the forms they  
     wear ;  
 Torturing th' unwilling dross that  
     checks its flight  
 To its own likeness, as each mass may  
     bear ;  
 And bursting in its beauty and its might  
 From trees and beasts and men into the  
     Heaven's light.

The splendors of the firmament of time  
 May be eclipsed, but are extinguished  
     not ;  
 Like stars to their appointed height  
     they climb  
 And death is a low mist which cannot  
     blot  
 The brightness it may veil. When lofty  
     thought  
 Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,  
 And love and life contend in it, for what  
 Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live  
     there  
 And move like winds of light on dark  
     and stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown  
 Rose from their thrones, built beyond  
     mortal thought,  
 Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton



Rose pale, his solemn agony had not  
 Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he  
     fought  
 And as he fell and as he lived and loved  
 Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,  
 Arose; and Lucan, by his death  
     approved:  
 Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing  
     reproved.

And many more, whose names on Earth  
     are dark  
 But whose transmitted effluence cannot  
     die  
 So long as fire outlives the parent spark,  
 Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.  
 "Thou art become as one of us," they  
     cry,  
 "It was for thee yon kingless sphere  
     has long  
 Swung blind in unascended majesty,  
 Silent alone amid an Heaven of Song.  
 Assume thy wingéd throne, thou Vesper  
     of our throng!"

Who mourns for Adonais? Oh come  
     forth  
 Fond wretch! and know thyself and  
     him aright.  
 Clasp with thy panting soul the  
     pendulous Earth;  
 As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light  
 Beyond all worlds, until its spacious  
     might  
 Sate the void circumference: then  
     shrink  
 Even to a point within our day and  
     night;  
 And keep thy heart light lest it make  
     thee sink  
 When hope has kindled hope, and lured  
     thee to the brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre  
 Oh! not of him, but of our joy: 'tis  
     nought  
 That ages, empires, and religions there  
 Lie buried in the ravage they have  
     wrought;  
 For such as he can lend,—they borrow  
     not  
 Glory from those who made the world  
     their prey;  
 And he is gathered to the kings of  
     thought  
 Who waged contention with their time's  
     decay,  
 And of the past are all that cannot pass  
     away.

Go thou to Rome,—at once the Paradise,  
 The grave, the city, and the wilderness;  
 And where its wrecks like shattered  
     mountains rise,  
 And flowering weeds, and fragrant  
     copses dress  
 The bones of Desolation's nakedness,  
 Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead  
 Thy footsteps to a slope of green access  
 Where, like an infant's smile, over the  
     dead  
 A light of laughing flowers along the  
     grass is spread.

And gray walls moulder round, on which  
     dull Time  
 Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;  
 And one keen pyramid with wedge sub-  
     lime,  
 Pavilioning the dust of him who planned  
 This refuge for his memory, doth stand  
 Like flame transformed to marble; and  
     beneath,  
 A field is spread, on which a newer band  
 Have pitched in Heaven's smile their  
     camp of death  
 Welcoming him we lose with scarce ex-  
     tinguished breath.

Here pause: these graves are all too  
     young as yet  
 To have outgrown the sorrow which  
     consigned  
 Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,  
 Here, on one fountain of a mourning  
     mind,  
 Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou  
     find [home,  
 Thine own well full, if thou returnest  
 Of tears and gall. From the world's  
     bitter wind  
 Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.  
 What Adonais is, why fear we to be-  
     come?

The One remains, the many change and  
     pass;  
 Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's  
     shadows fly;  
 Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,  
 Stains the white radiance of Eternity,  
 Until Death tramples it to fragments.  
     —Die,  
 If thou wouldst be with that which  
     thou dost seek!  
 Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure  
     sky, [are weak  
 Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words,  
 The glory they transfuse with fitting  
     truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink,  
 my Heart?  
 Thy hopes are gone before: from all  
 things here  
 They have departed; thou shouldst now  
 depart!  
 A light is past from the revolving year,  
 And man, and woman; and what still  
 is dear  
 Attracts to crush, repels to make thee  
 wither.  
 The soft sky smiles,—the low wind  
 whispers near;  
 'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,  
 No more let Life divide what Death can  
 join together.

That Light whose smile kindles the  
 Universe,  
 That Beauty in which all things work  
 and move,  
 That Benediction which the eclipsing  
 Curse  
 Of birth can quench not, that sustain-  
 ing Love  
 Which through the web of being blindly  
 wove  
 By man and beast and earth and air and  
 sea,  
 Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of  
 The fire for which all thirst; now beams  
 on me,  
 Consuming the last clouds of cold  
 mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked  
 in song  
 Descends on me; my spirit's bark is  
 driven,  
 Far from the shore, far from the trem-  
 bling throng  
 Whose sails were never to the tempest  
 given;  
 The massy earth and spheréd skies are  
 riven!  
 I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;  
 Whilst burning through the inmost veil  
 of Heaven,  
 The soul of Adonais, like a star,  
 Beacons from the abode where the  
 Eternal are. 1821. 1821.

#### LIFE MAY CHANGE, BUT IT MAY FLY NOT

LIFE may change, but it may fly not;  
 Hope may vanish, but can die not;  
 Truth be veiled, but still it burneth;  
 Love repulsed,—but it returneth!

Yet were life a charnel where  
 Hope lay confined with Despair;  
 Yet were truth a sacred lie,  
 Love were lost—If Liberty

Lent not life its soul of light,  
 Hope its iris of delight,  
 Truth its prophet's robe to wear,  
 Love its power to give and bear.

From *Hellas*. 1821. 1822.

#### WORLDS ON WORLDS ARE ROLL- ING EVER

WORLDS on worlds are rolling ever  
 From creation to decay,  
 Like the bubbles on a river  
 Sparkling, bursting, borne away.  
 But they are still immortal  
 Who, through birth's orient portal  
 And death's dark chasm hurrying to and  
 fro,  
 Clothe their unceasing flight  
 In the brief dust and light  
 Gathered around their chariots as they  
 go;  
 New shapes they still may weave,  
 New gods, new laws receive,  
 Bright or dim are they as the robes they  
 last  
 On Death's bare ribs had cast.

A power from the unknown God,  
 A Promethean conqueror came;  
 Like a triumphal path he trod  
 The thorns of death and shame.  
 A mortal shape to him  
 Was like the vapor dim  
 Which the orient planet animates with  
 light;  
 Hell, Sin, and Slavery came,  
 Like bloodhounds mild and tame,  
 Nor preyed, until their Lord had taken  
 flight;  
 The moon of Mahomet  
 Arose, and it shall set:  
 While blazoned as on heaven's immortal  
 noon  
 The cross leads generations on.

Swift as the radiant shapes of sleep  
 From one whose dreams are Paradise  
 Fly, when the fond wretch wakes to  
 weep,  
 And day peers forth with her blank  
 eyes;  
 So fleet, so faint, so fair,  
 The Powers of earth and air  
 Fled from the folding star of Bethlehem:



Apollo, Pan, and Love,  
 And even Olympian Jove  
 Grew weak, for killing Truth had glared  
     on them;  
 Our hills and seas and streams  
 Dispeopled of their dreams,  
 Their waters turned to blood, their dew  
     to tears,  
 Wailed for the golden years.  
     From *Hellas*. 1821. 1822.

## SONGS FROM HELLAS

DARKNESS has dawned in the East  
     On the noon of time:  
 The death-birds descend to their feast,  
     From the hungry clime.  
 Let Freedom and Peace flee far  
     To a sunnier strand,  
 And follow Love's folding star  
     To the Evening land!

The young moon has fed  
     Her exhausted horn,  
     With the sunset's fire:  
 The weak day is dead,  
     But the night is not born;  
 And, like loveliness panting with wild  
     desire [light,  
     While it trembles with fear and de-  
     Hesperus flies from awakening night,  
 And pants in its beauty and speed with  
     light  
     Fast flashing, soft, and bright.  
 Thou beacon of love! thou lamp of the  
     free!

Guide us far, far away,  
 To climes where now veiled by the  
     ardor of day  
     Thou art hidden  
 From waves on which weary noon  
 Faints in her summer swoon,  
 Between Kingless continents sinless  
     as Eden, [lably  
 Around mountains and islands invio-  
 Prankt on the sapphire sea.

Through the sunset of hope,  
 Like the shapes of a dream,  
 What Paradise islands of glory  
     gleam!  
     Beneath Heaven's cope,  
 Their shadows more clear float by—  
 The sound of their oceans, the light  
     of their sky,  
 The music and fragrance their soli-  
     tudes breathe  
 Burst, like morning on dream, or like  
     Heaven on death

Through the walls of our prison;  
 And Greece, which was dead, is arisen!  
     1821. 1822.

THE WORLD'S GREAT AGE BEGINS  
ANEW

THE world's great age begins anew,  
 The golden years return,  
 The earth doth like a snake renew  
     Her winter weeds outworn:  
 Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires  
     gleam,  
 Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains  
     From waves serener far;  
 A new Peneus rolls his fountains  
     Against the morning star.  
 Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep  
 Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,  
     Fraught with a later prize;  
 Another Orpheus sings again,  
     And loves, and weeps, and dies.  
 A new Ulysses leaves once more  
 Calypso for his native shore.

Oh, write no more the tale of Troy,  
     If earth Death's scroll must be!  
 Nor mix with Laian rage the joy  
     Which dawns upon the free:  
 Although a subtler Sphinx renew  
 Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,  
     And to remoter time  
 Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,  
     The splendor of its prime;  
 And leave, if nought so bright may live,  
 All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose  
     Shall burst, more bright and good  
 Than all who fell, than One who rose,  
     Than many unsubdued:<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Saturn and Love* were among the deities of a real or imaginary state of innocence and happiness. *All those who fell*, or the Gods of Greece, Asia, and Egypt; the *One who rose*, or Jesus Christ, at whose appearance the idols of the Pagan World were amerced of their worship; and *the many unsubdued*, or the monstrous objects of the idolatry of China, India, the Antarctic islands, and the native tribes of America, certainly have reigned over the understandings of men in conjunction or in succession, during periods in which all we know of evil has been in a state of portentous, and, until the revival of learning and the arts, perpetually increasing activity. (*From Shelley's Note.*)

Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,  
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

Oh, cease! must hate and death return?  
Cease! must men kill and die?  
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn  
Of bitter prophecy.  
The world is weary of the past,  
Oh, might it die or rest at last!  
Final Chorus from *Hellas*.

### TO-MORROW

WHERE art thou, beloved To-morrow?  
When young and old and strong and  
weak,  
Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow,  
Thy sweet smiles we ever seek,—  
In thy place—ah! well-a-day!  
We find the thing we fled—To-day.  
1821. 1824.

### TO——

ONE word is too often profaned  
For me to profane it,  
One feeling too falsely disdained  
For thee to disdain it.  
One hope is too like despair  
For prudence to smother,  
And pity from thee more dear  
Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love,  
But wilt thou accept not  
The worship the heart lifts above  
And the Heavens reject not,  
The desire of the moth for the star,  
Of the night for the morrow,  
The devotion to something afar  
From the sphere of our sorrow?  
1821. 1824.

### WITH A GUITAR, TO JANE

ARIEL to Miranda.—Take  
This slave of Music, for the sake  
Of him who is the slave of thee,  
And teach it all the harmony  
In which thou canst, and only thou,  
Make the delighted spirit glow,  
Till joy denies itself again,  
And, too intense, is turned to pain;  
For by permission and command  
Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,  
Poor Ariel sends this silent token  
Of more than ever can be spoken;  
Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who,

From life to life, must still pursue  
Your happiness ;—for thus alone  
Can Ariel ever find his own.  
From Prospero's enchanted cell,  
As the mighty verses tell,  
To the throne of Naples, he  
Lit you o'er the trackless sea,  
Flitting on, your prow before,  
Like a living meteor.  
When you die, the silent Moon,  
In her interlunar swoon,  
Is not sadder in her cell  
Than deserted Ariel.  
When you live again on earth,  
Like an unseen star of birth,  
Ariel guides you o'er the sea  
Of life from your nativity.  
Many changes have been run,  
Since Ferdinand and you begun  
Your course of love, and Ariel still  
Has tracked your steps, and served  
your will;  
Now, in humbler, happier lot,  
This is all remembered not;  
And now, alas! the poor sprite is  
Imprisoned, for some fault of his,  
In a body like a grave ;—  
From you he only dares to crave,  
For his service and his sorrow,  
A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

The artist who this idol wrought,  
To echo all harmonious thought,  
Felled a tree, while on the steep  
The woods were in their winter sleep,  
Rocked in that repose divine  
On the wind-swept Apennine;  
And dreaming, some of Autumn past,  
And some of Spring approaching fast,  
And some of April buds and showers,  
And some of songs in July bowers,  
And all of love; and so this tree,—  
Oh that such our death may be!—  
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,  
To live in happier form again:  
From which, beneath Heaven's fairest  
star,

The artist wrought this loved Guitar,  
And taught it justly to reply,  
To all who question skilfully,  
In language gentle as thine own;  
Whispering in enamored tone  
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,  
And summer winds in sylvan cells;  
For it had learnt all harmonies  
Of the plains and of the skies,  
Of the forests and the mountains,  
And the many-voiced fountains;  
The clearest echoes of the hills,



The softest notes of falling rills,  
 The melodies of birds and bees,  
 The murmuring of summer seas,  
 And pattering rain, and breathing dew  
 And airs of evening ; and it knew  
 That seldom-heard mysterious sound,  
 Which, driven on its diurnal round,  
 As it floats through boundless day,  
 Our world enkindles on its way—  
 All this it knows, but will not tell  
 To those who cannot question well  
 The spirit that inhabits it ;  
 It talks according to the wit  
 Of its companions ; and no more  
 Is heard than has been felt before,  
 By those who tempt it to betray  
 These secrets of an elder day :  
 But sweetly as its answers will  
 Flatter hands of perfect skill,  
 It keeps its highest, holiest tone  
 For our beloved Jane alone.

1822. 1832-1833.

LINES: "WHEN THE LAMP IS  
 SHATTERED"

WHEN the lamp is shattered  
 The light in the dust lies dead—  
 When the cloud is scattered  
 The rainbow's glory is shed.  
 When the lute is broken,  
 Sweet tones are remembered not ;  
 When the lips have spoken,  
 Loved accents are soon forgot.  
 As music and splendor  
 Survive not the lamp and the lute,  
 The heart's echoes render  
 No song when the spirit is mute :—  
 No song but sad dirges,  
 Like the wind through a ruined cell,  
 Or the mournful surges  
 That ring the dead seaman's knell.

24

When hearts have once mingled  
 Love first leaves the well-built nest,  
 The weak one is singled  
 To endure what it once possessed.  
 O Love ! who bewailest  
 The frailty of all things here,  
 Why choose you the frailest  
 For your cradle, your home, and your  
 bier ?

Its passions will rock thee  
 As the storms rock the ravens on high :  
 Bright reason will mock thee,  
 Like the sun from a wintry sky.  
 From thy nest every rafter  
 Will rot, and thine eagle home  
 Leave thee naked to laughter,  
 When leaves fall and cold winds come.  
 1822. 1824.

SONG FROM CHARLES THE FIRST

A WIDOW bird sate mourning for her  
 love  
 Upon a wintry bough ;  
 The frozen wind crept on above,  
 The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,  
 No flower upon the ground,  
 And little motion in the air  
 Except the mill-wheel's sound.  
 1822. 1824.

A DIRGE

ROUGH wind, that moanest loud  
 Grief too sad for song ;  
 Wild wind, when sullen cloud  
 Knells all the night long ;  
 Sad storm, whose tears are vain,  
 Bare woods, whose branches strain,  
 Deep caves and dreary main,  
 Wail, for the world's wrong !  
 1822. 1824.

*Shelley's imagery is mainly in the sky.  
 Wordsworth and Keats spoke of "earth  
 things".  
 Shelley is too ethereal, he "shines". - poetry  
 is tense. Does not draw a human picture.*

# KEATS

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## KEATS

### IMITATION OF SPENSER<sup>1</sup>

Now Morning from her orient chamber  
came,  
And her first footsteps touch'd a verdant  
hill;  
Crowning its lawny crest with amber  
flame,  
Silv'ring the untainted gushes of its rill;  
Which, pure from mossy beds, did down  
distill,  
And after parting beds of simple flowers,  
By many streams a little lake did fill,  
Which round its marge reflected woven  
bowers,  
And, in its middle space, a sky that never  
lowers.

There the king-fisher saw his plumage  
bright  
Vieing with fish of brilliant dye below;  
Whose silken fins, and golden scales  
light  
Cast upward, through the waves, a ruby  
glow:  
There saw the swan his neck of arched  
snow,  
And oar'd himself along with majesty;  
Sparkled his jetty eyes; his feet did  
show  
Beneath the waves like Afric's ebony,  
And on his back a fay reclined volup-  
tuously.

Ah! could I tell the wonders of an isle  
That in that fairest lake had placed  
been,  
I could e'en Dido of her grief beguile;  
Or rob from aged Lear his bitter teen:  
For sure so fair a place was never seen,  
Of all that ever charm'd romantic eye:

<sup>1</sup> "It was the *Faerie Queene* that awakened his genius. In Spenser's fairy-land he was enchanted, breathed in a new world, and became another being; till, enamored of the stanza, he attempted to imitate it, and succeeded. . . . This, his earliest attempt, the 'Imitation of Spenser', is in his first volume of poems." (Quoted by Colvin from the Houghton MSS.)

It seem'd an emerald in the silver sheen  
Of the bright waters; or as when on  
high,  
Through clouds of fleecy white, laughs  
the cerulean sky.

And all around it dipp'd luxuriously  
Slopings of verdure through the glossy  
tide,  
Which, as it were in gentle amity,  
Rippled delighted up the flowery side;  
As if to glean the ruddy tears, it tried,  
Which fell profusely from the rose-tree  
stem!  
Haply it was the workings of its pride,  
In strife to throw upon the shore a gem  
Outvieing all the buds in Flora's diadem.  
1813 or 1814. 1817.<sup>1</sup>

### TO SOLITUDE

O SOLITUDE! if I must with thee dwell,  
Let it not be among the jumbled heap  
Of murky buildings; climb with me the  
steep,—  
Nature's observatory—whence the dell,  
Its flowery slopes, its river's crystal swell  
May seem a span; let me thy vigils keep  
'Mongst boughs pavilion'd where the  
deer's swift leap  
Startles the wild bee from the fox-glove  
bell.  
But though I'll gladly trace these scenes  
with thee,  
Yet the sweet converse of an innocent  
mind,  
Whose words are images of thoughts  
refin'd,  
Is my soul's pleasure; and it sure must be  
Almost the highest bliss of human-kind,  
When to thy haunts two kindred spirits  
flee.      ? 1815. May 5, 1816.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The dates for Keats' poems are made up from Sidney Colvin's careful study of the order of composition of the poems, in his *Life of Keats*, and from H. Buxton Forman's excellent notes in his edition of Keats' Works.

<sup>2</sup> In Leigh Hunt's *Examiner*. Probably the first lines of Keats ever printed.



### HOW MANY BARDS GILD THE LAPSES OF TIME

How many bards gild the lapses of time!  
A few of them have ever been the food  
Of my delighted fancy,—I could brood  
Over their beauties, earthly, or sublime :  
And often, when I sit me down to rhyme,  
These will in throngs before my mind  
intrude :

But no confusion, no disturbance rude  
Do they occasion : 'tis a pleasing chime.  
So the unnumber'd sounds that evening  
store ;

The songs of birds—the whisp'ring of the  
leaves—

The voice of waters—the great bell that  
heaves

With solemn sound,—and thousand  
others more,

That distance of recognizance bereaves,  
Make pleasing music, and not wild up-  
roar. *?1816. 1817.*

### KEEN, FITFUL GUSTS ARE WHIS- PERING HERE AND THERE

KEEN, fitful gusts are whispering here  
and there

Among the bushes half leafless, and dry ;  
The stars look very cold about the sky,  
And I have many miles on foot to fare.

Yet feel I little of the cool bleak air,  
Or of the dead leaves rustling drearily,  
Or of those silver lamps that burn on  
high,

Or of the distance from home's pleasant  
lair :

For I am brimful of the friendliness  
That in a little cottage I have found ;  
Of fair-hair'd Milton's eloquent distress,  
And all his love for gentle Lycid drown'd ;  
Of lovely Laura in her light green dress,  
And faithful Petrarch gloriously  
crown'd. *?1816. 1817.*

### TO ONE WHO HAS BEEN LONG IN CITY PENT

To one who has been long in city pent  
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair  
And open face of heaven,—to breathe a  
prayer

Full in the smile of the blue firmament.  
Who is more happy, when, with heart's  
content,

Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair  
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair

And gentle tale of love and languishment?  
Returning home at evening, with an ear  
Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye  
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright  
career,

He mourns that day so soon has glided  
by :

E'en like the passage of an angel's tear  
That falls through the clear ethers silently.

*June, 1816. 1817.*

### ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAP- MAN'S HOMER

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of  
gold,

And many goodly states and kingdoms  
seen ;

Round many western islands have I  
been

Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his  
demesne ;

Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud  
and bold :

Then felt I like some watcher of the  
skies

When a new planet swims into his ken ;  
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle  
eyes

He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men  
Look'd at each other with a wild sur-  
mise—

Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

*1816. Dec. 1, 1816.*

### GREAT SPIRITS NOW ON EARTH ARE SOJOURNING

GREAT spirits now on earth are sojourn-  
ing ;

He of the cloud, the cataract, the lake,  
Who on Helvellyn's summit, wide  
awake,

Catches his freshness from Archangel's  
wing ;

He of the rose, the violet, the spring,  
The social smile, the chain for Freedom's  
sake :

And lo !—whose steadfastness would  
never take

A meaner sound than Raphael's whis-  
pering.

And other spirits there are standing  
apart

Upon the forehead of the age to come ;

These, these will give the world another  
heart  
And other pulses. Hear ye not the hum  
Of mighty workings in the human mart?  
Listen awhile ye nations, and be dumb.  
*November, 1816. 1817.*

### ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

THE poetry of earth is never dead :  
When all the birds are faint with the  
hot sun,  
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will  
run  
From hedge to hedge about the new-  
mown mead ;  
That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the  
lead  
In summer luxury,—he has never done  
With his delights; for when tired out  
with fun  
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant  
weed.  
The poetry of earth is ceasing never ;  
On a lone winter evening, when the  
frost  
Has wrought a silence, from the stove  
there shrills  
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing  
ever,  
And seems to one in drowsiness half  
lost,  
The Grasshopper's among some grassy  
hills. *December 30, 1816. 1817.*

### SLEEP AND POETRY

"As I lay in my bed slepe full unmete  
"Was unto me, but why that I ne might  
"Rest I ne wist, for there n'as erthly wight  
"[As I suppose] had more of hertis ese  
"Than I, for I n'ad sicknesse nor disese."  
CHAUCER.

WHAT is more gentle than a wind in  
summer?  
What is more soothing than the pretty  
hummer  
That stays one moment in an open  
flower,  
And buzzes cheerily from bower to  
bower?  
What is more tranquil than a musk-  
rose blowing  
In a green island, far from all men's  
knowing?  
More healthful than the leafiness of  
dales?

More secret than a nest of nightingales?  
More serene than Cordelia's counte-  
nance?  
More full of visions than a high ro-  
mance?  
What, but thee, Sleep? Soft closer of  
our eyes!  
Low murmurer of tender lullabies!  
Light hoverer around our happy pil-  
lows!  
Wreather of poppy buds, and weeping  
willows!  
Silent entangler of a beauty's tresses!  
Most happy listener! when the morning  
blesses  
Thee for enlivening all the cheerful  
eyes  
That glance so brightly at the new sun-  
rise.

But what is higher beyond thought than  
thee?  
Fresher than berries of a mountain tree?  
More strange, more beautiful, more  
smooth, more regal,  
Than wings of swans, than doves, than  
dim-seen eagle?  
What is it? And to what shall I com-  
pare it?  
It has a glory, and nought else can  
share it:  
The thought thereof is awful, sweet, and  
holy,  
Chasing away all worldliness and folly;  
Coming sometimes like fearful claps of  
thunder,  
Or the low rumblings earth's regions  
under;  
And sometimes like a gentle whispering  
Of all the secrets of some wondrous  
thing  
That breathes about us in the vacant  
air:  
So that we look around with prying  
stare,  
Perhaps to see shapes of light, aerial  
limning,  
And catch soft floatings from a faint-  
heard hymning;  
To see the laurel wreath, on high sus-  
pended,  
That is to crown our name when life is  
ended.  
Sometimes it gives a glory to the voice,  
And from the heart up-springs, rejoice!  
rejoice!  
Sounds which will reach the Framer of  
all things,  
And die away in ardent mutterings.



No one who once the glorious sun has  
 seen  
 And all the clouds, and felt his bosom  
 clean  
 For his great Maker's presence, but must  
 know  
 What 'tis I mean, and feel his being  
 glow :  
 Therefore no insult will I give his spirit,  
 By telling what he sees from native  
 merit.

O Poesy ! for thee I hold my pen  
 That am not yet a glorious denizen  
 Of thy wide heaven—Should I rather  
 kneel  
 Upon some mountain-top until I feel  
 A glowing splendor round about me  
 hung,  
 And echo back the voice of thine own  
 tongue ?  
 O Poesy ! for thee I grasp my pen  
 That am not yet a glorious denizen  
 Of thy wide heaven ; yet, to my ardent  
 prayer,  
 Yield from thy sanctuary some clear air,  
 Smoothed for intoxication by the breath  
 Of flowering bays, that I may die a  
 death  
 Of luxury, and my young spirit follow  
 The morning sun-beams to the great  
 Apollo  
 Like a fresh sacrifice ; or if I can bear  
 The o'erwhelming sweets, 'twill bring  
 me to the fair  
 Visions of all places : a bowery nook  
 Will be elysium—an eternal book  
 Whence I may copy many a lovely saying  
 About the leaves, and flowers—about  
 the playing  
 Of nymphs in woods, and fountains ; and  
 the shade  
 Keeping a silence round a sleeping  
 maid  
 And many a verse from so strange in-  
 fluence  
 That we must ever wonder how, and  
 whence  
 It came. Also imaginings will hover  
 Round my fireside, and haply there dis-  
 cover  
 Vistas of solemn beauty, where I'd  
 wander  
 In happy silence, like the clear meander  
 Through its lone vales ; and where I  
 found a spot  
 Of awfuller shade, or an enchanted grot,  
 Or a green hill o'erspread with chequered  
 dress

Of flowers, and fearful from its love-  
 liness,  
 Write on my tablets all that was per-  
 mitted,  
 All that was for our human senses fitted.  
 Then the events of this wide world I'd  
 seize  
 Like a strong giant, and my spirit tease  
 Till at its shoulders it should proudly see  
 Wings to find out an immortality.

Stop and consider ! life is but a day :  
 A fragile dew-drop on its perilous way  
 From a tree's summit ; a poor Indian's  
 sleep  
 While his boat hastens to the monstrous  
 steep  
 Of Montmorenci. Why so sad a moan ?  
 Life is the rose's hope while yet unblown ;  
 The reading of an ever-changing tale ;  
 The light uplifting of a maiden's veil ;  
 A pigeon tumbling in clear summer air ;  
 A laughing school-boy, without grief or  
 care  
 Riding the springy branches of an elm.

O for ten years, that I may overwhelm  
 Myself in poesy ; so I may do the deed  
 That my own soul has to itself decreed.  
 Then I will pass the countries that I see  
 In long perspective, and continually  
 Taste their pure fountains. First the  
 realm I'll pass  
 Of Flora, and old Pan ; sleep in the grass,  
 Feed upon apples red, and strawberries,  
 And choose each pleasure that my fancy  
 sees ;  
 Catch the white-handed nymphs in  
 shady places,  
 To woo sweet kisses from averted  
 faces,—  
 Play with their fingers, touch their  
 shoulders white  
 Into a pretty shrinking with a bite  
 As hard as lips can make it : till agreed,  
 A lovely tale of human life we'll read.  
 And one will teach a tame dove how it  
 best  
 May fan the cool air gently o'er my rest ;  
 Another, bending o'er her nimble tread,  
 Will set a green robe floating round her  
 head,  
 And still will dance with ever varied  
 ease,  
 Smiling upon the flowers and the trees :  
 Another will entice me on, and on  
 Through almond blossoms and rich cin-  
 namon ;  
 Till in the bosom of a leafy world

We rest in silence, like two gems up-  
curl'd  
In the recesses of a pearly shell.

And can I ever bid these joys farewell?  
Yes, I must pass them for a nobler life,  
Where I may find the agonies, the strife  
Of human hearts: for lo! I see afar,  
O'er-sailing the blue cragginess, a car  
And steeds with streamy manes—the  
charioteer

Looks out upon the winds with glorious  
fear:

And now the numerous tramlings  
quiver lightly

Along a huge cloud's ridge; and now  
with sprightly

Wheel downward come they into fresher  
skies,

Tipt round with silver from the sun's  
bright eyes.

Still downward with capacious whirl  
they glide;

And now I see them on a green-hill's  
side

In breezy rest among the nodding stalks.  
The charioteer with wond'rous gesture  
talks

To the trees and mountains; and there  
soon appear

Shapes of delight, of mystery, and fear,  
Passing along before a dusky space

Made, by some mighty oaks: as they  
would chase

Some ever-fleeting music on they sweep.

Lo! how they murmur, laugh, and  
smile, and weep:

Some with upholden hand and mouth  
severe;

Some with their faces muffled to the ear  
Between their arms; some, clear in  
youthful bloom,

Go glad and smilingly athwart the  
gloom;

Some looking back, and some with up-  
ward gaze;

Yes, thousands in a thousand different  
ways

Flit onward—now a lovely wreath of  
girls

Dancing their sleek hair into tangled  
curls;

And now broad wings. Most awfully  
intent

The driver of those steeds is forward  
bent,

And seems to listen: O that I might  
know

All that he writes with such a hurrying

The visions all are fled—the car is fled  
Into the light of heaven, and in their  
stead

A sense of real things comes doubly  
strong,

And, like a muddy stream, would bear  
along

My soul to nothingness: but I will strive  
Against all doubtings, and will keep  
alive

The thought of that same chariot, and  
the strange

Journey it went.

Is there so small a range  
In the present strength of manhood, that  
the high

Imagination cannot freely fly

As she was wont of old? prepare her  
steeds,

Paw up against the light, and do strange  
deeds

Upon the clouds? Has she not shewn us  
all?

From the clear space of ether, to the  
small

Breath of new buds unfolding? From  
the meaning

Of Jove's large eye-brow, to the tender  
greening

Of April meadows? Here her altar  
shone,

E'en in this isle; and who could paragon  
The fervid choir that lifted up a noise

Of harmony, to where it aye will poise  
Its mighty self of convoluting sound,

Huge as a planet, and like that roll  
round,

Eternally around a dizzy void?

Ay, in those days the Muses were nigh  
cloy'd

With honors; nor had any other care  
Than to sing out and soothe their wavy  
hair.

Could all this be forgotten? Yes, a  
schism

Nurtured by foppery and barbarism,  
Made great Apollo blush for this his  
land.

Men were thought wise who could not  
understand

His glories: with a puling infant's force  
They sway'd about upon a rocking horse.

And thought it Pegasus. Ah dismal  
soul'd!

The winds of heaven blew, the ocean  
roll'd

Its gathering waves—ye felt it not. The



Bared its eternal bosom, and the dew  
Of summer nights collected still to make  
The morning precious: beauty was  
awake!

Why were ye not awake? But ye were  
dead

To things ye knew not of,—were closely  
wed

To musty laws lined out with wretched  
rule

And compass vile: so that ye taught a  
school

Of dolts to smooth, inlay, and clip, and  
fit,

Till, like the certain wands of Jacob's  
wit,

Their verses tallied. Easy was the task:  
A thousand handicraftsmen wore the  
mask

Of Poesy. Ill-fated, impious race!  
That blasphemed the bright Lyrist to his  
face,

And did not know it,—no, they went  
about,

Holding a poor, decrepit standard out  
Mark'd with most flimsy mottos, and in  
large

The name of one Boileau!

O ye whose charge  
It is to hover round our pleasant hills!

Whose congregated majesty so fills  
My boundly reverence, that I cannot  
trace

Your hallowed names, in this unholy  
place,

So near those common folk; did not  
their shames

Affright you? Did our old lamenting  
Thames

Delight you? Did ye never cluster  
round

Delicious Avon, with a mournful sound,  
And weep? Or did ye wholly bid adieu  
To regions where no more the laurel  
grew?

Or did ye stay to give a welcoming  
To some lone spirits who could proudly  
sing

Their youth away, and die? 'Twas even  
so:

But let me think away those times of  
woe:

Now 'tis a fairer season; ye have  
breathed

Rich benedictions o'er us; ye have  
wreathed

Fresh garlands: for sweet music has  
been heard

In many places;—some has been up-  
stirr'd

From out its crystal dwelling in a lake,  
By a swan's ebon bill; from a thick  
brake,

Nested and quiet in a valley mild,  
Bubbles a pipe; fine sounds are floating  
wild

About the earth: happy are ye and glad.

These things are doubtless: yet in truth  
we've had

Strange thunders from the potency of  
song;

Mingled indeed with what is sweet and  
strong.

From majesty: but in clear truth the  
themes

Are ugly clubs, the Poets Polyphemes  
Disturbing the grand sea. A drainless  
shower

Of light is poesy; 'tis the supreme of  
power;

'Tis might half slumb'ring on its own  
right arm.

The very archings of her eye-lids charm  
A thousand willing agents to obey,  
And still she governs with the mildest  
sway:

But strength alone though of the Muses  
born

Is like a fallen angel: trees uptorn,  
Darkness, and worms, and shrouds, and  
sepulchres

Delight it; for it feeds upon the burrs  
And thorns of life; forgetting the great  
end

Of poesy, that it should be a friend  
To soothe the cares, and lift the thoughts  
of man.

Yet I rejoice: a myrtle fairer than  
E'er grew in Paphos, from the bitter  
weeds

Lifts its sweet head into the air, and feeds  
A silent space with ever sprouting green.  
All tenderest birds there find a pleasant  
screen,

Creep through the shade with jaunty  
fluttering,

Nibble the little cupped flowers and sing.  
Then let us clear away the choking  
thorns

From round its gentle stem; let the  
young fawns,

Yeaned in after times, when we are  
flown,

Find a fresh sward beneath it, overgrown  
With simple flowers: let there nothing be

More boisterous than a lover's bended knee;  
 Nought more ungentle than the placid look  
 Of one who leans upon a closed book;  
 Nought more untroubled than the grassy slopes  
 Between two hills. All hail delightful hopes!  
 As she was wont, th' imagination  
 Into most lovely labyrinths will be gone,  
 And they shall be accounted poet kings  
 Who simply tell the most heart-easing things.  
 O may these joys be ripe before I die.

Will not some say that I presumptuously  
 Have spoken? that from hastening disgrace  
 'Twere better far to hide my foolish face?  
 That whining boyhood should with reverence bow  
 Ere the dread thunderbolt could reach?  
 How!  
 If I do hide myself, it sure shall be  
 In the very fane, the light of Poesy:  
 If I do fall, at least I will be laid  
 Beneath the silence of a poplar shade;  
 And over me the grass shall be smooth shaven;  
 And there shall be a kind memorial graven.  
 But off Despondence! miserable bane!  
 They should not know thee, who athirst to gain  
 A noble end, are thirsty every hour.  
 What though I am not wealthy in the dower  
 Of spanning wisdom; though I do not know  
 The shiftings of the mighty winds that blow  
 Hither and thither all the changing thoughts  
 Of man: though no great minist'ring reason sorts  
 Out the dark mysteries of human souls  
 To clear conceiving: yet there ever rolls  
 A vast idea before me, and I glean  
 Therefrom my liberty; thence too I've seen  
 The end and aim of Poesy. 'Tis clear  
 As anything most true; as that the year  
 Is made of the four seasons—manifest  
 As a large cross, some old cathedral's crest,  
 Lifted to the white clouds. Therefore  
 should I

Be but the essence of deformity,  
 A coward, did my very eye-lids wink  
 At speaking out what I have dared to think.  
 Ah! rather let me like a madman run  
 Over some precipice; let the hot sun  
 Melt my Dedalian wings, and drive me down  
 Convuls'd and headlong! Stay! an inward frown  
 Of conscience bids me be more calm awhile.  
 An ocean dim, sprinkled with many an isle,  
 Spreads awfully before me. How much toil!  
 How many days! what desperate turmoil!  
 Ere I can have explored its wide spaces.  
 Ah, what a task! upon my bended knees,  
 I could unsay those—no, impossible!  
 Impossible!

For sweet relief I'll dwell  
 On humbler thoughts, and let this strange assay  
 Begun in gentleness die so away.  
 E'en now all tumult from my bosom fades:  
 I turn full hearted to the friendly aids  
 That smooth the path of honor; brotherhood,  
 And friendliness the nurse of mutual good.  
 The hearty grasp that sends a pleasant sonnet  
 Into the brain ere one can think upon it;  
 The silence when some rhymes are coming out;  
 And when they're come, the very pleasant rout:  
 The message certain to be done to-morrow.  
 'Tis perhaps as well that it should be to borrow  
 Some precious book from out its snug retreat,  
 To cluster round it when we next shall meet.  
 Scarce can I scribble on; for lovely airs  
 Are fluttering round the room like doves in pairs;  
 Many delights of that glad day recalling,  
 When first my senses caught their tender falling.  
 And with these airs come forms of elegance  
 Stopping their shoulders o'er a horse's prance,



Careless, and grand—fingers soft and  
round  
Parting luxuriant curls;—and the swift  
bound  
Of Bacchus from his chariot, when his  
eye  
Made Ariadne's cheek look blushing.  
Thus I remember all the pleasant flow  
Of words at opening a portfolio.

Things such as these are ever harbingers  
To trains of peaceful images: the stir  
Of a swan's neck unseen among the  
rushes:

A linnet starting all about the bushes:  
A butterfly, with golden wings broad  
parted

Nestling a rose, convuls'd as though it  
smarted

With over pleasure—many, many more,  
Might I indulge at large in all my store  
Of luxuries: yet I must not forget  
Sleep, quiet, with his poppy coronet:  
For what there may be worthy in these  
rhymes

I partly owe to him: and thus, the  
chimes

Of friendly voices had just given place  
To as sweet a silence, when I 'gan retrace  
The pleasant day, upon a couch at ease.  
It was a poet's house<sup>1</sup> who keeps the keys  
Of pleasure's temple. Round about were  
hung

The glorious features of the bards who  
sung

In other ages—cold and sacred busts  
Smiled at each other. Happy he who  
trusts

To clear Futurity his darling fame!  
Then there were fauns and satyrs taking  
aim

At swelling apples with a frisky leap  
And reaching fingers, 'mid a luscious  
heap

Of vine leaves. Then there rose to view  
a fane

Of liny marble, and thereto a train  
Of nymphs approaching fairly o'er the  
sward:

One, loveliest, holding her white hand  
toward

The dazzling sun-rise: two sisters sweet  
Bending their graceful figures till they  
meet

Over the trippings of a little child:  
And some are hearing, eagerly, the wild

Thrilling liquidity of dewy piping.  
See, in another picture, nymphs are  
wiping

Cherishingly Diana's timorous limbs;—  
A fold of lawny mantle dabbling swims  
At the bath's edge, and keeps a gentle  
motion

With the subsiding crystal: as when  
ocean

Heaves calmly its broad swelling smooth-  
ness o'er

Its rocky marge, and balances once  
more

The patient weeds; that now unshent  
by foam

Feel all about their undulating home.

Sappho's meek head was there half  
smiling down

At nothing; just as though the earnest  
frown

Of over thinking had that moment gone  
From off her brow, and left her all alone.

Great Alfred's too, with anxious, pity-  
ing eyes,

As if he always listened to the sighs  
Of the goaded world; and Kosciusko's  
worn

By horrid suffrance—mightily forlorn.

Petrarch, outstepping from the shady  
green,

Starts at the sight of Laura; nor can  
wean

His eyes from her sweet face. Most  
happy they!

For over them was seen a free display  
Of out-spread wings, and from between  
them shone

The face of Poesy: from off her throne  
She overlook'd things that I scarce could  
tell.

The very sense of where I was might  
well

Keep Sleep aloof: but more than that  
there came

Thought after thought to nourish up  
the flame

Within my breast; so that the morning  
light

Surprised me even from a sleepless night;  
And up I rose refresh'd, and glad, and  
gay,

Resolving to begin that very day  
These lines; and howsoever they be  
done,

I leave them as a father does his son.

2 1816. 1817.

<sup>1</sup> Leigh Hunt's. The following lines are a description of the room in which the poem was written, with its decorations.

### AFTER DARK VAPORS HAVE OPPRESSED OUR PLAINS

AFTER dark vapors have oppressed our  
plains  
For a long dreary season, comes a day  
Born of the gentle South, and clears  
away  
From the sick heavens all unseemly  
stains. [pains,  
The anxious month, relieved from its  
Takes as a long-lost right the feel of  
May.  
The eyelids with the passing coolness  
play,  
Like rose leaves with the drip of sum-  
mer rains.  
And calmest thoughts come round us—  
as, of leaves  
Budding,—fruit ripening in stillness,—  
autumn suns  
Smiling at eve upon the quiet sheaves,—  
Sweet Sappho's cheek,—a sleeping in-  
fant's breath,—  
The gradual sand that through an hour-  
glass runs,—  
A woodland rivulet, a Poet's death.  
*January, 1817. February 23, 1817.*

### TO LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.

[Dedication of the volume of 1817]

GLORY and loveliness have passed away ;  
For if we wander out in early morn,  
No wreathed incense do we see up-  
borne  
Into the east, to meet the smiling day :  
No crowd of nymphs soft voic'd and  
young, and gay,  
In woven baskets bringing ears of  
corn,  
Roses, and pinks, and violets, to adorn  
The shrine of Flora in her early May.  
But there are left delights as high as  
these,  
And I shall ever bless my destiny,  
That in a time, when under pleasant  
trees  
Pan is no longer sought, I feel a free  
A leafy luxury, seeing I could please  
With these poor offerings, a man like  
thee. *1817. 1817.*

### ON SEEING THE ELGIN MARBLES

My spirit is too weak—mortality  
Weighs heavily on me like unwilling  
sleep,

And each imagin'd pinnacle and steep  
Of godlike hardship tells me I must die  
Like a sick Eagle looking at the sky.  
Yet 'tis a gentle luxury to weep  
That I have not the cloudy winds to  
keep,  
Fresh for the opening of the morning's  
eye.  
Such dim-conceiv'd glories of the brain  
Bring round the heart an undescri-  
bable feud ;  
So do these wonders a most dizzy pain,  
That mingles Grecian grandeur with  
the rude  
Wasting of old Time—with a billowy  
main—  
A sun—a shadow of a magnitude.  
*1817. March 9, 1817.*

### ON A PICTURE OF LEANDER

COME hither all sweet maidens soberly,  
Down-looking aye, and with a chastened  
light  
Hid in the fringes of your eyelids white,  
And meekly let your fair hands join'd  
be,  
As if so gentle that ye could not see,  
Untouched, a victim of your beauty  
bright,  
Sinking away to his young spirit's night,  
Sinking bewildered 'mid the dreary sea :  
'Tis young Leander toiling to his death ;  
Nigh swooning, he doth purse his weary  
lips  
For Hero's cheek, and smiles against  
her smile.  
O horrid dream ! see how his body dips  
Dead-heavy ; arms and shoulders gleam  
awhile :  
He's gone ; up bubbles all his amorous  
breath ! *? . . . 1829.*

### ON THE SEA

It keeps eternal whisperings around  
Desolate shores, and with its mighty  
swell  
Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till  
the spell  
Of Hecate leaves them their old shad-  
owy sound.  
Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,  
That scarcely will the very smallest  
shell  
Be moved for days from whence it some-  
time fell,  
When last the winds of heaven were un-  
bound.



Oh ye! who have your eye-balls vexed  
and tired,  
Feast them upon the wideness of the  
Sea;  
Oh ye! whose ears are dinned with  
uproar rude,  
Or fed too much with cloying melody,—  
Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, and  
brood  
Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs  
quiured! *August, 1817. 1848.*

WHEN I HAVE FEARS THAT I  
MAY CEASE TO BE

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to be  
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming  
brain,  
Before high piléd books, in charact'ry,  
Hold like rich garnerers the full-ripen'd  
grain;  
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd  
face,  
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,  
And think that I may never live to trace  
Their shadows, with the magic hand of  
chance;  
And when I feel, fair creature of an  
hour!  
That I shall never look upon thee more,  
Never have relish in the faery power  
Of unreflecting love!—then on the  
shore  
Of the wide world I stand alone, and  
think  
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do  
sink. *1817. 1848.*

FROM ENDYMION

BOOK I

PROEM

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever:  
Its loveliness increases; it will never  
Pass into nothingness; but still will  
keep  
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and  
quiet breathing.  
Therefore, on every morrow, are we  
wreathing  
A flowery band to bind us to the earth.  
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman  
dearth  
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,  
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened  
ways

Made for our searching: yes, in spite of  
all,  
Some shape of beauty moves away the  
pall  
From our dark spirits. Such the sun,  
the moon,  
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady  
boon  
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils  
With the green world they live in; and  
clear rills  
That for themselves a cooling covert  
make  
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest  
brake,  
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose  
blooms:  
And such too is the grandeur of the  
dooms  
We have imagined for the mighty dead;  
All lovely tales that we have heard or  
read:  
An endless fountain of immortal drink,  
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences  
For one short hour; no, even as the trees  
That whisper round a temple become  
soon  
Dear as the temple's self, so does the  
moon,  
The passion poesy, glories infinite,  
Haunt us till they become a cheering  
light  
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,  
That, whether there be shine, or gloom  
o'er-cast,  
They alway must be with us, or we die.

Therefore, 'tis with full happiness  
that I  
Will trace the story of Endymion.  
The very music of the name has gone  
Into my being, and each pleasant scene  
Is growing fresh before me as the green  
Of our own valleys: so I will begin  
Now while I cannot hear the city's din;  
Now while the early budders are just  
new,  
And run in mazes of the youngest hue  
About old forests; while the willow trails  
Its delicate amber; and the dairy pails  
Bring home increase of milk. And, as  
the year  
Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly  
steer  
My little boat, for many quiet hours,  
With streams that deepen freshly into  
bowers.

Many and many a verse I hope to write,  
 Before the daisies, vermeil rimm'd and  
     white,  
 Hide in deep herbage; and ere yet the  
     bees  
 Hum about globes of clover and sweet  
     peas,  
 I must be near the middle of my story.  
 O may no wintry season, bare and hoary,  
 See it half finished: but let Autumn  
     bold,  
 With universal tinge of sober gold,  
 Be all about me when I make an end.  
 And now at once, adventuresome, I send  
 My herald thought into a wilderness:  
 There let its trumpet blow, and quickly  
     dress  
 My uncertain path with green, that I  
     may speed  
 Easily onward, thorough flowers and  
     weed.

## HYMN TO PAN

O THOU, whose mighty palace roof  
     doth hang  
 From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth  
 Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life,  
     death  
 Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness;  
 Who lov'st to see the hamadryads dress  
 Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels  
     darken;  
 And through whole solemn hours dost  
     sit, and hearken  
 The dreary melody of bedded reeds—  
 In desolate places, where dank moisture  
     breeds  
 The pipy hemlock to strange over-  
     growth;  
 Bethinking thee, how melancholy loth  
 Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou  
     now,  
 By thy love's milky brow!  
 By all the trembling mazes that she ran,  
 Hear us, great Pan!

O thou, for whose soul-soothing quiet,  
     turtles  
 Passion their voices cooingly 'mong  
     myrtles,  
 What time thou wanderest at eventide  
 Through sunny meadows, that outskirt  
     the side  
 Of thine unmossed realms: O thou, to  
     whom  
 Broad leaved fig trees even now fore-  
     doom  
 Their ripen'd fruitage; yellow girted  
     bees

Their golden honeycombs; our village  
     leas  
 Their fairest-blossom'd beans and pop-  
     pied corn;  
 The chuckling linnet its five young un-  
     born,  
 To sing for thee; low creeping straw-  
     berries  
 Their summer coolness; pent up butter-  
     flies  
 Their freckled wings; yea, the fresh  
     budding year  
 All its completions—be quickly near,  
 By every wind that nods the mountain  
     pine,  
 O forester divine!

Thou, to whom every fawn and satyr  
     flies  
 For willing service; whether to surprise  
 The squatted hare while in half sleeping  
     fit;  
 Or upward ragged precipices flit  
 To save poor lambkins from the eagle's  
     maw;  
 Or by mysterious enticement draw  
 Bewildered shepherds to their path  
     again;  
 Or to tread breathless round the frothy  
     main,  
 And gather up all fancifullest shells  
 For thee to tumble into Naiads' cells,  
 And, being hidden, laugh at their out-  
     peeping;  
 Or to delight thee with fantastic leap-  
     ing,  
 The while they pelt each other on the  
     crown  
 With silvery oak apples, and fir cones  
     brown—  
 By all the echoes that about thee ring,  
 Hear us, O satyr king!

O Harkener to the loud clapping  
     shears,  
 While ever and anon to his shorn peers  
 A ram goes bleating: Winder of the  
     horn,  
 When snouted wild-boars routing tender  
     corn  
 Anger our huntsman: Breather round  
     our farms.  
 To keep off mildews, and all weather  
     harms:  
 Strange ministrant of undescribed  
     sounds,  
 That come a swooning over hollow  
     grounds,  
 And wither drearily on barren moors:



Dread opener of the mysterious doors  
 Leading to universal knowledge—see,  
 Great son of Dryope,  
 The many that are come to pay their  
     vows  
 With leaves about their brows!

Be still the unimaginable lodge  
 For solitary thinkings; such as dodge  
 Conception to the very bourne of  
     heaven,  
 Then leave the naked brain: be still  
     the leaven,  
 That spreading in this dull and clodded  
     earth  
 Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth:  
 Be still a symbol of immensity;  
 A firmament reflected in a sea;  
 An element filling the space between;  
 An unknown—but no more: we humbly  
     screen  
 With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly  
     bending,  
 And giving out a shout most heaven-  
     rending,  
 Conjure thee to receive our humble  
     Pæan,  
 Upon thy Mount Lycean!

#### THE COMING OF DIAN

[*Endymion speaks, to his Sister Peona.*]

“This river does not see the naked sky,  
 Till it begins to progress silverly  
 Around the western border of the wood,  
 Whence, from a certain spot, its winding  
     flood  
 Seems at the distance like a crescent  
     moon;  
 And in that nook, the very pride of June,  
 Had I been used to pass my weary eves;  
 There rather for the sun unwilling leaves  
 So dear a picture of his sovereign power,  
 And I could witness his most kingly hour,  
 When he doth lighten up the golden  
     reins,  
 And paces leisurely down amber plains  
 His snorting four. Now when his chariot  
     last  
 Its beams against the zodiac-lion cast,  
 There blossom'd suddenly a magic bed  
 Of sacred ditamy, and poppies red:  
 At which I wondered greatly, knowing  
     well  
 That but one night had wrought this  
     flowery spell;  
 And, sitting down close by, began to  
     muse

What it might mean. Perhaps, thought  
     I, Morpheus,  
 In passing here, his owlet pinions shook;  
 Or, it may be, ere matron Night uptook  
 Here bon urn, young Mercury, by stealth,  
 Had dipt his rod in it: such garland  
     wealth  
 Came not by common growth. Thus on  
     I thought,  
 Until my head was dizzy and distraught.  
 Moreover, through the dancing poppies  
     stole  
 A breeze, most softly lulling to my soul;  
 And shaping visions all about my sight  
 Of colors, wings, and bursts of spangly  
     light;  
 The which became more strange, and  
     strange, and dim,  
 And then were gulf'd in a tumultuous  
     swim:  
 And then I fell asleep. Ah, can I tell  
 The enchantment that afterwards befell?  
 Yet it was but a dream: yet such a dream  
 That never tongue, although it overteem  
 With mellow utterance, like a cavern  
     spring,  
 Could figure out and to conception bring  
 All I beheld and felt. Methought I lay  
 Watching the zenith, where the milky  
     way  
 Among the stars in virgin splendor  
     pours;  
 And travelling my eye, until the doors  
 Of heaven appeared to open for my flight,  
 I became loth and fearful to alight  
 From such high soaring by a downward  
     glance:  
 So kept me stedfast in that airy trance,  
 Spreading imaginary pinions wide.  
 When, presently, the stars began to glide,  
 And faint away, before my eager view:  
 At which I sigh'd that I could not pursue,  
 And dropped my vision to the horizon's  
     verge;  
 And lo! from opening clouds, [emerge  
 The loveliest moon, that ever silver'd o'er  
 A shell for Neptune's goblet: she did  
     soar  
 So passionately bright, my dazzled soul  
 Commingling with her argent spheres  
     did roll  
 Through clear and cloudy, even when  
     she went  
 At last into a dark and vapory tent—  
 Whereat, methought, the lidless-eyed  
     train  
 Of planets all were in the blue again.  
 To commune with those orbs, once more  
     I rais'd

My sight right upward : but it was quite  
 dazed  
 By a bright something, sailing down  
 apace,  
 Making me quickly veil my eyes and  
 face :  
 Again I look'd, and, O ye deities,  
 Who from Olympus watch our destinies !  
 Whence that completed form of all com-  
 pleteness ?  
 Whence came that high perfection of all  
 sweetness ?  
 Speak, stubborn earth, and tell me  
 where, O where  
 Hast thou a symbol of her golden hair ?  
 Not oat-sheaves drooping in the western  
 sun ; [shun  
 Not—thy soft hand, fair sister ! let me  
 Such follying before thee—yet she had,  
 Indeed, locks bright enough to make me  
 mad ;  
 And they were simply gordian'd up and  
 braided,  
 Leaving, in naked comeliness, unshaded,  
 Her pearl round ears, white neck, and  
 orb'd brow ;  
 The which were blended in, I know not  
 how,  
 With such a paradise of lips and eyes,  
 Blush-tinted cheeks, half smiles, and  
 faintest sighs,  
 That, when I think thereon, my spirit  
 clings  
 And plays about its fancy, till the stings  
 Of human neighborhood envenom all.  
 Unto what awful power shall I call ?  
 To what high fane ?—Ah ! see her hover-  
 ing feet,  
 More bluely vein'd, more soft, more  
 whitely sweet  
 Than those of sea-born Venus, when she  
 rose  
 From out her cradle shell. The wind  
 out-blows  
 Her scarf into a fluttering pavilion ;  
 'Tis blue, and over-spangled with a mil-  
 lion  
 Of little eyes, as though thou wert to  
 shed,  
 Over the darkest, lushest blue-bell bed,  
 Handfuls of daisies.”—“ Endymion, how  
 strange !  
 Dream within dream ! ”—“ She took an  
 airy range,  
 And then, towards me, like a very maid,  
 Came blushing, waning, willing, and  
 afraid,  
 And press'd me by the hand : Ah ! 'twas  
 too much ;

Methought I fainted at the charmed  
 touch,  
 Yet held my recollection, even as one  
 Who dives three fathoms where the  
 waters run  
 Gurgling in beds of coral : for anon,  
 I felt upmounted in that region  
 Where falling stars dart their artillery  
 forth,  
 And eagles struggle with the buffeting  
 north  
 That balances the heavy meteor-stone ;—  
 Felt too, I was not fearful, nor alone,  
 But lapp'd and lull'd along the danger-  
 ous sky.  
 Soon, as it seem'd, we left our journey-  
 ing high,  
 And straightway into frightful eddies  
 swoop'd ;  
 Such as aye muster where gray time has  
 scoop'd  
 Huge dens and caverns in a mountain's  
 side :  
 Their hollow sounds arous'd me, and I  
 sigh'd  
 To faint once more by looking on my  
 bliss—  
 I was distracted ; madly did I kiss  
 The wooing arms which held me, and  
 did give  
 My eyes at once to death : but 'twas to  
 live,  
 To take in draughts of life from the gold  
 fount  
 Of kind and passionate looks ; to count,  
 and count  
 The moments, by some greedy help that  
 seem'd [deem'd  
 A second self, that each might be re-  
 And plunder'd of its load of blessedness.  
 Ah, desperate mortal ! I ev'n dar'd to  
 press  
 Her very cheek against my crowned lip,  
 And, at that moment, felt my body dip  
 Into a warmer air : a moment more,  
 Our feet were soft in flowers. There  
 was store  
 Of newest joys upon that alp. Some-  
 times  
 A scent of violets, and blossoming limes,  
 Loiter'd around us ; then of honey cells,  
 Made delicate from all white-flower  
 bells ;  
 And once, above the edges of our nest,  
 An arch face peep'd,—an Oread as I  
 guess'd.  
 “ Why did I dream that sleep o'er-  
 power'd me



In midst of all this heaven? Why not  
see.

Far off, the shadows of his pinions dark,  
And stare them from me? But no, like  
a spark

That needs must die, although its little  
beam

Reflects upon a diamond, my sweet dream  
Fell into nothing—into stupid sleep.

And so it was, until a gentle creep,  
A careful moving caught my waking  
ears,

And up I started: Ah! my sighs, my  
tears,

My clenched hands;—for lo! the poppies  
hung [sung

Dew-dabbled on their stalks, the ouzel  
A heavy ditty, and the sullen day

Had chidden herald Hesperus away,  
With leaden looks: the solitary breeze

Bluster'd, and slept, and its wild self did  
tease

With wayward melancholy; and I  
thought,

Mark me, Peona! that sometimes it  
brought,

Faint fare-thee-wells, and sigh-shrilled  
adieu!—

Away I wander'd—all the pleasant hues  
Of heaven and earth had faded: deepest  
shades

Were deepest dungeons; heaths and  
sunny glades

Were full of pestilent light; our taintless  
rills

Seem'd sooty, and o'er-spread with up-  
turn'd gills

Of dying fish; the vermeil rose had blown  
In frightful scarlet, and its thorns out-  
grown

Like spiked aloe. If an innocent bird  
Before my heedless footsteps stirr'd, and  
stirr'd

In little journeys, I beheld in it  
A disguis'd demon, missioned to knit  
My soul with under darkness; to entice  
My stumblings down some monstrous  
precipice:

Therefore I eager followed, and did curse  
The disappointment. Time, that aged  
nurse,

Rock'd me to patience. Now, thank  
gentle heaven!

These things, with all their comfortings,  
are given

To my down-sunken hours, and with  
thee,

Sweet sister, help to stem the ebbing sea  
Of weary life."

## FROM BOOK II

## INVOCATION TO THE POWER OF LOVE

O SOVEREIGN power of love! O grief!  
O balm!

All records, saving thine, come cool, and  
calm,

And shadowy, through the mist of  
passed years:

For others, good or bad, hatred and tears  
Have become indolent; but touching

thine,  
One sigh doth echo, one poor sob doth

pine,  
One kiss brings honey-dew from buried

days.  
The woes of Troy, towers smothering

o'er their blaze,  
Stiff-holden shields, far-piercing spears,

keen blades,  
Struggling, and blood, and shrieks—all

dimly fades  
Into some backward corner of the brain;

Yet, in our very souls, we feel amain  
The close of Troilus and Cressid sweet.

Hence, pageant history! hence, gilded  
cheat!

Swart planet in the universe of deeds!  
Wide sea, that one continuous murmur

breeds  
Along the pebbled shore of memory!

Many old rotten-timber'd boats there be  
Upon thy vaporous bosom, magnified

To goodly vessels; many a sail of pride,  
And golden keel'd, is left unlaunch'd

and dry.  
But wherefore this? What care, though

owl did fly  
About the great Athenian admiral's

mast?  
What care, though striding Alexander

past  
The Indus with his Macedonian numbers?

Though old Ulysses tortured from his  
slumbers

The gluttoned Cyclops, what care?—Juliet  
leaning

Amid her window-flowers,—sighing,—  
weaning

Tenderly her fancy from its maiden  
snow, [flow

Doth more avail than these: the silver  
Of Hero's tears, the swoon of Imogen,

Fair Pastorella in the bandit's den,  
Are things to brood on with more ardency

Than the death-day of empires. Fearfully  
Must such conviction come upon his

head,

Who, thus far, discontent, has dared to tread,  
 Without one muse's smile, or kind behest,  
 The path of love and poesy. But rest,  
 In chafing restlessness, is yet more drear  
 Than to be crush'd, in striving to uprear  
 Love's standard on the battlements of song.  
 So once more days and nights aid me along,  
 Like legion'd soldiers.

## FROM BOOK IV

## ROUNDELAY

"O Sorrow,  
 Why dost borrow  
 The natural hue of health, from vermeil lips?  
 To give maiden blushes  
 To the white rose bushes?  
 Or is it thy dewy hand the daisy tips?

"O Sorrow,  
 Why dost borrow  
 The lustrous passion from a falcon-eye?—  
 To give the glow-worm light?  
 Or, on a moonless night,  
 To tinge, on siren shores, the salt sea-spray?

"O Sorrow,  
 Why dost borrow  
 The mellow ditties from a mourning tongue?—  
 To give at evening pale  
 Unto the nightingale,  
 That thou mayst listen the cold dew among?

"O Sorrow,  
 Why dost borrow  
 Heart's lightness from the merriment of May?—  
 A lover would not tread  
 A cowslip on the head,  
 Though he should dance from eve till peep of day—  
 Nor any drooping flower  
 Held sacred for thy bower,  
 Wherever he may sport himself and play.

"To Sorrow,  
 I bade good-morrow,  
 And thought to leave her far away behind;

But cheerly, cheerly,  
 She loves me dearly;  
 She is so constant to me, and so kind:  
 I would deceive her  
 And so leave her,  
 But ah! she is so constant and so kind.

"Beneath my palm trees, by the river side,  
 I sat a-weeping: in the whole world wide  
 There was no one to ask me why I wept,—  
 And so I kept  
 Brimming the water-lily cups with tears  
 Cold as my fears.

"Beneath my palm trees, by the river side,  
 I sat a-weeping: what enamor'd bride,  
 Cheated by shadowy wooer from the clouds,  
 But hides and shrouds  
 Beneath dark palm trees by a river side?

"And as I sat, over the light blue hills  
 There came a noise of revellers: the rills  
 Into the wide stream came of purple hue—

'Twas Bacchus and his crew!  
 The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills  
 From kissing cymbals made a merry din—

'Twas Bacchus and his kin!  
 Like to a moving vintage down they came,  
 Crown'd with green leaves, and faces all on flame;  
 All madly dancing through the pleasant valley,  
 To scare thee, Melancholy!  
 O then, O then, thou wast a simple name!

And I forgot thee, as the berried holly  
 By shepherds, is forgotten, when, in June,  
 Tall chestnuts keep away the sun and moon:—  
 I rush'd into the folly!

"Within his car, aloft, young Bacchus stood,  
 Trifling his ivy-dart, in dancing mood,  
 With sidelong laughing;  
 And little rills of crimson wine imbrued  
 His plump white arms, and shoulders, enough white  
 For Venus' pearly bite;  
 And near him rode Silenus on his ass,  
 Pelted with flowers as he on did pass  
 Tipsily quaffing.



"Whence came ye, merry Damsels!  
     whence came ye!  
 So many, and so many, and such glee?  
 Why have ye left your bowers desolate,  
     Your lutes, and gentler fate?—  
 'We follow Bacchus! Bacchus on the  
     wing,  
     A conquering!  
 Bacchus, young Bacchus! good or ill be-  
     tide,  
 We dance before him thorough kingdoms  
     wide:—  
 Come hither, lady fair, and joined be  
     To our wild minstrelsy!'

“ Whence came ye, jolly Satyrs ! whence  
came ye !  
So many, and so many, and such glee ?  
Why have ye left your forest haunts,  
why left  
Your nuts in oak-tree cleft ?—  
‘ For wine, for wine we left our kernel  
tree ;  
For wine we left our heath, and yellow  
brooms,  
And cold mushrooms ;  
For wine we follow Bacchus through the  
earth ;  
Great God of breathless cups and chirp-  
ing mirth !—  
Come hither, lady fair, and joined be  
To our mad minstrelsy ! ’

"Over wide streams and mountains great  
we went, [tent,  
And, save when Bacchus kept his ivy  
Onward the tiger and the leopard pants,  
With Asian elephants :  
Onward these myriads—with song and  
dance,  
With zebras striped, and sleek Arabians'  
prance,  
Web-footed alligators, crocodiles,  
Bearing upon their scaly backs, in files,  
Plump infant laughers mimicking the  
coil  
Of seamen, and stout galley-rower's toil :  
With toying oars and silken sails they  
glide,  
Nor care for wind and tide.

" Mounted on panthers' furs and lions'  
manes, [plains ;  
From rear to van they scour about the  
A three days' journey in a moment done :  
And always, at the rising of the sun,  
About the wilds they hunt with spear  
and horn.  
On spleenful unicorn.

" I saw Osirian Egypt kneel adown  
     Before the vine-wreath crown !  
 I saw parch'd Abyssinia rouse and sing  
     To the silver cymbals' ring !  
 I saw the whelming vintage hotly pierce  
     Old Tartary the fierce !  
 The kings of Inde their jewel-sceptres  
     vail,  
 And from their treasures scatter pearled  
     hail ;  
 Great Brahma from his mystic heaven  
     groans,  
     And all his priesthood moans,  
 Before young Bacchus' eye-wink turning  
     pale.—  
 Into these regions came I following  
     him,  
 Sick-hearted, weary—so I took a whim  
 To stray away into these forests drear  
     Alone, without a peer :  
 And I have told thee all thou mayest  
     hear.

" Young stranger !  
 I've been a ranger  
 In search of pleasure throughout every  
 clime :  
 Alas ! 'tis not for me !  
 Bewitch'd I sure must be,  
 To lose in grieving all my maiden prime.

"Come then, Sorrow!  
 Sweetest Sorrow!  
 Like an own babe I nurse thee on my  
     breast:  
 I thought to leave thee  
 And deceive thee,  
 But now of all the world I love thee best.

"There is not one,  
 No, no, not one  
 But thee to comfort a poor lonely maid ;  
 Thou art her mother,  
 And her brother,  
 Her playmate, and her wooer in the  
 shade."

## THE FEAST OF DIAN

WHO, who from Dian's feast would be  
away?  
For all the golden bowers of the day  
Are empty left? Who, who away would  
be  
From Cynthia's wedding and festivity?  
Not Hesperus: lo! upon his silver  
wings  
He leans away for highest heaven and  
sings,

Snapping his lucid fingers merrily!—  
 Ah, Zephyrus! art here, and Flora too!  
 Ye tender bibbers of the rain and dew,  
 Young playmates of the rose and daffo-  
     dil.

Be careful, ere ye enter in, to fill  
     Your baskets high  
 With fennel green, and balm, and gold-  
     en pines,  
 Savory, latter-mint, and columbines,  
 Cool parsley, basil sweet, and sunny  
     thyme;

Yea, every flower and leaf of every  
     clime,

All gather'd in the dewy morning: hie

    Away! fly, fly!—

Crystalline brother of the belt of heaven,  
 Aquarius! to whom king Jove has given  
 Two liquid pulse streams 'stead of  
     feather'd wings,

Two fan-like fountains,—thine illumin-  
     ings

    For Dian play:

Dissolve the frozen purity of air;  
 Let thy white shoulders silvery and  
     bare

Shew cold through watery pinions;  
     make more bright

The Star-Queen's crescent on her mar-  
     riage night:

    Haste, haste away!—

Castor has tamed the planet Lion, see!  
 And of the Bear has Pollux mastery:

A third is in the race! who is the  
     third,

Speeding away swift as the eagle bird?

    The tramping Centaur!

The Lion's mane's on end: the Bear  
     how fierce!

The Centaur's arrow ready seems to  
     pierce

Some enemy: far forth his bow is bent  
 Into the blue of heaven. He'll be shent,

    Pale unrelentor,

When he shall hear the wedding lutes a-  
     playing.—

Andromeda! sweet woman! why delay-  
     ing

Sotimidly among the stars: come hither!  
 Join this bright throng, and nimbly fol-  
     low whither

    They all are going.

Danae's Son, before Jove newly bow'd,  
 Has wept for thee, calling to Jove  
     aloud.

Thee, gentle lady, did he disenthral:  
 Ye shall for ever live and love, for all

    Thy tears are flowing.

1817. 1818.

## ROBIN HOOD

No! those days are gone away,  
 And their hours are old and gray,  
 And their minutes buried all  
 Under the down-trodden pall  
 Of the leaves of many years:  
 Many times have winter's shears,  
 Frozen North, and chilling East,  
 Sounded tempests to the feast  
 Of the forest's whispering fleeces.  
 Since men knew nor rent nor leases.

No, the bugle sounds no more,  
 And the twanging bow no more;  
 Silent is the ivory shrill  
 Past the heath and up the hill;  
 There is no mid-forest laugh,  
 Where lone Echo gives the half  
 To some wight, amaz'd to hear  
 Jestings, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June  
 You may go, with sun or moon,  
 Or the seven stars to light you,  
 Or the polar ray to right you;  
 But you never may behold  
 Little John, or Robin bold;  
 Never one, of all the clan,  
 Thrumming on an empty can  
 Some old hunting ditty, while  
 He doth his green way beguile  
 To fair hostess Merriment,  
 Down beside the pasture Trent;  
 For he left the merry tale  
 Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone, the merry morris din;  
 Gone, the song of Gamelyn;  
 Gone, the tough-belted outlaw  
 Idling in the "grené shawe";  
 All are gone away and past!  
 And if Robin should be cast  
 Sudden from his turfed grave,  
 And if Marian should have  
 Once again her forest days,  
 She would weep, and he would craze:  
 He would swear, for all his oaks,  
 Fall'n beneath the dockyard strokes,  
 Have rotted on the briny seas;  
 She would weep that her wild bees  
 Sang not to her—strange! that honey  
 Can't be got without hard money!

So it is: yet let us sing,  
 Honor to the old bow-string!  
 Honor to the bugle-horn!  
 Honor to the woods unshorn!  
 Honor to the Lincoln green!



Honor to the archer keen!  
 Honor to tight Little John,  
 And the horse he rode upon!  
 Honor to bold Robin Hood,  
 Sleeping in the underwood!  
 Honor to Maid Marian,  
 And to all the Sherwood-clan!  
 Though their days have hurried by,  
 Let us two a burden try.  
*February 3, 1818. 1820.*

## IN A DREAR-NIGHTED DECEMBER

In a drear-nighted December,  
 Too happy, happy tree,  
 Thy branches ne'er remember  
 Their green felicity:  
 The north cannot undo them,  
 With a sleety whistle through them;  
 Nor frozen thawings glue them  
 From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,  
 Too happy, happy brook,  
 Thy bubblings ne'er remember  
 Apollo's summer look;  
 But with a sweet forgetting,  
 They stay their crystal fretting,  
 Never, never petting  
 About the frozen time.

Ah! would 'twere so with many  
 A gentle girl and boy!  
 But were there ever any  
 Writhed not at passéd joy?  
 To know the change and feel it,  
 When there is none to heal it,  
 Nor numbéd sense to steal it,  
 Was never said in rhyme.

*? 1818. 1829.*

## TO AILSA ROCK

HEARKEN, thou craggy ocean pyramid!  
 Give answer from thy voice, the sea-  
 fowls' screams!  
 When were thy shoulders mantled in  
 huge streams?  
 When, from the sun, was thy broad fore-  
 head hid?  
 How long is't since the mighty power bid  
 Thee heave to airy sleep from fathom  
 dreams?  
 Sleep in the lap of thunder or sun-  
 beams,  
 Or when gray clouds are thy cold cover-  
 lid.  
 Thou answer'st not; for thou art dead  
 asleep:

Thy life is but two dead eternities—  
 The last in air, the former in the deep,  
 First with the whales, last with the  
 eagle-skies—  
 Drown'd wast thou till an earthquake  
 made thee steep,  
 Another cannot wake thy giant size.  
*July, 1818. 1819.*

## THE HUMAN SEASONS

FOUR Seasons fill the measure of the  
 year;  
 There are four seasons in the mind of  
 man:  
 He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear  
 Takes in all beauty with an easy span:  
 He has his Summer, when luxuriously  
 Spring's honey'd cud of youthful thought  
 he loves  
 To ruminate, and by such dreaming high  
 Is nearest unto heaven: quiet coves  
 His soul has in its Autumn, when his  
 wings  
 He furlleth close; contented so to look  
 On mists in idleness—to let fair things  
 Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.  
 He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,  
 Or else he would forego his mortal na-  
 ture. *? 1818. 1819.*

## TO HOMER

STANDING aloof in giant ignorance,  
 Of thee I hear and of the Cyclades,  
 As one who sits ashore and longs per-  
 chance  
 To visit Dolphin-coral in deep seas.  
 So thou wast blind;—but then the veil  
 was rent,  
 For Jove uncurtained Heaven to let thee  
 live,  
 And Neptune made for thee a spumy  
 tent,  
 And Pan made sing for thee his forest-  
 hive.  
 Aye, on the shores of darkness there is  
 light,  
 And precipices show untrodden green,  
 There is a budding morrow in mid-  
 night,<sup>1</sup>  
 There is a triple sight in blindness keen;  
 Such seeing hadst thou, as it once  
 befell  
 To Dian, Queen of Earth, and Heaven,  
 and Hell. *1818. 1848.*

<sup>1</sup> Forman records in his notes that Rossetti considered this to be "Keats' finest single line of poetry." (Keats' Works, II., 238.)

LINES  
ON  
THE MERMAID TAVERN

SOULS of Poets dead and gone,  
What Elysium have ye known,  
Happy field or mossy cavern,  
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?  
Have ye tipp'd drink more fine  
Than mine host's Canary wine?  
Or are fruits of Paradise  
Sweeter than those dainty pies  
Of venison? O generous food!  
Drest as though bold Robin Hood  
Would, with his maid Marian,  
Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day  
Mine host's sign-board flew away,  
Nobody knew whither, till  
An astrologer's old quill  
To a sheepskin gave the story,  
Said he saw you in your glory,  
Underneath a new old sign  
Sipping beverage divine,  
And pledging with contented smack  
The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of Poets dead and gone,  
What Elysium have ye known,  
Happy field or mossy cavern,  
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?  
1818. 1820.

FANCY

EVER let the Fancy roam,  
Pleasure never is at home:  
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,  
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;  
Then let winged Fancy wander  
Through the thought still spread beyond  
her:  
Open wide the mind's cage-door,  
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.  
O sweet Fancy! let her loose;  
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,  
And the enjoying of the Spring  
Fades as does its blossoming;  
Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,  
Blushing through the mist and dew,  
Cloy with tasting: What do then?  
Sit thee by the ingle, when  
The sear fagot blazes bright,  
Spirit of a winter's night;  
When the soundless earth is muffled,  
And the caked snow is shuffled  
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;

When the Night doth meet the Noon  
In a dark conspiracy  
To banish Even from her sky.  
Sit thee there, and send abroad,  
With a mind self-overaw'd  
Fancy, high-commission'd:—send her!  
She has vassals to attend her:  
She will bring, in spite of frost,  
Beauties that the earth hath lost;  
She will bring thee, all together,  
All delights of summer weather;  
All the buds and bells of May,  
From dewy sward or thorny spray:  
All the heaped Autumn's wealth,  
With a still, mysterious stealth:  
She will mix these pleasures up  
Like three fit wines in a cup,  
And thou shalt quaff it:—thou shalt  
hear

Distant harvest-carols clear;  
Rustle of the reaped corn;  
Sweet birds antheming the morn:  
And, in the same moment—hark!  
'Tis the early April lark,  
Or the rooks, with busy caw,  
Foraging for sticks and straw.  
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold  
The daisy and the marigold;  
White-plum'd lilies, and the first  
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;  
Shaded hyacinth, alway  
Sapphire queen of the mid-May;  
And every leaf, and every flower  
Pearled with the self-same shower.  
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep  
Meagre from its celled sleep;  
And the snake all winter-thin  
Cast on sunny bank its skin;  
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see  
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,  
When the henbird's wing doth rest  
Quiet on her mossy nest;  
Then the hurry and alarm  
When the bee-hive casts its swarm;  
Acorns ripe down-pattering,  
While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh, sweet Fancy! let her loose;  
Every thing is spoilt by use:  
Where's the cheek that doth not fade,  
Too much gaz'd at? Where's the maid  
Whose lip mature is ever new?  
Where's the eye, however blue,  
Doth not weary? Where's the face  
One would meet in every place?  
Where's the voice, however soft,  
One would hear so very oft?  
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth  
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.



Let, then, winged Fancy find  
Thee a mistress to thy mind :  
Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,  
Ere the God of Torment taught her  
How to frown and how to chide ;  
With a waist and with a side  
White as Hebe's, when her zone  
Slipped its golden clasp, and down  
Fell her kirtle to her feet,  
While she held the goblet sweet,  
And Jove grew languid.—Break the  
mesh  
Of the Fancy's silken leash ;  
Quickly break her prison-string  
And such joys as these she'll bring.—  
Let the winged Fancy roam,  
Pleasure never is at home. 1818. 1820.

## ISABELLA

OR

## THE POT OF BASIL

## A STORY FROM BOCCACCIO

FAIR Isabel, poor simple Isabel !  
Lorenzo, a young palmer in Love's  
eye !  
They could not in the self-same mansion  
dwell  
Without some stir of heart, some  
malady ;  
They could not sit at meals but feel how  
well  
It soothéd each to be the other by ;  
They could not, sure, beneath the same  
roof sleep  
But to each other dream, and nightly  
weep.  
With every morn their love grew ten-  
derer,  
With every eve deeper and tenderer  
still ;  
He might not in house, field, or garden  
stir,  
But her full shape would all his seeing  
fill ;  
And his continual voice was pleasanter  
To her, than noise of trees or hidden  
rill ;  
Her lute-string gave an echo of his name,  
She spoilt her half-done broidery with  
the same.  
He knew whose gentle hand was at the  
latch,  
Before the door had given her to his  
eyes ;

And from her chamber-window he  
would catch  
Her beauty farther than the falcon  
spies ;  
And constant as her vespers would he  
watch,  
Because her face was turn'd to the  
same skies ;  
And with sick longing all the night out-  
wear,  
To hear her morning-step upon the stair.

A whole long month of May in this sad  
plight  
Made their cheeks paler by the break  
of June :

"To-morrow will I bow to my delight,  
To-morrow will I ask my lady's  
boon."—

"O may I never see another night,  
Lorenzo, if thy lips breathe not  
love's tune."—

So spake they to their pillows ; but, alas,  
Honeyless days and days did he let pass ;

Until sweet Isabella's untouch'd cheek  
Fell sick within the rose's just domain,  
Fell thin as a young mother's, who doth  
seek

By every lull to cool her infant's pain :  
"How ill she is," said he, "I may not  
speak,

And yet I will, and tell my love all  
plain :

If looks speak love-laws, I will drink  
her tears,

And at the least 'twill startle off her  
cares."

So said he one fair morning, and all day  
His heart beat awfully against his  
side ;

And to his heart he inwardly did pray  
For power to speak ; but still the ruddy  
tide

Stifled his voice, and puls'd resolve  
away—

Fever'd his high conceit of such a  
bride,

Yet brought him to the meekness of a  
child :

Alas ! when passion is both meek and  
wild !

So once more he had wak'd and an-  
guished

A dreary night of love and misery,  
If Isabel's quick eye had not been wed  
To every symbol on his forehead high ;

She saw it waxing very pale and dead,  
 And straight all flush'd; so, lisped  
 tenderly,  
 "Lorenzo!"—here she ceas'd her timid  
 quest,  
 But in her tone and look he read the rest.

"O Isabella, I can half perceive  
 That I may speak my grief into thine  
 ear;  
 If thou didst ever anything believe,  
 Believe how I love thee, believe how  
 near  
 My soul is to its doom: I would not  
 grieve  
 Thy hand by unwelcome pressing,  
 would not fear  
 Thine eyes by gazing; but I cannot  
 live  
 Another night, and not my passion  
 shrive.

"Love! thou art leading me from wintry  
 cold,  
 Lady! thou leadest me to summer  
 clime,  
 And I must taste the blossoms that  
 unfold  
 In its ripe warmth this gracious  
 morning time."  
 So said, his erewhile timid lips grew  
 bold,  
 And poesied with hers in dewy rhyme:  
 Great bliss was with them, and great  
 happiness  
 Grew, like a lusty flower in June's  
 caress.

Parting they seem'd to tread upon the  
 air,  
 Twin roses by the zephyr blown apart  
 Only to meet again more close, and share  
 The inward fragrance of each other's  
 heart.  
 She, to her chamber gone, a ditty fair  
 Sang, of delicious love and honey'd  
 dart;  
 He with light steps went up a western  
 hill,  
 And bade the sun farewell, and joy'd  
 his fill.

All close they met again, before the dusk  
 Had taken from the stars its pleasant  
 veil,  
 All close they met, all eves, before the  
 dusk  
 Had taken from the stars its pleasant  
 veil,

Close in a bower of hyacinth and musk,  
 Unknown of any, free from whisper-  
 ing tale.

Ah! better had it been for ever so,  
 Than idle ears should pleasure in their  
 woe.

Were they unhappy then?—It cannot  
 be—  
 Too many tears for lovers have been  
 shed,  
 Too many sighs give we to them in fee,  
 Too much of pity after they are dead,  
 Too many doleful stories do we see,  
 Whose matter in bright gold were best  
 be read;  
 Except in such a page where Theseus'  
 spouse  
 Over the pathless waves towards him  
 bows.

But, for the general award of love,  
 The little sweet doth kill much bitter-  
 ness;  
 Though Dido silent is in under-grove,  
 And Isabella's was a great distress,  
 Though young Lorenzo in warm Indian  
 clove  
 Was not embalm'd, this truth is not  
 the less—  
 Even bees, the little almsmen of spring-  
 bowers,  
 Know there is richest juice in poison-  
 flowers.

With her two brothers this fair lady  
 dwelt,  
 Enriched from ancestral merchandise,  
 And for them many a weary hand did  
 swelt  
 In torched mines and noisy factories,  
 And many once proud-quiver'd loins did  
 melt  
 In blood from stinging whip;—with  
 hollow eyes  
 Many all day in dazzling river stood,  
 To take the rich-ored driftings of the  
 flood.

For them the Ceylon diver held his  
 breath,  
 And went all naked to the hungry  
 shark;  
 For them his ears gush'd blood; for  
 them in death  
 The seal on the cold ice with piteous  
 bark  
 Lay full of darts; for them alone did  
 seethe



A thousand men in troubles wide and dark :

Half-ignorant, they turn'd an easy wheel,

That set sharp racks at work, to pinch and peel.

Why were they proud? Because their marble founts

Gush'd with more pride than do a wretch's tears?—

Why were they proud? Because fair orange-mounts

Were of more soft ascent than lazar stairs?—

Why were they proud? Because red-lin'd accounts

Were richer than the songs of Grecian years?—

Why were they proud? again we ask aloud,

Why in the name of Glory were they proud?

Yet were these Florentines as self-retired

In hungry pride and gainful cowardice, As two close Hebrews in that land inspired,

Paled in and vineyarded from beggar-spies;

The hawks of ship-mast forests—the untired

And pannier'd mules for ducats and old lies—

Quick cat's-paws on the generous stray-away,—

Great wits in Spanish, Tuscan, and Malay.

How was it these same ledger-men could spy

Fair Isabella in her downy nest? How could they find out in Lorenzo's eye

A straying from his toil? Hot Egypt's pest

Into their vision covetous and sly!

How could these money-bags see east and west?—

Yet so they did—and every dealer fair Must see behind, as doth the hunted hare.

O eloquent and famed Boccaccio!

Of thee we now should ask forgiving boon,

And of thy spicy myrtles as they blow, And of thy roses amorous of the moon,

And of thy lilies, that do paler grow Now they can no more hear thy glitter's tune,

For venturing syllables that ill beseem The quiet glooms of such a piteous theme.

Grant thou a pardon here, and then the tale

Shall move on soberly, as it is meet; There is no other crime, no mad assail

To make old prose in modern rhyme more sweet:

But it is done—succeed the verse or fail—

To honor thee, and thy gone spirit greet;

To stead thee as a verse in English tongue,

An echo of thee in the north-wind sung.

These brethren having found by many signs

What love Lorenzo for their sister had, And how she lov'd him too, each uncon-fines

His bitter thoughts to other, well-nigh mad

That he, the servant of their trade designs,

Should in their sister's love be blithe and glad

When 'twas their plan to coax her by degrees

To some high noble and his olive-trees.

And many a jealous conference had they,

And many times they bit their lips alone,

Before they fix'd upon a surest way

To make the youngster for his crime atone;

And at the last, these men of cruel clay

Cut Mercy with a sharp knife to the bone;

For they resolv'd in some forest dim

To kill Lorenzo, and there bury him.

So on a pleasant morning, as he leant

Into the sun-rise, o'er the balustrade

Of the garden-terrace, towards him they bent

Their footing through the dews; and to him said,

“You seem there in the quiet of content,

Lorenzo, and we are most loth to invade

Calm speculation; but if you are wise,

Bestride your steed while cold is in the skies.

"To-day we purpose, ay, this hour we  
     mount  
 To spur three leagues towards the  
     Apennine ;  
 Come down, we pray thee, ere the hot  
     sun count  
     His dewy rosary on the eglantine."  
 Lorenzo, courteously as he was wont,  
     Bow'd a fair greeting to these ser-  
         pents' whine ;  
 And went in haste, to get in readiness,  
 With belt, and spur, and bracing hunts-  
     man's dress.

And as he to the court-yard pass'd along,  
     Each third step did he pause, and  
     listen'd oft  
 If he could hear his lady's matin-song,  
     Or the light whisper of her footstep  
     soft ;  
 And as he thus over his passion hung,  
     He heard a laugh full musical aloft ;  
 When, looking up, he saw her features  
     bright  
 Smile through an in-door lattice, all  
     delight.

"Love, Isabel!" said he, "I was in pain  
     Lest I should miss to bid thee a good  
     morrow :  
 Ah! what if I should lose thee, when  
     so fain  
     I am to stifle all the heavy sorrow  
 Of a poor three hours' absence? but  
     we'll gain  
     Out of the amorous dark what day  
     doth borrow.  
 Good bye! I'll soon be back."—"Good  
     bye!" said she :—  
 And as he went she chanted merrily.

So the two brothers and their murder'd  
     man  
     Rode past fair Florence, to where  
     Arno's stream  
 Gurgles through straiten'd banks, and  
     still doth fan  
     Itself with dancing bulrush, and the  
     bream  
 Keeps head against the freshets. Sick  
     and wan  
     The brothers' faces in the ford did  
     seem,  
 Lorenzo's flush with love.—They pass'd  
     the water  
 Into a forest quiet for the slaughter.

There was Lorenzo slain and buried in,  
     There in that forest did his great love  
     cease ;

Ah! when a soul doth thus its freedom  
     win,  
     It aches in loneliness—is ill at peace  
 As the break-covert blood-hounds of  
     such sin :  
     They dipp'd their swords in the water,  
     and did tease  
 Their horses homeward, with convulsed  
     spur,  
 Each richer by his being a murderer.

They told their sister how, with sudden  
     speed,  
     Lorenzo had ta'en ship for foreign  
     lands,  
 Because of some great urgency and need  
     In their affairs, requiring trusty hands.  
 Poor Girl! put on thy stifling widow's  
     weed,  
     And 'scape at once from Hope's ac-  
     cursed bands ;  
 To-day thou wilt not see him, nor to-  
     morrow,  
 And the next day will be a day of sorrow.

She weeps alone for pleasures not to be ;  
     Sorely she wept until the night came  
     on,  
 And then, instead of love, O misery !  
     She brooded o'er the luxury alone :  
 His image in the dusk she seem'd to see,  
     And to the silence made a gentle moan,  
 Spreading her perfect arms upon the air,  
 And on her couch low murmuring,  
     "Where? O where?"

But Selfishness, Love's cousin, held not  
     long  
     Its fiery vigil in her single breast ;  
 She fretted for the golden hour, and hung  
     Upon the time with feverish unrest—  
 Not long—for soon into her heart a  
     throng  
     Of higher occupants, a richer zest,  
 Came tragic ; passion not to be subdued,  
 And sorrow for her love in travels rude.

In the mid days of autumn, on their eves  
     The breath of Winter comes from far  
     away,  
 And the sick west continually bereaves  
     Of some gold tinge, and plays a round-  
     elay  
 Of death among the bushes and the  
     leaves  
     To make all bare before he cares to  
     stray  
 From his north cavern. So sweet Isabel  
 By gradual decay from beauty fell,



Because Lorenzo came not. Oftentimes  
 She ask'd her brothers, with an eye all  
 pale,  
 Striving to be itself, what dungeon  
 climes  
 Could keep him off so long? They  
 spake a tale,  
 Time after time, to quiet her. Their  
 crimes  
 Came on them, like a smoke from  
 Hinnom's vale;  
 And every night in dreams they groan'd  
 aloud,  
 To see their sister in her snowy shroud.

And she had died in drowsy ignorance,  
 But for a thing more deadly dark than  
 all;  
 It came like a fierce potion, drunk by  
 chance,  
 Which saves a sick man from the  
 feather'd pall  
 For some few gasping moments; like a  
 lance,  
 Waking an Indian from his cloudy  
 hall  
 With cruel pierce, and bringing him  
 again  
 Sense of the gnawing fire at heart and  
 brain.

It was a vision.—In the drowsy gloom,  
 The dull of midnight, at her couch's  
 foot  
 Lorenzo stood, and wept: the forest  
 tomb  
 Had marr'd his glossy hair which once  
 could shoot  
 Lustre into the sun, and put cold doom  
 Upon his lips, and taken the soft lute  
 From his lorn voice, and past his loamed  
 ears  
 Had made a miry channel for his tears.  
 Strange sound it was, when the pale  
 shadow spake;  
 For there was striving, in its piteous  
 tongue,  
 To speak as when on earth it was awake,  
 And Isabella on its music hung:  
 Languor there was in it, and tremulous  
 shake,  
 As in a palsied Druid's harp unstrung;  
 And through it moan'd a ghostly under-  
 song,  
 Like hoarse night-gusts sepulchral briars  
 among.  
 Its eyes, though wild, were still all dewy  
 bright

With love, and kept all phantom fear  
 aloof  
 From the poor girl by magic of their  
 light,  
 The while it did unthread the horrid  
 woof  
 Of the late darken'd time,—the murder-  
 ous spite  
 Of pride and avarice, the dark pine  
 roof  
 In the forest,—and the sodden turfed  
 dell,  
 Where, without any word, from stabs  
 he fell.

Saying moreover, "Isabel, my sweet!  
 Red whortle-berries droop above my  
 head,  
 And a large flint-stone weighs upon my  
 feet;  
 Around me beeches and high chest-  
 nuts shed  
 Their leaves and prickly nuts; a sheep-  
 fold bleat  
 Comes from beyond the river to my  
 bed:  
 Go, shed one tear upon my heather-  
 bloom,  
 And it shall comfort me within the  
 tomb.

"I am a shadow now, alas! alas!  
 Upon the skirts of human-nature  
 dwelling  
 Alone: I chant alone the holy mass,  
 While little sounds of life are round  
 me knelling,  
 And glossy bees at noon do fieldward  
 pass,  
 And many a chapel bell the hour is  
 telling,  
 Paining me through: those sounds  
 grow strange to me,  
 And thou art distant in Humanity.

"I know what was, I feel full well what  
 is,  
 And I should rage, if spirits could go  
 mad;  
 Though I forget the taste of earthly  
 bliss,  
 That paleness warms my grave, as  
 though I had  
 A Seraph chosen from the bright abyss  
 To be my spouse: thy paleness makes  
 me glad;  
 Thy beauty grows upon me, and I feel  
 A greater love through all my essence  
 steal."

The Spirit mourn'd "Adieu!"—dissolv'd, and left

The atom darkness in a slow turmoil;  
As when of healthful midnight sleep bereft,

Thinking on rugged hours and fruitless toil,

We put our eyes into a pillowy cleft,  
And see the spangly gloom froth up and boil:

It made sad Isabella's eyelids ache,  
And in the dawn she started up awake;

"Ha! ha!" said she, "I knew not this hard life,

I thought the worst was simple misery;

I thought some Fate with pleasure or with strife

Portion'd us—happy days, or else to die;

But there is crime—a brother's bloody knife!

Sweet Spirit, thou hast school'd my infancy:

I'll visit thee for this, and kiss thine eyes,

And greet thee morn and even in the skies."

When the full morning came, she had devised

How she might secret to the forest hie;  
How she might find the clay, so dearly prized,

And sing to it one latest lullaby;  
How her short absence might be unsurmised,

While she the inmost of the dream would try.

Resolv'd, she took with her an aged nurse,  
And went into that dismal forest-hearse.

See, as they creep along the riverside,  
How she doth whisper to that aged

Dame,  
And, after looking round the champaign wide,

Shows her a knife.—"What feverous hectic flame

Burns in thee, child?—What good can thee betide,

That thou should'st smile again?"—  
The evening came,

And they had found Lorenzo's searthy bed;  
The flint was there, the berries at his head.

Who hath not loiter'd in a green churchyard,

And let his spirit, like a demon-mole,  
Work through the clayey soil and gravel hard,

To see skull, coffin'd bones, and funeral stole;

Pitying each form that hungry Death hath marr'd,

And filling it once more with human soul?

Ah! this is holiday to what was felt  
When Isabella by Lorenzo knelt.

She gaz'd into the fresh-thrown mould,  
as though

One glance did fully all its secrets tell;  
Clearly she saw, as other eyes would know

Pale limbs at bottom of a crystal well;  
Upon the murderous spot she seem'd to grow,

Like to a native lily of the dell:  
Then with her knife, all sudden, she began  
To dig more fervently than misers can.

Soon she turn'd up a soiled glove, whereon  
Hersilk had play'd in purple phantasies,  
She kiss'd it with a lip more chill than stone,

And put it in her bosom, where it dries  
And freezes utterly unto the bone

Those dainties made to still an infant's cries:

Then 'gan she work again; nor stay'd her care,

But to throw back at times her veiling hair.

That old nurse stood beside her wondering  
Until her heart felt pity to the core

At sight of such a dismal laboring,  
And so she kneel'd, with her locks

all hoar,  
And put her lean hands to the horrid thing:

Three hours they labor'd at this travail sore;

At last they felt the kernel of the grave,  
And Isabella did not stamp and rave.

Ah! wherefore all this wormy circumstance?

Why linger at the yawning tomb so long?

O for the gentleness of old Romance,  
The simple plaining of a minstrel's song!

Fair reader, at the old tale take a glance,  
For here, in truth, it doth not well belong

To speak:—O turn thee to the very tale,  
And taste the music of that vision pale.



With duller steel than the Perséan sword  
They cut away no formless monster's  
head,

But one, whose gentleness did well accord  
With death, as life. The ancient  
harps have said,

Love never dies, but lives, immortal  
Lord :

If Love impersonate was ever dead,  
Pale Isabella kiss'd it, and low moan'd  
'Twas love ; cold,—dead indeed, but not  
dethroned.

In anxious secrecy they took it home,  
And then the prize was all for Isabel :  
She calm'd its wild hair with a golden  
comb,

And all around each eye's sepulchral  
cell

Pointed each fringed lash ; the smeared  
loam

With tears, as chilly as a dripping well,  
She drench'd away :—and still she  
comb'd, and kept  
Sighing all day—and still she kiss'd, and  
wept.

Then in a silken scarf, sweet with the  
dews

Of precious flowers pluck'd in Araby,  
And divine liquids come with odorous  
ooze

Through the cold serpent pipe refresh-  
fully,—

She wrapp'd it up ; and for its tomb did  
choose

A garden-pot, wherein she laid it by  
And cover'd it with mould and, o'er it set  
Sweet Basil, which her tears kept ever  
wet.

And she forgot the stars, the moon, and  
sun,

And she forgot the blue above the trees,  
And she forgot the dells where waters  
run,

And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze ;  
She had no knowledge when the day  
was done,

And the new morn she saw not : but  
in peace

Hung over her sweet Basil evermore,  
And moisten'd it with tears unto the core.

And so she ever fed it with thin tears.

Whence thick, and green, and beauti-  
ful it grew,

So that it smelt more balmy than its peers  
Of Basil-tufts in Florence ; for it drew

Nurture besides, and life, from human  
fears,

From the fast mouldering head there  
shut from view :

So that the jewel, safely casketed,  
Came forth, and in perfuméd leafits  
spread.

O Melancholy, linger here awhile !

O Music, Music, breathe despondingly !

O Echo, Echo, from some sombre isle,  
Unknown, Lethean, sigh to us—O sigh !  
Spirits in grief, lift up your heads, and  
smile ;

Lift up your heads, sweet Spirits,  
heavily,

And make a pale light in your cypress  
glooms, [tombs.

Tinting with silver wan your marble

Moan hither, all ye syllables of woe,

From the deep throat of sad Mel-  
pomene !

Through bronzed lyre in tragic order go,  
And touch the strings into a mystery ;  
Sound mournfully upon the winds and  
low ;

For simple Isabel is soon to be  
Among the dead : She withers, like a  
palm

Cut by an Indian for its juicy balm.

O leave the palm to wither by itself ;

Let not quick Winter chill its dying  
hour !—

It may not be—those Baälites of pelf,  
Her brethren, noted the continual  
shower

From her dead eyes ; and many a curious  
elf,

Among her kindred, wonder'd that  
such dower

Of youth and beauty should be thrown  
aside

By one mark'd out to be a Noble's bride.

And, furthermore, her brethren won-  
der'd much

Why she sat drooping by the Basil  
green.

And why it flourish'd, as by magic touch ;  
Greatly they wonder'd what the thing  
might mean

They could not surely give belief, that  
such

A very nothing would have power to  
wean

Her from her own fair youth, and  
pleasures gay, [lay.

And even remembrance of her love's de-

Therefore they watch'd a time when they  
might sift

This hidden whim; and long they  
watch'd in vain;

For seldom did she go to chapel-shrift,  
And seldom felt she any hunger-pain;  
And when she left, she hurried back, as  
swift

As bird on wing to breast its eggs  
again;

And, patient as a hen-bird, sat her there  
Beside her Basil, weeping through her  
hair.

Yet they contriv'd to steal the Basil-pot,  
And to examine it in secret place:

The thing was vile with green and livid  
spot,

And yet they knew it was Lorenzo's face;  
The guerdon of their murder they had  
got,

And so left Florence in a moment's  
space,

Never to turn again.—Away they went,  
With blood upon their heads, to banish-  
ment.

O Melancholy, turn thine eyes away!

O Music, Music, breathe despondingly!

O Echo, Echo, on some other day,  
From isles Lethean, sigh to us—O sigh!  
Spirits of grief, sing not your "Well-a-  
way!"

For Isabel, sweet Isabel, will die:  
Will die a death too lone and incomplete,  
Now they have ta'en away her Basil  
sweet.

Piteous she look'd on dead and senseless  
things,

Asking for her lost Basil amorously:  
And with melodious chuckle in the  
strings

Of her lorn voice, she oftentimes  
would cry

After the Pilgrim in his wanderings,  
To ask him where her Basil was; and  
why

'Twas hid from her: "For cruel 'tis,"  
said she,

"To steal my Basil-pot away from me."

And so she pined, and so she died forlorn,  
Imploring for her Basil to the last.

No heart was there in Florence but did  
mourn

In pity of her love, so overcast.

And a sad ditty of this story born

From mouth to mouth through all the  
country pass'd:

Still is the burthen sung—"O cruelty,  
"To steal my Basil-pot away from  
me!" 1818. 1820.

#### THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

ST. AGNES' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!  
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;  
The hare limp'd trembling through the  
frozen grass,

And silent was the flock in woolly fold:  
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers,  
while he told

His rosary, and while his frosted breath,  
Like pious incense from a censer old,  
Seem'd taking flight for heaven, with-  
out a death,

Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while  
his prayer he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy  
man

Then takes his lamp, and riseth from  
his knees,

And back returneth, meagre, barefoot,  
wan,

Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:  
The sculptur'd dead, on each side, seem  
to freeze,

Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails:  
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb ora-  
t'ries,

He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails  
To think how they may ache in icy  
hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little  
door,

And scarce three steps, ere Music's  
golden tongue

Flatter'd to tears this aged man and  
poor;

But no—already had his deathbell rung;  
The joys of all his life were said and  
sung:

His was harsh penance 'on St. Agnes'  
Eve:

Another way he went, and soon among  
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,  
And all night kept awake, for sinners'  
sake to grieve.

That ancient Beadsman heard the pre-  
lude soft;

And so it chanc'd, for many a door was  
wide,

From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,  
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to  
chide: [pride,

The level chambers, ready with their



Were glowing to receive a thousand  
guests :

The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,  
Star'd where upon their heads the cor-  
nice rests,

With hair blown back, and wings put  
cross-wise on their breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,  
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,  
Numerous as shadows haunting fairily  
The brain, new stuff'd, in youth, with  
triumphs gay

Of old romance. These let us wish  
away,

And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady  
there,

Whose heart had brooded, all that win-  
try day,

On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly  
care,

As she had heard old dames full many  
times declare.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,  
Young virgins might have visions of  
delight,

And soft adorings from their loves re-  
ceive

Upon the honey'd middle of the night  
If ceremonies due they did aright ;

As, supperless to bed they must retire,  
And couch supine their beauties, lily  
white ;

Nor look behind, nor sideways, but re-  
quire

Of Heaven with upward eyes for all  
that they desire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful  
Madeline ;

The music, yearning like a God in pain,  
She scarcely heard : her maiden eyes  
divine.

Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping  
train

Pass by—she heeded not at all : in vain  
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,  
And back retir'd ; not cool'd by high  
disdain,

But she saw not : her heart was other-  
where :

She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweet-  
est of the year.

She danc'd along with vague, regardless  
eyes,

Anxious her lips, her breathing quick  
and short :

The hallow'd hour was near at hand :  
she sighs

Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd  
resort

Of whisperers in anger, or in sport ;

'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and  
scorn,

Hoodwink'd with faery fancy ; all amorn,  
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs un-  
shorn,

And all the bliss to be before to-morrow  
morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire,  
She linger'd still. Meantime, across the  
moors,

Had come young Porphyro, with heart  
on fire

For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,  
Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he,  
and implores

All saints to give him sight of Madeline,  
But for one moment in the tedious hours,  
That he might gaze and worship all  
unseen ;

Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in  
sooth such things have been.

He ventures in : let no buzz'd whisper  
tell :

All eyes be muffled, or a hundred  
swords

Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous  
citadel :

For him, those chambers held barbarian  
hordes,

Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,  
Whose very dogs would execrations howl  
Against his lineage : not one breast  
affords

Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,  
Save one old beldame, weak in body  
and in soul.

Ah, happy chance ! the aged creature  
came,

Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,  
To where he stood, hid from the torch's  
flame,

Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond  
The sound of merriment and chorus  
bland :

He startled her ; but soon she knew his  
face,

And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied  
hand,

Saying, " Mercy, Porphyro ! hie thee  
from this place ;

They are all here to-night, the whole  
blood-thirsty race !

Get hence ! get hence ! there's dwarfish  
Hildebrand ;  
He had a fever late, and in the fit  
He cursed thee and thine, both house  
and land :  
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not  
a whit  
More tame for his gray hairs—Alas me !  
flit !  
Flit like a ghost away.”—“ Ah, Gossip  
dear,  
We're safe enough ; here in this arm-  
chair sit,  
And tell me how ”—“ Good Saints ! not  
here, not here ;  
“ Follow me, child, or else these stones  
will be thy bier.”

He follow'd through a lowly arched way,  
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty  
plume ;  
And as she mutter'd “ Well-a—well-a-  
day ! ”  
He found him in a little moonlight  
room,  
Pale, lattic'd, chill, and silent as a tomb.  
“ Now tell me where is Madeline,”  
said he,  
“ O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom  
Which none but secret sisterhood may  
see,  
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving  
piously.”

“ St. Agnes ! Ah ! it is St. Agnes' Eve—  
Yet men will murder upon holy days :  
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,  
And be liege-lord of all the Elves and  
Fays,  
To venture so : it fills me with amaze  
To see thee, Porphyro !—St. Agnes' Eve !  
God's help ! my lady fair the conjurer  
plays  
This very night ; good angels her de-  
ceive !  
But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle  
time to grieve.”

Feebly she laugheth in the languid  
moon,  
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,  
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone  
Who keepeth clos'd a wond'rous riddle-  
book,  
As spectacl'd she sits in chimney nook.  
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when  
she told  
His lady's purpose ; and he scarce could  
brook

Tears, at the thought of those enchant-  
ments cold,  
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends  
old.

Sudden a thought came like a full-  
blown rose,  
Flushing his brow, and in his pained  
heart  
Made purple riot : then doth he propose  
A stratagem, that makes the beldame  
start :  
“ A cruel man and impious thou art :  
Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and  
dream  
Alone with her good angels, far apart  
From wicked men like thee. Go, go !—  
I deem  
Thou canst not surely be the same that  
thou didst seem.

“ I will not harm her, by all saints I  
swear,”  
Quoth Porphyro : “ O may I ne'er find  
grace  
When my weak voice shall whisper its  
last prayer,  
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,  
Or look with ruffian passion in her face :  
Good Angela, believe me by these tears ;  
Or I will, even in a moment's space,  
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's  
ears,  
And beard them, though they be more  
fang'd than wolves and bears.”

“ Ah ! why wilt thou affright a feeble  
soul ?  
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken church-  
yard thing,  
Whose passing-bell may ere the mid-  
night toll ;  
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and  
evening,  
Were never miss'd.” Thus plaining,  
doth she bring  
A gentler speech from burning Por-  
phyro ;  
So woful, and of such deep sorrowing,  
That Angela gives promise she will do  
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal  
or woe.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,  
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there  
hide  
Him in a closet, of such privacy  
That he might see her beauty unespied,  
And win perhaps that night a peerless  
bride,



While legion'd fairies pac'd the coverlet,  
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-  
eyed.

Never on such a night have lovers met,  
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the  
monstrous debt.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the  
Dame:

"All cates and dainties shall be stored  
there

Quickly on this feast-night: by the  
tambour frame

Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to  
spare.

For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare  
On such a catering trust my dizzy head.  
Wait here, my child, with patience;  
kneel in prayer

The while: Ah! thou must needs the  
lady wed,

Or may I never leave my grave among  
the dead."

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.  
The lover's endless minutes slowly  
pass'd;

The dame return'd, and whisper'd in his  
ear

To follow her; with aged eyes aghast  
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,  
Through many a dusky gallery, they  
gain

The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd,  
and chaste;

Where Porphyro took covert, pleas'd  
amain.

His poor guide hurried back with agues  
in her brain.

Her falt'ring hand upon the balustrade  
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,  
When Madeline, St Agnes' charmed  
maid,

Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware:  
With silver taper's light, and pious care,  
She turn'd, and down the aged gossip led  
To a safe level matting. Now prepare,  
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;  
She comes, she comes again, like ring-  
dove fray'd and fled.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;  
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine,  
died:

She clos'd the door, she panted, all akin  
To spirits of the air, and visions wide:  
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!  
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,

Paining with eloquence her balmy side;  
As though a tongueless nightingale  
should swell

Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled,  
in her dell.

A casement high and triple arch'd there  
was,

All garlanded with carven imag'ries  
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of  
knot-grass.

And diamonded with panes of quaint  
device,

Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes.  
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd  
wings;

And in the midst, 'mong thousand  
heraldries,

And twilight saints, and dim emblazon-  
ings,

A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood  
of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry  
moon,

And threw warm gules on Madeline's  
fair breast,

As down she knelt for heaven's grace  
and boon;

Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together  
prest,

And on her silver cross soft amethyst,  
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:

She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,  
Save wings, for heaven: Porphyro grew  
faint:

She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from  
mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,  
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she  
frees;

Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one  
Loosens her fragrant boddice; by de-  
grees

Her rich attire creeps rustling to her  
knees;

Half-hidden, like a mermaid in seaweed,  
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and  
sees,

In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,  
But dares not look behind, or all the  
charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly  
nest,

In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she  
lay.

Until the poppi'd warmth of sleep op-  
press'd

Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued  
away;  
Flown, like a thought, until the mor-  
row-day;  
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and  
pain;  
Clasp'd like a missal where swart  
Paynims pray;  
Blinded alike from sunshine and from  
rain,  
As though a rose should shut, and be a  
bud again.

Stol'n to this paradise, and so en-  
tranced,  
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,  
And listen'd to her breathing, if it  
chanced  
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;  
Which when he heard, that minute did  
he bless,  
And breath'd himself: then from the  
closet crept,  
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,  
And over the hush'd carpet, silent,  
stepped,  
And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where,  
lo!—how fast she slept.

Then by the bed-side, where the faded  
moon  
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set  
A table, and, half-anguish'd, threw  
thereon  
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and  
jet:—  
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!  
The boisterous, midnight, festive cla-  
rion,  
The kettle-drum, and far-heard cla-  
rionet,  
Affray his ears, though but in dying  
tone:—  
The hall door shuts again, and all the  
noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,  
In blanched linen, smooth, and laven-  
der'd,  
While he from forth the closet brought  
a heap  
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and  
gourd;  
With jellies soother than the creamy  
curd, [mon;  
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinna-  
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd  
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every  
one, [banon.  
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Le-

These delicacies he heap'd with glowing  
hand  
On golden dishes and in baskets bright  
Of wreathed silver: sumptuous they  
stand  
In the retired quiet of the night,  
Filling the chilly room with perfume  
light.—  
“And now, my love, my seraph fair,  
awake!  
Thou art my heaven, and I thine  
hermit:  
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes'  
sake,  
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my  
soul doth ache.”

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved  
arm  
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her  
dream  
By the dusk curtains:—'twas a mid-  
night charm  
Impossible to melt as iced stream:  
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight  
gleam:  
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:  
It seem'd he never, never could redeem  
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;  
So mus'd awhile, entoil'd in woofed  
phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—  
Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tend-  
erest be,  
He play'd an ancient ditty, long since  
mute,  
In Provence call'd, “La belle dame sans  
mercy:”  
Close to her ear touching the melody;—  
Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft  
moan:  
He ceased—she panted quick—and sud-  
denly  
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone:  
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-  
sculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,  
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:  
There was a painful change, that night  
expell'd  
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep  
At which fair Madeline began to weep,  
And moan forth witless words with  
many a sigh; [keep;  
While still her gaze on Porphyro would  
Who knelt, with joined hands and  
piteous eye, [dreamingly.  
Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so



"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now  
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,  
Made tuneable with every sweetest vow;  
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:  
How chang'd thou art! how pallid, chill,  
and drear!  
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,  
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!  
Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,  
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go."

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far  
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,  
Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star  
Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;  
Into her dream he melted, as the rose  
Blendeth its odor with the violet,—  
Solution sweet: meantime the frost wind blows  
Like Love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet  
Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

'Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet:  
"This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"  
'Tis dark: the iced gusts still rave and beat:  
"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!  
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.—  
Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?  
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,  
Though thou forsakest a deceived thing;—  
A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned wing."

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!  
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?  
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shap'd and vermeil dyed?  
Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest  
After so many hours of toil and quest,  
A famish'd pilgrim,—saved by miracle.  
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest

Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well  
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

"Hark! 'tis an elfin-storm from faery land,  
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:  
Arise—arise! the morning is at hand;—  
The bloated wassaillers will never heed:—  
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;  
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—  
Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead:  
Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,  
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,  
For there were sleeping dragons all around,  
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears—  
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found.—  
In all the house was heard no human sound.  
A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by each door;  
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,  
Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar;  
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;  
Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they glide;  
Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,  
With a huge empty flagon by his side:  
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,  
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:  
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide:—  
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;—  
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago  
These lovers fled away into the storm.  
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,  
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form

Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm.  
 Were long be-nightmar'd. Angela the old  
 Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform;  
 The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,  
 For aye unsought for slept among his ashes cold.

*January, 1819. 1820.*

### THE EVE OF SAINT MARK

#### A FRAGMENT

UPON a Sabbath-day it fell;  
 Twice holy was the Sabbath-bell,  
 That call'd the folks to evening prayer;  
 The city streets were clean and fair  
 From wholesome drench of April rains;  
 And, on the western window panes,  
 The chilly sunset faintly told  
 Of unmatur'd green valleys cold,  
 Of the green thorny bloomless hedge,  
 Of rivers new with spring-tide sedge,  
 Of primroses by shelter'd rills,  
 And daisies on the aguish hills.  
 Twice holy was the Sabbath-bell:  
 The silent streets were crowded well  
 With staid and pious companies,  
 Warm from their fire-side oratories;  
 And moving, with demurest air,  
 To even-song, and vesper prayer.  
 Each arched porch, and entry low,  
 Was fill'd with patient folk and slow,  
 With whispers hush, and shuffling feet,  
 While play'd the organ loud and sweet.

The bells had ceas'd, the prayers begun,  
 And Bertha had not yet half done  
 A curious volume, patch'd and torn,  
 That all day long, from earliest morn,  
 Had taken captive her two eyes,  
 Among its golden broideries;  
 Perplex'd her with a thousand things,—  
 The stars of Heaven, and angels' wings,  
 Martyrs in a fiery blaze,  
 Azure saints and silver rays,  
 Moses' breastplate, and the seven  
 Candlesticks John saw in Heaven,  
 The winged Lion of St. Mark,  
 And the Covenantal Ark,  
 With its many mysteries,  
 Cherubim and golden mice.

Bertha was a maiden fair,  
 Dwelling in th' old Minster-square;  
 From her fire-side she could see,  
 Sidelong, its rich antiquity,

Far as the Bishop's garden-wall;  
 Where sycamores and elm-trees tall,  
 Full-leav'd, the forest had outstript,  
 By no sharp north-wind ever nipt,  
 So shelter'd by the mighty pile.  
 Bertha arose, and read awhile,  
 With forehead 'gainst the window-pane  
 Again she try'd, and then again,  
 Until the dusk eve left her dark  
 Upon the legend of St. Mark.  
 From plated lawn-frill, fine and thin,  
 She lifted up her soft warm chin.  
 With aching neck and swimming eyes,  
 And daz'd with saintly imageries.

All was gloom, and silent all,  
 Save now and then the still foot-fall  
 Of one returning homewards late,  
 Past the echoing minster-gate.  
 The clamorous daws, that all the day  
 Above tree-tops and towers play,  
 Pair by pair had gone to rest,  
 Each in its ancient belfry nest,  
 Where asleep they fall betimes,  
 To music and the drowsy chimes.

All was silent, all was gloom,  
 Abroad and in the homely room:  
 Down she sat, poor cheated soul;  
 And struck a lamp from the dismal coal;  
 Lean'd forward, with bright drooping  
 hair

And slant look, full against the glare.  
 Her shadow, in uneasy guise,  
 Hover'd about, a giant size,  
 On ceiling-beam and old oak chair,  
 The parrot's cage, and panelsquare;  
 And the warm angled winter-screen,  
 On which were many monsters seen,  
 Call'd doves of Siam, Lima mice,  
 And legless birds of Paradise,  
 Macaw, and tender Avadavat,  
 And silken-furr'd Angora cat.  
 Untir'd she read, her shadow still  
 Glower'd about, as it would fill  
 The room with wildest forms and shades,  
 As though some ghostly queen of spades  
 Had come to mock behind her back,  
 And dance, and ruffle her garments  
 black.

Untir'd she read the legend page,  
 Of holy Mark, from youth to age,  
 On land, on sea, in pagan chains,  
 Rejoicing for his many pains.  
 Sometimes the learned eremite,  
 With golden star, or dagger bright,  
 Referr'd to pious poesies  
 Written in smallest crow-quill size  
 Beneath the text: and thus the rhyme



Was parcel'd out from time to time :  
 —“ Als writeth he of swevens,  
 Men han before they wake in bliss,  
 Whanne that hir friendes thinke him  
 bound

In crimped shroude farre under grounde :  
 And how a litling childe mote be  
 A s<sup>an</sup>t er its nativitie,  
 Gif that the modre (God her blesse !)  
 Kepen in solitarinesse,  
 And kissen devout the holy croce.  
 Of Goddes love, and Sathan's force,—  
 He writith ; and thinges many mo  
 Of swiche thinges I may not show.  
 Bot I must tellen verilie  
 Somdel of Saintè Cicilie,  
 And chiefly what he auctorethe  
 Of Saintè Markis life and dethe : ”

At length her constant eyelids come  
 Upon the fervent martyrdom ;  
 Then lastly to his holy shrine,  
 Exalt amid the tapers' shine  
 At Venice,—

*January and September, 1819. 1848.*

#### ODE ON INDOLENCE

“ They toil not, neither do they spin.”

ONE morn before me were three figures  
 seen,  
 With bowéd necks, and joinéd hands,  
 side-faced ;  
 And one behind the other stepp'd serene,  
 In placid sandals, and in white robes  
 graced ;  
 They pass'd, like figures on a marble urn,  
 When shifted round to see the other  
 side ;  
 They came again ; as when the urn  
 once more  
 Is shifted round, the first seen shades  
 return ;  
 And they were strange to me, as may  
 betide  
 With vases, to one deep in Phidian  
 lore.

How is it. Shadows ! that I knew ye not ?  
 How came ye muffled in so hush a  
 mask ?  
 Was it a silent deep-disguised plot  
 To steal away, and leave without a  
 task  
 My idle days ? Ripe was the drowsy  
 hour ;  
 The blissful cloud of summer-indo-  
 lence

Benumbed my eyes ; my pulse grew  
 less and less ;  
 Pain had no sting, and pleasure's wreath  
 no flower :  
 O why did ye not melt, and leave my  
 sense  
 Unhaunted quite of all but—noth-  
 ingness ?

A third time passed they by, and, pass-  
 ing, turn'd  
 Each one the face a moment whiles to  
 me ;  
 Then faded, and to follow them I burn'd  
 And ach'd for wings, because I knew  
 the three ;  
 The first was a fair Maid, and Love her  
 name ;  
 The second was Ambition, pale of  
 cheek,  
 And ever watchful with fatigued  
 eye ;  
 The last, whom I love more, the more of  
 blame  
 Is heap'd upon her, maiden most un-  
 meek,—  
 I knew to be my demon Poesy.

They faded, and forsooth ! I wanted  
 wings :  
 O folly ! What is Love ? and where is  
 it ?  
 And for that poor Ambition ! it springs  
 From a man's little heart's short fever-  
 fit ;  
 For Poesy !—no,—she has not a joy,—  
 At least for me,—so sweet as drowsy  
 noons,  
 And evenings steep'd in honied in-  
 dolence ;  
 O, for an age so sheltered from annoy,  
 That I may never know how change  
 the moons,  
 Or hear the voice of busy common-  
 sense !

And once more came they by ;—alas !  
 wherefore ?  
 My sleep had been embroider'd with  
 dim dreams ;  
 My soul had been a lawn besprinkled  
 o'er  
 With flowers, and stirring shades, and  
 baffled beams : [fell,  
 The morn was clouded, but no shower  
 Tho' in her lids hung the sweet tears  
 of May ;  
 The open casement press'd a new-  
 leav'd vine,

Let in the budding warmth and thros-  
tle's lay ;  
O Shadows! 'twas a time to bid fare-  
well !  
Upon your skirts had fallen no tears  
of mine.

So, ye three Ghosts, adieu! Ye cannot  
raise  
My head cool-bedded in the flowery  
grass ;  
For I would not be dieted with praise,  
A pet-lamb in a sentimental farce !  
Fade softly from my eyes, and be once  
more  
In masque-like Figures on the dreamy  
urn ;  
Farewell! I yet have visions for the  
night,  
And for the day faint visions there is  
store ;  
Vanish, ye Phantoms! from my  
idle spright.  
Into the clouds, and never more re-  
turn ! *March, 1819. 1848.*

## ODE

BARDS of Passion and of Mirth,  
Ye have left your souls on earth !  
Have ye souls in heaven too,  
Double-lived in regions new ?  
Yes, and those of heaven commune  
With the spheres of sun and moon ;  
With the noise of fountains wond'rous,  
And the parle of voices thund'rous ;  
With the whisper of heaven's trees  
And one another, in soft ease  
Seated on Elysian lawns  
Brows'd by none but Dian's fawns ;  
Underneath large blue-bells tented,  
Where the daisies are rose-scented,  
And the rose herself has got  
Perfume which on earth is not ;  
Where the nightingale doth sing  
Not a senseless, tranced thing,  
But divine melodious truth ;  
Philosophic numbers smooth ;  
Tales and golden histories  
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then  
On the earth ye live again ;  
And the souls ye left behind you  
Teach us, here, the way to find you,  
Where your other souls are joying,  
Never slumber'd, never cloying.  
Here, your earth-born souls still speak  
To mortals, of their little week ;

Of their sorrows and delights ;  
Of their passions and their spites ;  
Of their glory and their shame ;  
What doth strengthen and what maim.  
Thus ye teach us, every day,  
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,  
Ye have left your souls on earth !  
Ye have souls in heaven too,  
Double-lived in regions new !  
*1819. 1820.*

## ODE TO PSYCHE

O GODDESS! hear these tuneless num-  
bers, wrung  
By sweet enforcement and remem-  
brance dear.  
And pardon that thy secrets should be  
sung  
Even into thine own soft-conched ear ;  
Surely I dreamt to-day, or did I see  
The winged Psyche with awaken'd  
eyes?  
I wander'd in a forest thoughtlessly,  
And, on the sudden, fainting with  
surprise, [side  
Saw two fair creatures, couched side by  
In deepest grass, beneath the whis-  
p'ring roof  
Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where  
there ran  
A brooklet, scarce espied :  
'Mid hush'd, cool-rooted flowers, fra-  
grant-eyed,  
Blue, silver-white, and budded Tyrian,  
They lay calm-breathing on the bedded  
grass ;  
Their arms embracéd, and their pin-  
ions too ;  
Their lips touch'd not, but had not  
bade adieu,  
As if disjoined by soft-handed slumber,  
And ready still past kisses to outnumber  
At tender eye-dawn of aureorean love :  
The winged boy I knew ;  
But who wast thou, O happy, happy  
dove?  
His Psyche true !

O latest born and loveliest vision far  
Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy !  
Fairer than Phoebe's sapphire-region'd  
star, [sky ;  
Or Vesper, amorous glow-worm of the  
Fairer than these, though temple thou  
hast none,  
Nor altar heap'd with flowers ;



Nor virgin-choir to make delicious moan  
 Upon the midnight hours ;  
 No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense  
 sweet

From chain-swung censer teeming ;  
 No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat  
 Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.

O brightest ! though too late for antique  
 vows,

Too, too late for the fond believing  
 lyre,

When holy were the haunted forest  
 boughs,

Holy the air, the water, and the fire ;  
 Yet even in these days so far retir'd

From happy pieties, thy lucent fans,  
 Fluttering among the faint Olymp-  
 ians,

I see, and sing, by my own eyes inspired.  
 So let me be thy choir, and make a moan

Upon the midnight hours ;  
 Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy in-  
 cense sweet

From swung censer teeming ;  
 Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy  
 heat

Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.

Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane  
 In some untrodden region of my mind,  
 Where branched thoughts, new grown  
 with pleasant pain,

Instead of pines shall murmur in the  
 wind :

Far, far around shall those dark-cluster'd  
 trees

Fledge the wild-ridged mountains  
 steep by steep ;

And there by zephyrs, streams, and  
 birds, and bees,

The moss-lain Dryads shall be lull'd to  
 sleep ;

And in the midst of this wide quietness  
 A rosy sanctuary will I dress

With the wreath'd trellis of a working  
 brain,

With buds, and bells, and stars with-  
 out a name,

With all the gardener Fancy e'er could  
 feign,

Who breeding flowers, will never breed  
 the same : [light

And there shall be for thee all soft de-  
 That shadowy thought can win,

A bright torch, and a casement ope at  
 night,

To let the warm Love in !

*April, 1819. 1820.*

### ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

THOU still unravish'd bride of quietness,  
 Thou foster-child of silence and slow  
 time,

Sylvan historian, who canst thus ex-  
 press

A flowery tale more sweetly than our  
 rhyme :

What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about  
 thy shape

Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady ?

What men or gods are these ? What  
 maidens loth ?

What mad pursuit ? What struggle to  
 escape ?

What pipes and timbrels ? What  
 wild ecstasy ?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those un-  
 heard

Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes,  
 play on ;

Not to the sensual ear, but, more en-  
 dear'd,

Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone :  
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou  
 canst not leave

Thy song, nor ever can those trees be  
 bare ;

Bold Lover, never, never canst thou  
 kiss

Though winning near the goal—yet, do  
 not grieve ;

She cannot fade, though thou hast not  
 thy bliss,

For ever wilt thou love, and she be  
 fair !

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot  
 shed

Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring  
 adieu ;

And, happy melodist, unwearied,  
 For ever piping songs for ever new ;

More happy love ! more happy, happy  
 love !

For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,  
 For ever panting, and for ever  
 young ;

All breathing human passion far above,  
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and  
 cloy'd,

A burning forehead, and a parching  
 tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice ?  
 To what green altar, O mysterious

priest,

Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the  
 skies,  
 And all her silken flanks with garlands  
 dressed?  
 What little town by river or sea shore,  
 Or mountain-built with peaceful cit-  
 adel,  
 Is emptied of this folk, this pious  
 morn?  
 And, little town, thy streets for ever-  
 more  
 Will silent be; and not a soul to tell  
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er re-  
 turn.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with  
 brede  
 Of marble men and maidens over  
 wrought,  
 With forest branches and the trodden  
 weed;  
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of  
 thought  
 As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!  
 When old age shall this generation  
 waste,  
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other  
 woe  
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom  
 thou say'st,  
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," —  
 that is all  
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need  
 to know.

1819. January, 1820.

#### ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

My heart aches, and a drowsy numb-  
 ness pains  
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had  
 drunk,  
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards  
 had sunk:  
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
 But being too happy in thine happi-  
 ness.—  
 That thou, light winged Dryad of  
 the trees,  
 In some melodious plot  
 Of beechen green, and shadows  
 numberless,  
 Singest of summer in full-throated  
 ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath  
 been [earth,  
 Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved

easy to  
 speak  
 conveys  
 sense of  
 ease

Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-  
 burnt mirth!  
 O for a beaker full of the warm South,  
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippo-  
 crene,  
 With beaded bubbles winking at the  
 brim,  
 And purple-stained mouth;  
 That I might drink, and leave the  
 world unseen,  
 And with thee fade away into the  
 forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
 What thou among the leaves hast  
 never known,  
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret  
 Here, where men sit and hear each  
 other groan;  
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray  
 hairs,  
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-  
 thin, and dies;  
 Where but to think is to be full of  
 sorrow  
 And leaden-eyed despairs,  
 Where Beauty cannot keep her  
 lustrous eyes,  
 Or new Love pine at them beyond  
 to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,  
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his  
 pards,  
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,  
 Though the dull brain perplexes and  
 retards:  
 Already with thee! tender is the night,  
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her  
 throne,  
 Cluster'd around by all her starry  
 Fays;  
 But here there is no light,  
 Save what from heaven is with the  
 breezes blown  
 Through verdurous glooms and  
 winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my  
 feet,  
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the  
 boughs,  
 But, in embalmed darkness, guess each  
 sweet  
 Wherewith the seasonable month  
 endows  
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree  
 wild;



White hawthorn, and the pastoral  
eglantine ;

Fast fading violets cover'd up in  
leaves ;

And mid-May's eldest child,  
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy  
wine,  
The murmurous haunt of flies on  
summer eves.

Darkling I listen ; and, for many a time  
I have been half in love with easeful  
Death.

Call'd him soft names in many a mused  
rhyme,

To take into the air my quiet breath ;  
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no  
pain,

While thou art pouring forth thy  
soul abroad

In such an ecstasy !

Still wouldst thou sing, and I have  
ears in vain—

To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal  
Bird !

No hungry generations tread thee  
down ;

The voice I hear this passing night was  
heard

In ancient days by emperor and clown:  
Perhaps the self-same song that found a  
path.

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when,  
sick for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien  
corn :

The same that oft-times hath  
Charm'd magic casements, opening  
on the foam

Of perilous seas, in faery lands for-  
lorn.

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell  
To toll me back from thee to my sole  
self !

Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well  
As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.

Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem  
fades

Past the near meadows, over the still  
stream, [deep

Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried  
In the next valley-glades :

Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?

Fled is that music :—Do I wake or  
sleep? *May, 1819. July, 1819.*

## ODE ON MELANCHOLY

No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist  
Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poi-  
sonous wine ;

Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd  
By nightshade, ruby grape of Proser-  
pine ;

Make not your rosary of yew-berries,  
Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth  
be

Your mournful Psyche, nor the  
downy owl

A partner in your sorrow's mysteries ;

For shade to shade will come too  
drowsily,

And drown the wakeful anguish of  
the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall  
Sudden from heaven like a weeping  
cloud,

That fosters the droop-headed flowers  
all,

And hides the green hill in an April  
shroud ;

Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,  
Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-  
wave,

Or on the wealth of globed peonies ;  
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,  
Emprison her soft hand, and let her  
rave,

And feed deep, deep upon her peer-  
less eyes.

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that  
must die ;

And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips  
Bidding adieu ; and aching Pleasure nigh,  
Turning to poison while the bee-  
mouth sips :

Ay, in the very temple of Delight  
Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran  
shrine,

Though seen of none save him whose  
strenuous tongue

Can burst Joy's grape against his palate  
fine :

His soul shall taste the sadness of her  
might,

And be among her cloudy trophies  
hung. *1819. 1820.*

## TO AUTUMN

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,  
Close bosom-friend of the maturing  
sun ;

*K. does not completely satisfy - intensity  
 has good power of description - range of sensation  
 not so much intellectual content  
 good range and choice of words.*

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BRITISH POETS

Conspiring with him how to load and  
 bless

With fruit the vines that round the  
 thatch-eves run ;

To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-  
 trees,

And fill all fruit with ripeness to the  
 core ;

To swell the gourd, and plump the  
 hazel shells

With a sweet kernel ; to set budding  
 more,

And still more, later flowers for the  
 bees,

Until they think warm days will never  
 cease,

For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their  
 clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy  
 store ?

Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may  
 find

Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing  
 wind ;

Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
 Drows'd with the fume of poppies,  
 while thy hook

Spares the next swath and all its  
 twined flowers :

And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost  
 keep

Steady thy laden head across a brook ;  
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,  
 Thou watchest the last oozy hours  
 by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay,  
 where are they ?

Think not of them, thou hast thy mu-  
 sic too,—

While barred clouds bloom the soft-  
 dying day,

And touch the stubble-plains with  
 rosy hue ;

Then in a wailful choir the small gnats  
 mourn

Among the river shallows, borne aloft  
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or  
 dies ;

And full-grown lambs loud bleat from  
 hilly bourn ;

Hedge-cricket sing ; and now with  
 treble soft [croft ;

The red-breast whistles from a garden-  
 And gathering swallows twitter in

the skies.

September, 1819. 1820.

HYPERION

A FRAGMENT

BOOK I,

DEEP in the shady sadness of a vale  
 Far sunken from the healthy breath of  
 morn,

Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one  
 star,

Sat gray-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,  
 Still as the silence round about his lair ;  
 Forest on forest hung about his head

Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was  
 there,

Not so much life as on a summer's day  
 Robs not one light seed from the  
 feather'd grass,

But where the dead leaf fell, there did  
 it rest.

A stream went voiceless by, still dead-  
 ened more

By reason of his fallen divinity  
 Spreading a shade : the Naiad 'mid her  
 reeds

Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin-sand large foot-  
 marks went,

No further than to where his feet had  
 stray'd,

And slept there since. Upon the sodden  
 ground

His old right hand lay nerveless, listless,  
 dead,

Unscathed ; and his realmless eyes  
 were closed ;

While his bow'd head seem'd list'ning  
 to the Earth,

His ancient mother, for some comfort  
 yet.

It seem'd no force could wake him  
 from his place ;

But there came one, who with a kindred  
 hand

Touch'd his wide shoulders, after bend-  
 ing low

With reverence, though to one who knew  
 it not.

She was a Goddess of the infant world ;  
 By her in stature the tall Amazon

Had stood a pigmy's height : she would  
 have ta'en

Achilles by the hair and bent his neck ;  
 Or with a finger stay'd Ixion's wheel.

Her face was large as that of Memphian  
 sphinx,

Pedestal'd haply in a palace court,

*Expresses pure, youthful emotion.*



*It built up interest in those who were to be overthrown  
Is an epic suited to modern writing?  
"Paradise Lost" has really no intellectual appeal -  
deep description and KEATS sonorous verses. 411*

When sages look'd to Egypt for their  
lore.  
But oh! how unlike marble was that  
face:  
How beautiful, if sorrow had not made  
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's  
self.  
There was a listening fear in her regard,  
As if calamity had but begun:  
As if the vanward clouds of evil days  
Had spent their malice, and the sullen  
rear  
Was with its stored thunder laboring up.  
One hand she press'd upon that aching  
spot  
Where beats the human heart, as if just  
there,  
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain;  
The other upon Saturn's bended neck  
She laid, and to the level of his ear  
Leaning with parted lips, some words  
she spake  
In solemn tenor and deep organ tone:  
Some mourning words, which in our  
feeble tongue  
Would come in these like accents; O  
how frail  
To that large utterance of the early  
Gods!  
"Saturn, look up!—though wherefore,  
poor old King?  
I have no comfort for thee, no not one:  
I cannot say, 'O wherefore sleepest  
thou?' [earth  
For heaven is parted from thee, and the  
Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a  
God;  
And ocean too, with all its solemn noise,  
Has from thy sceptre pass'd; and all  
the air  
Is emptied of thine hoary majesty.  
Thy thunder, conscious of the new com-  
mand,  
Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house:  
And thy sharp lightning in unpractised  
hands  
Scorches and burns our once serene  
domain.  
O aching time! O moments big as years!  
All as ye pass swell out the monstrous  
truth,  
And press it so upon our weary griefs  
That unbelief has not a space to breathe.  
Saturn, sleep on:—O thoughtless, why  
did I  
Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude?  
Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes?  
Saturn, sleep on! while at thy feet I  
weep."

As when, upon a tranced summer-  
night,  
Those green-rob'd senators of mighty  
woods,  
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the  
earnest stars,  
Dream, and so dream all night without  
a stir,  
Save from one gradual solitary gust  
Which comes upon the silence, and dies  
off,  
As if the ebbing air had but one wave;  
So came these words and went; the  
while in tears  
She touch'd her fair large forehead to  
the ground,  
Just where her falling hair might be  
outspread  
A soft and silken mat for Saturn's feet.  
One moon, with alteration slow, had  
shed  
Her silver seasons four upon the night,  
And still these two were postured mo-  
tionless,  
Like natural sculpture in cathedral cav-  
ern;  
The frozen God still couchant on the  
earth,  
And the sad Goddess weeping at his feet:  
Until at length old Saturn lifted up  
His faded eyes, and saw his kingdom  
gone,  
And all the gloom and sorrow of the  
place.  
And that fair kneeling Goddess; and  
then spake,  
As with a palsied tongue, and while his  
beard  
Shook horrid with such aspen-malady:  
"O tender spouse of gold Hyperion,  
Thea, I feel thee ere I see thy face;  
Look up, and let me see our doom in it;  
Look up, and tell me if this feeble shape  
Is Saturn's; tell me, if thou hear'st the  
voice  
Of Saturn; tell me, if this wrinkling  
brow,  
Naked and bare of its great diadem,  
Peers like the front of Saturn. Who  
had power  
To make me desolate? whence came the  
strength?  
How was it nurtur'd to such bursting  
forth,  
While Fate seem'd strangled in my  
nervous grasp?  
But it is so; and I am smother'd up,  
And buried from all godlike exercise  
Of influence benign on planets pale,

*One of triumphs of art is to appreciate the beauty  
of the unfinished.*







Not heard before by Gods or wondering men.

Also, when he would taste the spicy wreaths

Of incense, breath'd aloft from sacred hills,

Instead of sweets, his ample palate took Savor of poisonous brass and metal sick : And so, when harbor'd in the sleepy west,

After the full completion of fair day,—  
For rest divine upon exalted couch  
And slumber in the arms of melody,  
He pac'd away the pleasant hours of ease  
With stride colossal, on from hall to hall ;  
While far within each aisle and deep recess,

His winged minions in close clusters stood,

Amaz'd and full of fear ; like anxious men  
Who on wide plains gather in panting troops,

When earthquakes jar their battlements and towers.

Even now, while Saturn, rous'd from icy trance,

Went step for step with Thea through the woods,

Hyperion, leaving twilight in the rear,  
Came slope upon the threshold of the west ;

Then, as was wont, his palace-door flew ope

In smoothest silence, save what solemn tubes,

Blown by the serious Zephyrs, gave of sweet

And wandering sounds, slow-breathed melodies ;

And like a rose in vermeil tint and shape,  
In fragrance soft, and coolness to the eye,  
That inlet to severe magnificence

Stood full blown, for the God to enter in.

He enter'd, but he enter'd full of wrath ;  
His flaming robes stream'd out beyond his heels,

And gave a roar, as if of earthly fire,  
That scar'd away the meek ethereal Hours

And made their dove-wings tremble.  
On he flared,

From stately nave to nave, from vault to vault,

Through bowers of fragrant and enwreathed light.

And diamond-paved lustrous long arcades,

Until he reach'd the great main cupola ;

There standing fierce beneath, he stamped his foot,

And from the basements deep to the high towers

Jarr'd his own golden region ; and before  
The quavering thunder thereupon had ceas'd,

His voice leapt out, despite of godlike curb,

To this result : " O dreams of day and night !

O monstrous forms ! O effigies of pain !

O spectres busy in a cold, cold gloom !

O lank-ear'd Phantoms of black-weeded pools !

Why do I know ye ? why have I seen ye ? why

Is my eternal essence thus distraught  
To see and to behold these horrors new ?

Saturn is fallen, am I too to fall ?

Am I to leave this haven of my rest,

This cradle of my glory, this soft clime,

This calm luxuriance of blissful light,

These crystalline pavilions, and pure fanes,

Of all my lucent empire ? It is left  
Deserted, void, nor any haunt of mine.

The blaze, the splendor, and the symmetry,

I cannot see—but darkness, death and darkness.

Even here, into my centre of repose,  
The shady visions come to domineer,

Insult, and blind, and stifle up my pomp.—

Fall !—No, by Tellus and her briny robes !  
Over the fiery frontier of my realms

I will advance a terrible right arm  
Shall scare that infant thunderer, rebel

Jove,

And bid old Saturn take his throne again."—

He spake, and ceas'd, the while a heavier threat

Held struggle with his throat but came not forth ;

For as in theatres of crowded men  
Hubbub increases more they call out

" Hush ! "

So at Hyperion's words the Phantoms pale

Bestirr'd themselves, thrice horrible and cold ;

And from the mirror'd level where he stood

A mist arose, as from a scummy marsh.

At this, through all his bulk an agony

Crept gradual, from the feet unto the crown,

Like a lithe serpent vast and muscular  
 Making slow way, with head and neck  
     convuls'd  
 From over-strained might. Releas'd, he  
     fled  
 To the eastern gates, and full six dewy  
     hours  
 Before the dawn in season due should  
     blush,  
 He breath'd fierce breath against the  
     sleepy portals.  
 Clear'd them of heavy vapors, burst  
     them wide  
 Suddenly on the ocean's chilly streams.  
 The planet orb of fire, whereon he rode  
 Each day from east to west the heavens  
     through,  
 Spun round in sable curtaining of clouds:  
 Not therefore veiled quite, blindfold,  
     and hid,  
 But ever and anon the glancing spheres,  
 Circles, and arcs, and broad-belted  
     colure,  
 Glow'd through, and wrought upon the  
     muffling dark  
 Sweet-shaped lightnings from the nadir  
     deep  
 Up to the zenith,—hieroglyphics old,  
 Which sages and keen-eyed astrologers  
 Then living on the earth, with laboring  
     thought  
 Won from the gaze of many centuries:  
 Now lost, save what we find on remnants  
     huge  
 Of stone, or marble swart; their import  
     gone,  
 Their wisdom long since fled.—Two  
     wings this orb  
 Possess'd for glory, two fair argent  
     wings,  
 Ever exalted at the God's approach:  
 And now, from forth the gloom their  
     plumes immense  
 Rose, one by one, till all outspread  
     were;  
 While still the dazzling globe maintain'd  
     eclipse,  
 Awaiting for Hyperion's command.  
 Fain would he have commanded, fain  
     took throne  
 And bid the day begin, if but for change.  
 He might not:—No, though a primeval  
     God:  
 The sacred seasons might not be  
     disturb'd.  
 Therefore the operations of the dawn  
 Stay'd in their birth, even as here 'tis told.  
 Those silver wings expanded sisterly,  
 Eager to sail their orb; the porches wide

Open'd upon the dusk demesnes of night;  
 And the bright Titan, phrenzied with  
     new woes,  
 Unus'd to bend, by hard compulsion bent  
 His spirit to the sorrow of the time;  
 And all along a dismal rack of clouds,  
 Upon the boundaries of day and night,  
 He stretch'd himself in grief and radi-  
     ance faint.  
 There as he lay, the Heaven with its  
     stars  
 Look'd down on him with pity, and the  
     voice  
 Of Coelus, from the universal space,  
 Thus whisper'd low and solemn in his  
     ear.  
 "O brightest of my children dear, earth-  
     born  
 And sky-engendered, Son of Mysteries  
 All unrevealed even to the powers  
 Which met at thy creating; at whose joy  
 And palpitations sweet, and pleasures  
     soft,  
 I, Coelus, wonder, how they came and  
     whence;  
 And at the fruits thereof what shapes  
     they be,  
 Distinct, and visible; symbols divine,  
 Manifestations of that beauteous life  
 Diffus'd unseen throughout eternal  
     space;  
 Of these new-form'd art thou, oh  
     brightest child!  
 Of these, thy brethren and the God-  
     desses!  
 There is sad feud among ye, and rebel-  
     lion  
 Of son against his sire. I saw him fall,  
 I saw my first-born tumbled from his  
     throne!  
 To me his arms were spread, to me his  
     voice  
 Found way from forth the thunders  
     round his head!  
 Pale wox I and in vapors hid my face.  
 Art thou, too, near such doom? vague  
     fear there is:  
 For I have seen my sons most unlike  
     Gods.  
 Divine ye were created, and divine  
 In sad demeanor, solemn, undisturb'd,  
 Unruffled, like high Gods, ye liv'd and  
     ruled:  
 Now I behold in you fear, hope, and  
     wrath;  
 Actions of rage and passion; even as  
 I see them, on the mortal world beneath,  
 In men who die.—This is the grief, O  
     Son!



Sad sign of ruin, sudden dismay, and  
fall!

Yet do thou strive; as thou art capable,  
As thou canst move about, an evident  
God;

And canst oppose to each malignant hour  
Ethereal presence:—I am but a voice;  
My life is but the life of winds and tides,  
No more than winds and tides can I  
avail:—

But thou canst.—Be thou therefore in  
the van  
Of circumstance; yea, seize the arrow's  
barb

Before the tense string murmur.—To  
the earth!

For there thou wilt find Saturn, and  
his woes.

Meantime I will keep watch on thy  
bright sun,  
And of thy seasons be a careful  
nurse.”—

Ere half this region-whisper had come  
down,

Hyperion arose, and on the stars  
Lifted his curved lids, and kept them  
wide

Until it ceas'd; and still he kept them  
wide:

And still they were the same bright,  
patient stars.

Then with a slow incline of his broad  
breast,

Like to a diver in the pearly seas,  
Forward he stoop'd over the airy shore,  
And plung'd all noiseless into the deep  
night.

## BOOK II

JUST at the self-same beat of Time's wide  
wings

Hyperion slid into the rustled air.  
And Saturn gain'd with Thea that sad  
place

Where Cybele and the bruised Titans  
mourn'd.

It was a den where no insulting light  
Could glimmer on their tears; where  
their own groans

They felt, but heard not, for the solid  
roar

Of thunderous waterfalls and torrents  
hoarse,

Pouring a constant bulk, uncertain  
where.

Crag jutting forth to crag, and rocks  
that seem'd

Ever as if just rising from a sleep,

Forehead to forehead held their mon-  
strous horns;

And thus in thousand hugest phantasies  
Made a fit roofing to this nest of woe.

Instead of thrones, hard flint they sat  
upon,

Couches of rugged stone, and slaty ridge  
Stubborn'd with iron. All were not as-  
sembled:

Some chain'd in torture, and some wan-  
dering.

Cœus, and Gyges, and Briareüs,  
Typhon, and Dolor, and Porphyryon,  
With many more, the brawnies in as-  
sault,

Were pent in regions of laborious breath;  
Dungeon'd in opaque element, to keep  
Their clenched teeth still clench'd, and  
all their limbs

Lock'd up like veins of metal, cramp'd  
and screw'd;

Without a motion, save of their big  
hearts

Heaving in pain, and horribly convuls'd  
With sanguine feverous boiling gurge  
of pulse.

Mnemosyne was straying in the world;  
Far from her moon had Phoebe wan-  
dered;

And many else were free to roam abroad,  
But for the main, here found they covert  
drear.

Scarce images of life, one here, one there,  
Lay vast and edgeways; like a dismal  
cirque

Of Druid stones, upon a forlorn moor,  
When the chill rain begins at shut of  
eve,

In dull November, and their chancel  
vault,

The Heaven itself, is blinded throughout  
night.

Each one kept shroud, nor to his neigh-  
bor gave

Or word, or look, or action of despair.

Creüs was one; his ponderous iron mace  
Lay by him, and a shatter'd rib of rock  
Told of his rage, ere he thus sank and  
pined.

Iäpetus another; in his grasp,  
A serpent's plashy neck; its barbed  
tongue

Squeez'd from the gorge, and all its  
uncurl'd length

Dead; and because the creature could  
not spit

Its poison in the eyes of conquering  
Jove. [most,

Next Cottus: prone he lay, chin upper-

As though in pain; for still upon the  
flint  
He ground severe his skull, with open  
mouth  
And eyes at horrid working. Nearest  
him  
Asia, born of most enormous Caf,  
Who cost her mother Tellus keener  
pangs,  
Though feminine, than any of her sons:  
More thought than woe was in her dusky  
face,  
For she was prophesying of her glory;  
And in her wide imagination stood  
Palm-shaded temples, and high rival  
fanés,  
By Oxus or in Ganges' sacred isles.  
Even as Hope upon her anchor leans,  
So leant she, not so fair, upon a tusk  
Shed from the broadest of her elephants.  
Above her, on a crag's uneasy shelf,  
Upon his elbow rais'd, all prostrate else,  
Shadow'd Enceladus; once tame and  
mild  
As grazing ox unworried in the meads;  
Now tiger-passion'd, lion-thoughted,  
wroth,  
He meditated, plotted, and even now  
Was hurling mountains in that second  
war,  
Not long delay'd, that scar'd the younger  
Gods  
To hide themselves in forms of beast and  
bird.  
Nor far hence Atlas; and beside him  
prone  
Phorcus, the sire of Gorgons. Neighbor'd close  
Oceanus, and Tethys, in whose lap  
Sobb'd Clymene among her tangled hair.  
In midst of all lay Themis, at the feet  
Of Ops the queen all clouded round  
from sight;  
No shape distinguishable, more than  
when  
Thick night confounds the pine-tops with  
the clouds:  
And many else whose names may not be  
told.  
For when the Muse's wings are air-ward  
spread,  
Who shall delay her flight? And she  
must chant  
Of Saturn, and his guide, who now had  
climb'd [depth  
With damp and slippery footing from a  
More horrid still. Above a sombre cliff  
Their heads appear'd, and up their  
stature grew

Till on the level height their steps found  
ease:  
Then Thea spread abroad her trembling  
arms  
Upon the precincts of this nest of pain,  
And sidelong fix'd her eye on Saturn's  
face:  
There saw she direst strife; the supreme  
God  
At war with all the frailty of grief,  
Of rage, of fear, anxiety, revenge,  
Remorse, spleen, hope, but most of all  
despair.  
Against these plagues he strove in vain;  
for Fate  
Had pour'd a mortal oil upon his head,  
A disanointing poison: so that Thea,  
Affrighted, kept her still, and let him  
pass  
First onwards in, among the fallen  
tribe.

As with us mortal men, the laden  
heart  
Is persecuted more, and fever'd more,  
When it is nighing to the mournful house  
Where other hearts are sick of the same  
bruise;  
So Saturn, as he walk'd into the midst,  
Felt faint, and would have sunk among  
the rest,  
But that he met Enceladus's eye,  
Whose mightiness, and awe of him, at  
once  
Came like an inspiration; and he  
shouted,  
"Titans, behold your God!" at which  
some groan'd;  
Some started on their feet; some also  
shouted;  
Some wept, some wail'd, all bow'd with  
reverence;  
And Ops, upifting her black folded veil,  
Show'd her pale cheeks, and all her  
forehead wan,  
Her eye-brows thin and jet, and hollow  
eyes.  
There is a roaring in the bleak-grown  
pines  
When Winter lifts his voice; there is a  
noise  
Among immortals when a God gives  
sign,  
With hushing finger, how he means to  
load  
His tongue with the full weight of utter-  
less thought,  
With thunder, and with music, and with  
pomp:



Such noise is like the roar of bleak-  
grown pines ;  
Which, when it ceases in this mount-  
ain'd world,  
No other sound succeeds ; but ceasing  
here,  
Among these fallen, Saturn's voice there-  
from  
Grew up like organ, that begins anew  
Its strain, when other harmonies, stopt  
short,  
Leave the dimm'd air vibrating silverly.  
Thus grew it up—"Not in my own sad  
breast,  
Which is its own great judge and  
searcher out,  
Can I find reason why ye should be thus :  
Not in the legends of the first of days,  
Studied from that old spirit-leaved book  
Which starry Uranus with finger bright  
Sav'd from the shores of darkness, when  
the waves  
Low-ebb'd still hid it up in shallow  
gloom ;—  
And the which book ye know I ever kept  
For my firm-based footstool :—Ah, in-  
firm !  
Not there, nor in sign, symbol, or portent  
Of element, earth, water, air, and fire,—  
At war, at peace, or inter-quarrelling  
One against one, or two, or three, or all  
Each several one against the other three,  
As fire with air loud warring when rain-  
floods  
Drown both, and press them both against  
earth's face,  
Where, finding sulphur, a quadruple  
wrath  
Unhinges the poor world ;—not in that  
strife,  
Wherefrom I take strange lore, and read  
it deep,  
Can I find reason why ye should be thus ;  
No, no-where can unriddle, though I  
search,—  
And pore on Nature's universal scroll  
Even to swooning, why ye, Divinities,  
The first-born of all shap'd and palpable  
Gods,  
Should cower beneath what, in com-  
parison,  
Is untremendous might. Yet ye are  
here,  
O'erwhelm'd, and spurn'd, and batter'd,  
ye are here !  
O Titans, shall I say 'Arise !'—Ye groan ;  
Shall I say 'Crouch !'—Ye groan.  
What can I then ?  
O Heaven wide ! O unseen parent dear !

What can I ! Tell me, all ye brethren  
Gods,  
How we can war, how engine our great  
wrath !  
O speak your counsel now, for Saturn's  
ear  
Is all a-hunger'd. Thou, Oceanus,  
Ponderest high and deep ; and in thy face  
I see, astonied, that severe content  
Which comes of thought and musing ;  
give us help ! "

So ended Saturn ; and the God of the  
Sea,  
Sophist and sage, from no Athenian  
grove,  
But cogitation in his watery shades,  
Arose, with locks not oozy, and began,  
In murmurs, which his first-endeavor-  
ing tongue  
Caught infant-like from the far foamed  
sands.  
" O ye, whom wrath consumes ! who,  
passion-stung,  
Writhe at defeat, and nurse your  
agonies !  
Shut up your senses, stifle up your ears,  
My voice is not a bellows unto ire.  
Yet listen, ye who will, whilst I bring  
proof  
How ye, perforce, must be content to  
stoop ;  
And in the proof much comfort will  
I give,  
If ye will take that comfort in its truth.  
We fall by course of Nature's law, not  
force  
Of thunder, or of Jove. Great Saturn,  
thou  
Hast sifted well the atom-universe ;  
But for this reason, that thou art the  
King,  
And only blind from sheer supremacy,  
One avenue was shaded from thine eyes,  
Through which I wandered to eternal  
truth.  
And first, as thou wast not the first of  
powers,  
So art thou not the last ; it cannot be ;  
Thou art not the beginning nor the end.  
From chaos and parental darkness came  
Light, the first fruits of that intestine  
broil,  
That sullen ferment, which for wondrous  
ends  
Was ripening in itself. The ripe hour  
came,  
And with it light, and light, engender-  
ing

Upon its own producer, forthwith  
 touch'd  
 The whole enormous matter into life.  
 Upon that very hour, our parentage,  
 The Heavens and the Earth, were mani-  
 fest :  
 Then thou first-born, and we the giant-  
 race,  
 Found ourselves ruling new and beau-  
 teous realms.  
 Now comes the pain of truth, to whom  
 'tis pain :  
 O folly ! for to bear all naked truths,  
 And to envisage circumstance, all calm,  
 That is the top of sovereignty. Mark  
 well !  
 As Heaven and Earth are fairer, fairer  
 far  
 Than Chaos and blank Darkness, though  
 once chiefs ;  
 And as we show beyond that Heaven  
 and Earth  
 In form and shape compact and beau-  
 tiful,  
 In will, in action free, companionship.  
 And thousand other signs of purer life ;  
 So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,  
 A power more strong in beauty, born  
 of us  
 And fated to excel us, as we pass  
 In glory that old Darkness : nor are we  
 Thereby more conquer'd, than by us the  
 rule  
 Of shapeless Chaos. Say, doth the dull  
 soil  
 Quarrel with the proud forests it hath  
 fed,  
 And feedeth still, more comely than  
 itself ?  
 Can it deny the chieftdom of green  
 groves ?  
 Or shall the tree be envious of the dove  
 Because it cooeth, and hath snowy wings  
 To wander wherewithal and find its joys ?  
 We are such forest-trees, and our fair  
 boughs  
 Have bred forth, not pale solitary doves,  
 But eagles golden-feather'd, who do  
 tower  
 Above us in their beauty, and must reign  
 In right thereof ; for 'tis the eternal law  
 That first in beauty should be first in  
 might :  
 Yea, by that law, another race may drive  
 Our conquerors to mourn as we do now.  
 Have ye beheld the young God of the  
 Seas,  
 My dispossessor ? Have ye seen his face ?  
 Have ye beheld his chariot, foam'd along

By noble winged creatures he hath  
 made ?  
 I saw him on the calmed waters scud,  
 With such a glow of beauty in his eyes,  
 That it enforc'd me to bid sad farewell  
 To all my empire : farewell sad I took,  
 And hither came, to see how dolorous  
 fate  
 Had wrought upon ye ; and how I might  
 best  
 Give consolation in this woe extreme.  
 Receive the truth, and let it be your  
 balm."

Whether through poz'd conviction, or  
 disdain,  
 They guarded silence, when Oceanus  
 Left murmuring, what deepest thought  
 can tell ?  
 But so it was, none answer'd for a  
 space,  
 Save one whom none regarded, Cly-  
 mene ;  
 And yet she answer'd not, only com-  
 plain'd,  
 With hectic lips, and eyes up-looking  
 mild,  
 Thus wording timidly among the fierce :  
 " O Father, I am here the simplest  
 voice,  
 And all my knowledge is that joy is gone,  
 And this thing woe crept in among our  
 hearts,  
 There to remain for ever, as I fear :  
 I would not bode of evil, if I thought  
 So weak a creature could turn off the help  
 Which by just right should come of  
 mighty Gods ;  
 Yet let me tell my sorrow, let me tell  
 Of what I heard, and how it made me  
 weep.  
 And know that we had parted from all  
 hope.  
 I stood upon a shore, a pleasant shore,  
 Where a sweet clime was breathed from  
 a land  
 Of fragrance, quietness, and trees, and  
 flowers.  
 Full of calm joy it was, as I of grief ;  
 Too full of joy and soft delicious  
 warmth ;  
 So that I felt a movement in my heart  
 To chide, and to reproach that solitude  
 With songs of misery, music of our woes ;  
 And sat me down, and took a mouthed  
 shell  
 And murmur'd into it, and made me-  
 lody—  
 O melody no more ! for while I sang,



And with poor skill let pass into the breeze  
 The dull shell's echo, from a bowery strand  
 Just opposite, an island of the sea,  
 There came enchantment with the shifting wind,  
 That did both drown and keep alive my ears.  
 I threw my shell away upon the sand,  
 And a wave fill'd it, as my sense was fill'd  
 With that new blissful golden melody.  
 A living death was in each gush of sounds,  
 Each family of rapturous hurried notes,  
 That fell, one after one, yet all at once,  
 Like pearl beads dropping sudden from their string :  
 And then another, then another strain,  
 Each like a dove leaving its olive perch,  
 With music wing'd instead of silent plumes,  
 To hover round my head, and make me sick  
 Of joy and grief at once. Grief overcame,  
 And I was stopping up my frantic ears.  
 When, past all hindrance of my trembling hands,  
 A voice came sweeter, sweeter than all tune,  
 And still it cried, 'Apollo! young Apollo!  
 The morning-bright Apollo! young Apollo!'  
 I fled, it follow'd me, and cried 'Apollo!'  
 O Father, and O Brethren, had ye felt  
 Those pains of mine; O Saturn, hadst thou felt,  
 Ye would not call this too indulged tongue  
 Presumptuous, in thus venturing to be heard."

So far her voice flow'd on, like timorous brook  
 That, lingering along a pebbled coast,  
 Doth fear to meet the sea: but sea it met,  
 And shudder'd; for the overwhelming voice  
 Of huge Enceladus swallow'd it in wrath:  
 The ponderous syllables, like sullen waves  
 In the half glutted hollows of reef-rocks,  
 Came booming thus, while still upon his arm  
 He lean'd; not rising, from supreme [contempt.

"Or shall we listen to the over-wise,  
 Or to the over-foolish giant, Gods?  
 Not thunderbolt on thunderbolt, till all  
 That rebel Jove's whole armory were spent,  
 Not world on world upon these shoulders piled,  
 Could agonize me more than baby-words  
 In midst of this dethronement horrible.  
 Speak! roar! shout! yell! ye sleepy Titans all.  
 Do ye forget the blows, the buffets vile?  
 Are ye not smitten by a youngling arm?  
 Dost thou forget, sham Monarch of the Waves,  
 Thy scalding in the seas? What, have I rous'd  
 Your spleens with so few simple words as these?  
 O joy! for now I see ye are not lost:  
 O joy! for now I see a thousand eyes  
 Wide glaring for revenge!"—As this he said,  
 He lifted up his stature vast, and stood,  
 Still without intermission speaking thus:  
 "Now ye are flames, I'll tell you how to burn,  
 And purge the ether of our enemies;  
 How to feed fierce the crooked stings of fire,  
 And singe away the swollen clouds of Jove,  
 Stifling that puny essence in its tent.  
 O let him feel the evil he hath done;  
 For though I scorn Oceanus's lore,  
 Much pain have I for more than loss of realms:  
 The days of peace and slumberous calm are fled;  
 Those days, all innocent of scathing war,  
 When all the fair Existences of heaven  
 Came open-eyed to guess what we would speak:—  
 That was before our brows were taught to frown,  
 Before our lips knew else but solemn sounds;  
 That was before we knew the winged thing,  
 Victory, might be lost, or might be won.  
 And be ye mindful that Hyperion,  
 Our brightest brother, still is disgraced—  
 Hyperion, lo! his radiance is here!"

All eyes were on Enceladus's face,  
 And they beheld, while still Hyperion's name  
 Flew from his lips up to the vaulted rocks,





And in the morning twilight wandered forth  
Beside the osiers of a rivulet,  
Full ankle-deep in lilies of the vale.  
The nightingale had ceas'd, and a few stars  
Were lingering in the heavens, while the thrush  
Began calm-throated. Throughout all the isle  
There was no covert, no retired cave  
Unhaunted by the murmurous noise of waves,  
Though scarcely heard in many a green recess.  
He listen'd, and he wept, and his bright tears  
Went trickling down the golden bow he held.  
Thus with half-shut suffused eyes he stood,  
While from beneath some cumbrous boughs hard by  
With solemn step an awful Goddess came,  
And there was purport in her looks for him,  
Which he with eager guess began to read  
Perplex'd, the while melodiously he said:  
" How cam'st thou over the unfooted sea?  
Or hath that antique mien and robed form  
Mov'd in these vales invisible till now?  
Sure I have heard those vestments sweeping o'er  
The fallen leaves, when I have sat alone  
In cool mid-forest. Surely I have traced  
The rustle of those ample skirts about  
These grassy solitudes, and seen the flowers  
Lift up their heads, as still the whisper pass'd.  
Goddess! I have beheld those eyes be-  
And their eternal calm, and all that face,  
Or I have dream'd."—"Yes," said the supreme shape,  
"Thou hast dream'd of me; and awak-  
ing up  
Didst find a lyre all golden by thy side,  
Whose strings touch'd by thy fingers,  
all the vast  
Unwearied ear of the whole universe  
Listen'd in pain and pleasure at the birth  
Of such new tuneful wonder. Is't not strange  
That thou shouldst weep, so gifted?  
Tell me, youth,

What sorrow thou canst feel; for I am sad  
When thou dost shed a tear: explain thy griefs  
To one who in this lonely isle hath been  
The watcher of thy sleep and hours of life,  
From the young day when first thy infant hand  
Pluck'd witless the weak flowers, till thine arm  
Could bend that bow heroic to all times.  
Show thy heart's secret to an ancient Power  
Who hath forsaken old and sacred thrones  
For prophecies of thee, and for the sake  
Of loveliness new born."—Apollo then,  
With sudden scrutiny and gloomless eyes,  
Thus answer'd, while his white melodious throat  
Throbb'd with the syllables.—"Mne-  
mosyne!  
Thy name is on my tongue, I know not how;  
Why should I tell thee what thou so well seest?  
Why should I strive to show what from thy lips  
Would come no mystery? For me, dark,  
dark,  
And painful vile oblivion seals my eyes:  
I strive to search wherefore I am so sad,  
Until a melancholy numbs my limbs;  
And then upon the grass I sit, and moan,  
Like one who once had wings.—O why should I  
Feel curs'd and thwarted, when the liegeless air  
Yields to my step aspirant? why should I  
Spurn the green turf as hateful to my feet?  
Goddess benign, point forth some unknown thing:  
Are there not other regions than this isle?  
What are the stars? There is the sun,  
the sun!  
And the most patient brilliance of the moon!  
And stars by thousands! Point me out the way  
To any one particular beauteous star,  
And I will flit into it with my lyre,  
And make its silvery splendor pant with bliss.  
I have heard the cloudy thunder:  
Where is power?

Whose hand, whose essence, what  
divinity  
Makes this alarum in the elements,  
While I here idle listen on the shore  
In fearless yet in aching ignorance?  
O tell me, lonely Goddess, by thy harp,  
That wailleth every morn and eventide,  
Tell me why thus I rave, about these  
groves!  
Mute thou remainest—Mute! yet I can  
read  
A wondrous lesson in thy silent face:  
Knowledge enormous makes a God of  
me.  
Names, deeds, gray legends, dire events,  
rebellions,  
Majesties, sovran voices, agonies,  
Creations and destroyings, all at once  
Pour into the wide hollows of my brain,  
And deify me, as if some blithe wine  
Or bright elixir peerless I had drunk,  
And so become immortal.”—Thus the  
God,  
While his enkindled eyes, with level  
glance  
Beneath his white soft temples, steadfast  
kept  
Trembling with light upon Mnemosyne.  
Soon wild commotions shook him, and  
made flush  
All the immortal fairness of his limbs;  
Most like the struggle at the gate of  
death;  
Or liker still to one who should take  
leave  
Of pale immortal death, and with a  
pang  
As hot as death’s is chill, with fierce  
convulse  
Die into life: so young Apollo anguish’d;  
His very hair, his golden tresses famed  
Kept undulation round his eager neck.  
During the pain Mnemosyne upheld  
Her arms as one who prophesied.—At  
length  
Apollo shriek’d;—and lo! from all his  
limbs  
Celestial \* \* \* \* \*

*September, 1818—September, 1819. 1820.*

### LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

#### BALLAD

O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,  
Alone and palely loitering!  
The sedge has wither’d from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!  
So haggard and so woe-begone?  
The squirrel’s granary is full,  
And the harvest’s done.

I see a lily on thy brow  
With anguish moist and fever dew,  
And on thy cheeks a fading rose  
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,  
Full beautiful—a faery’s child,  
Her hair was long, her foot was light,  
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,  
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;  
She look’d at me as she did love,  
And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,  
And nothing else saw all day long.  
For sidelong would she bend, and sing  
A faery’s song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,  
And honey wild, and manna dew,  
And sure in language strange she said—  
“I love thee true.”

She took me to her elfin grot,  
And there she wept, and sigh’d full  
sore,  
And there I shut her wild wild eyes  
With kisses four.

And there she lulled me asleep,  
And there I dream’d—Ah! woe betide!  
The latest dream I ever dream’d  
On the cold hill’s side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,  
Pale warriors, death-pale were they  
all;  
They cried—“La Belle Dame sans Merci  
Hath thee in thrall!”

I saw their starv’d lips in the gloam,  
With horrid warning gaped wide,  
And I awoke and found me here,  
On the cold hill’s side.

And this is why I sojourn here,  
Alone and palely loitering,  
Though the sedge is wither’d from the  
lake  
And no birds sing.

*1819. May 10, 1820.*



## ON FAME

## I

FAME, like a wayward girl, will still be  
 coy  
 To those who woo her with too slavish  
 knees,  
 But makes surrender to some thought-  
 less boy,  
 And dotes the more upon a heart at ease;  
 She is a Gipsy,—will not speak to those  
 Who have not learnt to be content with-  
 out her;  
 A Jilt, whose ear was never whisper'd  
 close,  
 Who thinks they scandal her who talk  
 about her;  
 A very Gipsy is she, Nilus-born,  
 Sister-in-law to jealous Potiphar;  
 Ye love-sick Bards! repay her scorn for  
 scorn:  
 Ye Artists lovelorn! madmen that ye  
 are!  
 Make your best bow to her and bid adieu,  
 Then, if she likes it, she will follow you.

## II

How fever'd is the man, who cannot  
 look  
 Upon his mortal days with temperate  
 blood,  
 Who vexes all the leaves of his life's book,  
 And robs his fair name of its maiden-  
 hood;  
 It is as if the rose should pluck herself,  
 Or the ripe plum finger its misty bloom,  
 As if a Naiad, like a meddling elf,  
 Should darken her pure grot with muddy  
 gloom:  
 But the rose leaves herself upon the briar,  
 For winds to kiss and grateful bees to  
 feed,  
 And the ripe plum still wears its dim  
 attire,  
 The undisturbed lake has crystal space;  
 Why then should man, teasing the world  
 for grace,  
 Spoil his salvation for a fierce miscreed?  
 1819. 1848.

## TO SLEEP

O SOFT embalmer of the still midnight,  
 Shutting with careful fingers and  
 benign,  
 Our gloom-pleased eyes, embowered  
 from the light,  
 Enshaded in forgetfulness divine:  
 O soothest Sleep! if so it please thee,  
 close,  
 In midst of this thine hymn, my willing  
 eyes,  
 Or wait the amen, ere thy poppy throws  
 Around my bed its lulling charities;  
 Then save me, or the passéd day will  
 shine  
 Upon my pillow, breeding many woes.—  
 Save me from curious conscience, that  
 still lords  
 Its strength for darkness, burrowing like  
 a mole;  
 Turn the key deftly in the oiléd wards,  
 And seal the hushéd casket of my soul.  
 1819. 1848.

BRIGHT STAR! WOULD I WERE  
STEADFAST AS THOU ART

BRIGHT star! would I were steadfast as  
 thou art—  
 Not in lone splendor hung aloft the  
 night,  
 And watching, with eternal lids apart,  
 Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,  
 The moving waters at their priestlike  
 task  
 Of pure ablution round earth's human  
 shores,  
 Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask  
 Of snow upon the mountains and the  
 moors—  
 No—yet still steadfast, still unchange-  
 able,  
 Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening  
 breast,  
 To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,  
 Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,  
 Still, still to hear her tender-taken  
 breath,  
 And so live ever—or else swoon to death.  
 September, 1820. February, 1846.

# LANDOR

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## LANDOR

### GEBIR

#### BOOK I •

THE INVASION. THE MEETING OF GEBIR AND CHAROBA. THE LOVES OF TAMAR AND THE SEA-NYMPH. THE SEASHELL. THE WRESTLING-MATCH.

I SING the fates of Gebir. He had dwelt  
Among those mountain-caverns which retain  
His labors yet, vast halls and flowing wells,  
Nor have forgotten their old master's name  
Though sever'd from his people: here, incensed  
By meditating on primeval wrongs,  
He blew his battle-horn, at which uprose  
Whole nations; here, ten thousand of most might  
He call'd aloud; and soon Charoba saw  
His dark helm hover o'er the land of Nile.

What should the virgin do? should royal knees  
Bend suppliant? or defenceless hands engage  
Men of gigantic force, gigantic arms?  
For 'twas reported that nor sword sufficed,

Nor shield immense nor coat of massive mail,  
But that upon their towering heads they bore  
Each a huge stone, refulgent as the stars.  
This told she Dalica, then cried aloud,  
"If on your bosom laying down my head  
I sobb'd away the sorrows of a child,  
If I have always, and Heav'n knows I have,  
Next to a mother's held a nurse's name,  
Succor this one distress, recall those days,  
Love me, tho' 'twere because you lov'd me then."  
But whether confident in magic rites  
Or touched with sexual pride to stand implor'd,  
Dalica smiled, then spake: "Away those fears,  
Though stronger than the strongest of his kind,  
He falls; on me devolve that charge; he falls.  
Rather than fly him, stoop thou to allure;  
Nay, journey to his tents. A city stood  
Upon that coast, they say, by Sidat built,  
Whose father Gad built Gadir; on this  
Perhaps he sees an ample room for war.  
Persuade him to restore the walls himself

In honor of his ancestors, persuade . . .  
But wherefore this advice? young, un-  
espoused,  
Charoba want persuasions! and a  
queen!"

"O Dalica!" the shuddering maid  
exclaim'd,  
"Could I encounter that fierce frightful  
man?"

Could I speak? no, nor sigh." "And  
canst thou reign?"  
Cried Dalica; "Yield empire or com-  
ply."

Unfixed, though seeming fixed, her  
eyes downcast.  
The wonted buzz and bustle of the court  
From far through sculptured galleries  
met her ear;

Then lifting up her head, the evening  
sun

Pour'd a fresh splendor on her burnished  
throne:

The fair Charoba, the young queen, com-  
plied.

But Gebir, when he heard of her ap-  
proach,  
Laid by his orb'd shield; his vizor-helm,  
His buckler and his corslet he laid by.  
And bade that none attend him: at his  
side

Two faithful dogs that urge the silent  
course,

Shaggy, deep-chested, crouched; the  
crocodile,

Crying, oft made them raise their flaccid  
ears

And push their heads within their mas-  
ter's hand.

There was a brightening paleness in his  
face,

Such as Diana rising o'er the rocks  
Shower'd on the lonely Latmian; on his  
brow

Sorrow there was, yet nought was there  
severe.

But when the royal damsel first he saw.  
Faint, hanging on her handmaids, and  
her knees

Tottering, as from the motion of the  
car,

His eyes looked earnest on her, and  
those eyes

Show'd, if they had not, that they might  
have, lov'd,

For there was pity in them at that hour.  
With gentle speech, and more with  
gentle looks,

He sooth'd her; but lest Pity go beyond  
And crost Ambition lose her lofty aim

Bending, he kissed her garment, and  
retired.

He went, nor slumber'd in the sultry  
noon,

When viands, couches, generous wines,  
persuade,

And slumber most refreshes; nor at night,  
When heavy dews are laden with disease;  
And blindness waits not there for linger-  
ing age.

Ere morning dawn'd behind him, he  
arrived

At those rich meadows where young  
Tamar fed

The royal flocks entrusted to his care.

"Now," said he to himself, "will I repose  
At least this burthen on a brother's  
breast."

His brother stood before him: he, amazed,  
Rear'd suddenly his head, and thus began.

"Is it thou, brother! Tamar, is it thou!  
Why, standing on the valley's utmost  
verge,

Lookest thou on that dull and dreary  
shore

Where beyond sight Nile blackens all  
the sand?

And why that sadness? When I past our  
sheep

The dew-drops were not shaken off the  
bar,

Therefore if one be wanting, 'tis untold."

"Yes, one is wanting, nor is that  
untold,"

Said Tamar; "and this dull and dreary  
shore

Is neither dull nor dreary at all hours."  
Whereon the tear stole silent down his  
cheek,

Silent, but not by Gebir unobserv'd:  
Wondering he gazed awhile, and pitying  
spake.

"Let me approach thee; does the morn-  
ing light

Scatter this wan suffusion o'er thy brow,  
This faint blue lustre under both thine  
eyes?"

"O brother, is this pity or reproach?"

Cried Tamar, "cruel if it be reproach,  
If pity, O how vain!" "Whate'er it be  
That grieves thee, I will pity, thou but  
speak,

And I can tell thee, Tamar, pang for  
pang."

"Gebir! then more than brothers are  
we now!

Everything (take my hand) will I confess.  
I neither feed the flock nor watch the  
fold;



How can I, lost in love? But, Gebir, why  
That anger which has risen to your  
cheek?

Can other men? could you? what, no  
reply!

And still more anger, and still worse  
conceal'd!

Are these your promises? your pity  
this?"

"Tamar, I well may pity what I feel—  
Mark me aright—I feel for thee—  
proceed—

Relate me all." "Then will I all relate,"  
Said the young shepherd, gladden'd  
from his heart.

"'Twas evening, though not sunset, and  
the tide

Level with these green meadows, seem'd  
yet higher:

'Twas pleasant; and I loosen'd from my  
neck

The pipe you gave me, and began to play.  
O that I ne'er had learnt the tuneful art!  
It always brings us enemies or love.

Well, I was playing, when above the  
waves

Some swimmer's head methought I saw  
ascend;

I, sitting still, survey'd it, with my pipe  
Awkwardly held before my lips half-  
closed,

Gebir! it was a Nymph! a Nymph  
divine!

I cannot wait describing how she came,  
How I was sitting, how she first assum'd  
The sailor; of what happen'd there re-  
mains

Enough to say, and too much to forget.  
The sweet deceiver stepped upon this  
bank

Before I was aware; for with surprise  
Moments fly rapid as with love itself.  
Stooping to tune afresh the hoarsen'd  
reed,

I heard a rustling, and where that arose  
My glance first lighted on her nimble  
feet.

Her feet resembled those long shells  
explored

By him who to befriend his steed's dim  
sight

Would blow the pungent powder in the  
eye.

Her eyes too! O immortal Gods! her  
eyes

Resembled—what could they resemble?  
what

Ever resemble those? Even her attire  
Was not of wonted woof nor vulgar art:

Her mantle show'd the yellow samphire-  
pod,

Her girdle the dove-color'd wave serene.  
"Shepherd," said she, "and will you  
wrestle now,

And with the sailor's hardier race en-  
gage?"

I was rejoiced to hear it, and contrived  
How to keep up contention: could I fail  
By pressing not too strongly, yet to  
press?

"Whether a shepherd, as indeed you  
seem,

Or whether of the hardier race you boast,  
I am not daunted; no; I will engage."

"But first," said she, "what wager will  
you lay?"

"A sheep," I answered: "add whate'er  
you will."

"I can not," she replied, "make that  
return:

Our hidèd vessels in their pitchy round  
Seldom, unless from rapine, hold a sheep,  
But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue  
Within, and they that lustre have im-  
bibed

In the sun's palace-porch, where when  
unyoked

His chariot-wheel stands midway in the  
wave:

Shake one and it awakens, then apply  
Its polisht lips to your attentive ear,  
And it remembers its august abodes,  
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs  
there.

And I have others given me by the  
nymphs,

Of sweeter sound than any pipe you  
have;

But we, by Neptune! for no pipe con-  
tend,

This time a sheep I win, a pipe the next."  
Now came she forward eager to engage,  
But first her dress, her bosom then sur-  
vey'd,

And heav'd it, doubting if she could  
deceive.

Her bosom seem'd, inclos'd in haze like  
heav'n,

To baffle touch, and rose forth unde-  
finèd:

Above her knee she drew the robe suc-  
cinct,

Above her breast, and just below her  
arms.

"This will preserve my breath when  
tightly bound,

If struggle and equal strength should so  
constrain."

Thus, pulling hard to fasten it, she spake,  
 And, rushing at me, closed: I thrill'd  
 throughout  
 And seem'd to lessen and shrink up with  
 cold.  
 Again with violent impulse gushed my  
 blood,  
 And hearing nought external, thus ab-  
 sorb'd,  
 I heard it, rushing through each turbid  
 vein,  
 Shake my unsteady swimming sight in  
 air.  
 Yet with unyielding though uncertain  
 arms  
 I clung around her neck; the vest be-  
 neath  
 Rustled against our slippery limbs en-  
 twined:  
 Often mine springing with eluded force  
 Started aside and trembled till replaced:  
 And when I most succeeded, as I thought,  
 My bosom and my throat felt so com-  
 pressed  
 That life was almost quivering on my  
 lips,  
 Yet nothing was there painful: these  
 are signs  
 Of secret arts and not of human might;  
 What arts I cannot tell; I only know  
 My eyes grew dizzy and my strength  
 decay'd;  
 I was indeed o'ercome . . . with what  
 regret,  
 And more, with what confusion, when  
 I reached  
 The fold, and yielding up the sheep, she  
 cried,  
 "This pays a shepherd to a conquering  
 maid."  
 She smiled, and more of pleasure than  
 disdain  
 Was in her dimpled chin and liberal lip,  
 And eyes that languished, lengthening,  
 just like love.  
 She went away; I on the wicker gate  
 Leant, and could follow with my eyes  
 alone.  
 The sheep she carried easy as a cloak;  
 But when I heard its bleating, as I did,  
 And saw, she hastening on, its hinder  
 feet [slip,  
 Struggle, and from her snowy shoulder  
 One shoulder its poor efforts had un-  
 veil'd, [tears;  
 Then all my passions mingling fell in  
 Restless then ran I to the highest ground  
 To watch her; she was gone; gone down  
 the tide;

And the long moonbeam on the hard  
 wet sand  
 Lay like a jasper column half up-rear'd."  
 "But, Tamar! tell me, will she not  
 return?"  
 "She will return, yet not before the  
 moon  
 Again is at the full: she promised this,  
 Tho' when she promised I could not  
 reply."  
 "By all the Gods I pity thee! go on,  
 Fear not my anger, look not on my  
 shame,  
 For when a lover only hears of love  
 He finds his folly out, and is ashamed.  
 Away with watchful nights and lonely  
 days,  
 Contempt of earth and aspect up to  
 heaven,  
 With contemplation, with humility,  
 A tatter'd cloak that pride wears when  
 deform'd,  
 Away with all that hides me from my-  
 self,  
 Parts me from others, whispers I am  
 wise:  
 From our own wisdom less is to be reapt  
 Than from the barest folly of our friend.  
 Tamar! thy pastures, large and rich,  
 afford  
 Flowers to thy bees and herbage to thy  
 sheep,  
 But, battered on too much, the poorest  
 croft  
 Of thy poor neighbor yields what thine  
 denies."  
 They hasten'd to the camp, and Gebir  
 there  
 Resolved his native country to forego,  
 And order'd from those ruins to the right  
 They forthwith raise a city. Tamar  
 heard [told,  
 With wonder, tho' in passing 'twas half-  
 His brother's love, and sigh'd upon his  
 own. 1798.<sup>1</sup>

## ROSE AYLMEY

AH what avails the sceptred race,  
 Ah what the form divine!  
 What every virtue, every grace!  
 Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

<sup>1</sup> The exact dates of *writing*, for nearly all of Landon's poems, are unknown; and the same is true for Browning, and, on the whole, for all of the following poets. From this point on, therefore, the poems of each author will be arranged chronologically according to the dates of *publication*, and the dates of writing (if known) will be given only when especially important.



Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes  
May weep, but never see,  
A night of memories and of sighs  
I consecrate to thee.<sup>1</sup> 1806.

REGENERATION <sup>2</sup>

WE are what suns and winds and waters  
make us; [the rills  
The mountains are our sponsors, and  
Fashion and win their nursling with  
their smiles.

But where the land is dim from tyranny,  
There tiny pleasures occupy the place  
Of glories and of duties; as the feet  
Of fabled fairies when the sun goes down  
Trip o'er the grass where wrestlers  
strove by day. [above,  
Then Justice, call'd the Eternal One  
Is more inconstant than the buoyant form  
That burst into existence from the froth  
Of ever-varying ocean: what is best  
Then becomes worst; what loveliest,  
most deformed.

The heart is hardest in the softest climes,  
The passions flourish, the affections die.  
O thou vast tablet of these awful truths,  
That fillest all the space between the seas,  
Spreading from Venice's deserted courts  
To the Tarentine and Hydruntine mole,  
What lifts thee up? what shakes thee?  
'tis the breath [life!

Of God. Awake, ye nations! spring to  
Let the last work of his right hand appear  
Fresh with his image, Man. Thou  
recreant slave

That sittest afar off and helpest not,  
O thou degenerate Albion! <sup>3</sup> with what  
shame

<sup>1</sup> Rose Aylmer, the daughter of Henry, fourth Baron Aylmer, was Landor's companion in his walks about Swansea ("Abertawy") in Wales. She went to India, and died there in 1800. Landor speaks of her again in two poems written late in life: *The Three Roses*, 1858, (see page 457); and *Abertawy*, 1859, the concluding lines of which almost equal in beauty this early lyric, usually considered the most beautiful of his poems:

Where is she now? Call'd far away,  
By one she dared not disobey,  
To those proud halls, for youth unfit,  
Where princes stand and judges sit,  
Where Ganges rolls his widest wave  
She dropped her blossom in the grave;  
Her noble name she never changed,  
Nor was her nobler heart estranged.

<sup>2</sup> Inspired by the struggle of the Greek people for independence.

<sup>3</sup> "What those amongst us who are affected by a sense of national honor most lament, is, that England, whose generosity would cost her nothing and whose courage would be unexposed to fatality, stands aloof." (Landor, in the *Dedication of Imaginary Conversations*, 1829.)

Do I survey thee, pushing forth the  
sponge

At thy spear's length, in mockery at the  
thirst

Of holy Freedom in his agony.

And prompt and keen to pierce the  
wounded side!

Must Italy then wholly rot away

Amid her slime, before she germinate

Into fresh vigor, into form again?

What thunder bursts upon mine ear!  
some isle

Hath surely risen from the gulfs pro-  
found,

Eager to suck the sunshine from the  
breast

Of beauteous Nature, and to catch the  
gale

From golden Hermus and Melena's brow.

A greater thing than isle, than continent,

Than earth itself, than ocean circling  
earth,

Hath risen there; regenerate Man hath  
risen.

Generous old bard of Chios! not that Jove  
Deprived thee in thy latter days of sight  
Would I complain, but that no higher  
theme

Than a disdainful youth, a lawless king,  
A pestilence, a pyre, awoke thy song,

When on the Chian coast, one javelin's  
throw

From where thy tombstone, where thy  
cradle, stood,

Twice twenty self-devoted Greeks as-  
sail'd

The naval host of Asia, at one blow <sup>1</sup>

Scattered it into air . . . and Greece  
was free . . .

And ere these glories beam'd, thy day  
had closed.

Let all that Elis ever saw, give way,

All that Olympian Jove e'er smiled  
upon:

The Marathonian columns never told

A tale more glorious, never Salamis,

Nor, faithful in the centre of the false,

Platea, nor Anthela, from whose mount

Benignant Ceres wards the blessed Laws,  
And sees the Amphictyon dip his weary

foot  
In the warm streamlet of the strait be-  
low.

Goddess! altho' thy brow was never  
rear'd [sail'd

Among the powers that guarded or as-

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the victory of Canaris over the Turkish fleet. Compare the poem of Victor Hugo on the same battle, in *Les Orientales*.

Perfidious Ilium, parricidal Thebes,  
 Or other walls whose war-belt e'er in-  
     closed  
 Man's congregated crimes and vengeful  
     pain,  
 Yet hast thou touched the extremes of  
     grief and joy ;  
 Grief upon Enna's mead and Hell's as-  
     cent,  
 A solitary mother ; joy beyond,  
 Far beyond, that thy woe, in this thy  
     fane :  
 The tears were human, but the bliss  
     divine.  
 I, in the land of strangers, and depressed  
 With sad and certain presage for my  
     own,  
 Exult at hope's fresh dayspring, tho'  
     afar,  
 There where my youth was not unexer-  
     cised  
 By chiefs in willing war and faithful  
     song :  
 Shades as they were, they were not  
     empty shades,  
 Whose bodies haunt our world and blear  
     our sun,  
 Obstruction worse than swamp and  
     shapeless sands.  
 Peace, praise, eternal gladness, to the  
     souls  
 That, rising from the seas into the  
     heavens,  
 Have ransom'd first their country with  
     their blood !  
 O thou immortal Spartan ! at whose  
     name  
 The marble table sounds beneath my  
     palms,  
 Leonidas ! even thou wilt not disdain  
 To mingle names august as these with  
     thine ;  
 Nor thou, twin-star of glory, thou whose  
     rays  
 Stream'd over Corinth on the double  
     sea,  
 Achaian and Saronic ; whom the sons  
 Of Syracuse, when Death removed thy  
     light,  
 Wept more than slavery ever made them  
     weep,  
 But shed (if gratitude is sweet) sweet  
     tears.  
 The hand that then pour'd ashes o'er  
     their heads  
 Was loosen'd from its desperate chain  
     by thee.  
 What now can press mankind into one  
     mass,

For Tyranny to tread the more secure ?  
 From gold alone is drawn the guilty  
     wire [tone  
 That Adulation trills : she mocks the  
 Of Duty, Courage, Virtue, Piety,  
 And under her sits Hope. O how unlike  
 That graceful form in azure vest array'd,  
 With brow serene, and eyes on heaven  
     alone  
 In patience fixed, in fondness unob-  
     scured !  
 What monsters coil beneath the spread-  
     ing tree  
 Of Despotism ! what wastes extend  
     around !  
 What poison floats upon the distant  
     breeze !  
 But who are those that cull and deal its  
     fruit ?  
 Creatures that shun the light and fear  
     the shade,  
 Bloated and fierce, Sleep's mien and  
     Famine's cry.  
 Rise up again, rise in thy dignity,  
 Dejected Man ! and scare this brood  
     away. 1824.

#### CHILD OF A DAY, THOU KNOWEST NOT

CHILD of a day, thou knowest not  
 The tears that overflow thine urn,  
 The gushing eyes that read thy lot,  
 Nor, if thou knewest, couldst return !  
 And why the wish ! the pure and blessed  
 Watch like thy mother o'er thy sleep.  
 O peaceful night ! O envied rest !  
 Thou wilt not ever see her weep. 1831.

#### LYRICS, TO IANTHE

AWAY my verse ; and never fear,  
 As men before such beauty do ;  
 On you she will not look severe,  
 She will not turn her eyes from you.  
 Some happier graces could I lend  
 That in her memory you should live,  
 Some little blemishes might blend,  
 For it would please her to forgive.

When Helen first saw wrinkles in her  
     face  
 ('Twas when some fifty long had settled  
     there  
 And intermarried and branched off  
     awide)



She threw herself upon her couch and wept :

On this side hung her head, and over that

Listlessly she let fall the faithless brass That made the men as faithless.

But when you Found them, or fancied them, and would not hear

That they were only vestiges of smiles, Or the impression of some amorous hair Astray from cloistered curls and roseate band,

[perhaps Which had been lying there all night Upon a skin so soft, "No, no," you said, "Sure, they are coming, yes, are come, are here :

Well, and what matters it, while thou art too !"

Ianthe ! you are call'd to cross the sea ! A path forbidden *me* !

Remember, while the Sun his blessing sheds

Upon the mountain-heads, How often we have watched him laying down

His brow, and dropped our own Against each other's, and how faint and short

And sliding the support ! What will succeed it now ? Mine is unblest,

Ianthe ! nor will rest But on the very thought that swells with pain.

O bid me hope again ! O give me back what Earth, what (without you)

Not Heaven itself can do, One of the golden days that we have past :

And let it be my last ! Or else the gift would be, however sweet, Fragile and incomplete.

I held her hand, the pledge of bliss, Her hand that trembled and withdrew ;

She bent her head before my kiss . . . My heart was sure that hers was true.

Now I have told her I must part, She shakes my hand, she bids adieu, Nor shuns the kiss. Alas, my heart ! Hers never was the heart for you.

Pleasure ! why thus desert the heart In its spring-tide ?

I could have seen her, I could part, And but have sigh'd !

O'er every youthful charm to stray, To gaze, to touch . . .

Pleasure ! why take so much away, Or give so much !

Mild is the parting year, and sweet The odor of the falling spray ; Life passes on more rudely fleet, And balmless is its closing day.

I wait its close, I court its gloom, But mourn that never must there fall Or on my breast or on my tomb The tear that would have sooth'd it all.

Past ruin'd Ilion Helen lives, Alcestis rises from the shades ; Verse calls them forth ; 'tis verse that gives Immortal youth to mortal maids.

Soon shall Oblivion's deepening veil Hide all the peopled hills you see, The gay, the proud, while lovers hail These many summers you and me. 1831.

#### FIESOLAN IDYL

HERE, where precipitate Spring, with one light bound

Into hot Summer's lusty arms, expires, And where go forth at morn, at eve, at night,

Soft airs that want the lute to play with 'em,

And softer sighs that know not what they want,

Aside a wall, beneath an orange-tree, Whose tallest flowers could tell the low-lier ones

Of sights in Fiesolè right up above, While I was gazing a few paces off At what they seem'd to show me with their nods,

Their frequent whispers and their pointing shoots,

A gentle maid came down the garden-steps [lap.

And gathered the pure treasure in her

I heard the branches rustle, and stepped  
 forth  
 To drive the ox away, or mule or goat,  
 Such I believed it must be. How could I  
 Let beast o'erpower them? When hath  
 wind or rain  
 Borne hard upon weak plant that wanted  
 me,  
 And I (however they might bluster  
 round)  
 Walked off? 'Twere most ungrateful:  
 for sweet scents  
 Are the swift vehicles of still sweeter  
 thoughts,  
 And nurse and pillow the dull memory  
 That would let drop without them her  
 best stores.  
 They bring me tales of youth and tones  
 of love.  
 And 'tis and ever was my wish and way  
 To let all flowers live freely, and all die  
 (Whene'er their Genius bids their souls  
 depart)  
 Among their kindred in their native  
 place.  
 I never pluck the rose; the violet's head  
 Hath shaken with my breath upon its  
 bank  
 And not reproached me: the ever-sacred  
 cup  
 Of the pure lily hath between my hands  
 Felt safe, unsoil'd, nor lost one grain of  
 gold.  
 I saw the light that made the glossy  
 leaves  
 More glossy; the fair arm, the fairer  
 cheek  
 Warmed by the eye intent on its pursuit;  
 I saw the foot that, altho' half-erect  
 From its gray slipper, could not lift her  
 up  
 To what she wanted: I held down a  
 branch  
 And gather'd her some blossoms; since  
 their hour  
 Was come, and bees had wounded them,  
 and flies  
 Of harder wing were working their way  
 thro'  
 And scattering them in fragments under-  
 foot.  
 So crisp were some, they rattled un-  
 evolved,  
 Others, ere broken off, fell into shells,  
 For such appear the petals when de-  
 tached  
 Unbending, brittle, lucid, white like  
 snow, [sun:  
 And like snow not seen thro', by eye or

Yet every one her gown received from  
 me  
 Was fairer than the first. I thought not  
 so,  
 But so she praised them to reward my  
 care.  
 I said, "You find the largest."  
 "This indeed,"  
 Cried she, "is large and sweet." She  
 held one forth,  
 Whether for me to look at or to take  
 She knew not, nor did I; but taking it  
 Would best have solved (and this she  
 felt) her doubt.  
 I dared not touch it; for it seemed a  
 part  
 Of her own self; fresh, full, the most  
 mature  
 Of blossoms, yet a blossom; with a touch  
 To fall, and yet unfallen. She drew back  
 The boon she tender'd, and then, finding  
 not  
 The ribbon at her waist to fix it in,  
 Dropped it, as loth to drop it, on the rest.  
 1831.

#### FOR AN EPITAPH AT FIESOLE

Lo! where the four mimosas blend their  
 shade  
 In calm repose at last is Landor laid,  
 For ere he slept he saw them planted  
 here  
 By her his soul had ever held most dear,  
 And he had lived enough when he had  
 dried her tear. 1831.

#### UPON A SWEET-BRIAR

MY briar that smelledst sweet  
 When gentle spring's first heat  
 Ran through thy quiet veins,—  
 Thou that wouldst injure none,  
 But wouldst be left alone,  
 Alone thou leavest me, and nought of  
 thine remains.

What! hath no poet's lyre  
 O'er thee, sweet-breathing briar,  
 Hung fondly, ill or well?  
 And yet methinks with thee  
 A poet's sympathy,  
 Whether in weal or woe, in life or death,  
 might dwell.

Hard usage both must bear,  
 Few hands your youth will rear,  
 Few bosoms cherish you;  
 Your tender prime must bleed



Ere you are sweet, but freed  
From life, you then are prized; thus  
prized are poets too.

.....

And art thou yet alive?  
And shall the happy hive  
Send out her youth to cull  
Thy sweets of leaf and flower,  
And spend the sunny hour  
With thee, and thy faint heart with  
murmuring music lull?

Tell me what tender care,  
Tell me what pious prayer,  
Bade thee arise and live.  
The fondest-favored bee  
Shall whisper nought to thee  
Move loving than the song my grateful  
muse shall give.

1834.<sup>1</sup>

#### THE MAID'S LAMENT

I LOVED him not; and yet now he is gone  
I feel I am alone.

I check'd him while he spoke; yet could  
he speak,

Alas! I would not check.

For reasons not to love him once I  
sought,

And wearied all my thought  
To vex myself and him: I now would  
give

My love, could he but live  
Who lately lived for me, and when he  
found

'Twas vain, in holy ground  
He hid his face amid the shades of  
death.

I waste for him my breath  
Who wasted his for me: but mine re-  
turns,

And this lorn bosom burns  
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,  
And waking me to weep

Tears that had melted his soft heart:  
for years

Wept he as bitter tears.

*Merciful God!* such was his latest  
prayer,

*These may she never share.*

Quieter is his breath, his breast more  
cold,

Than daisies in the mould,  
Where children spell, athwart the  
churchyard gate,

<sup>1</sup> This and the following poem are from the  
*Citation of William Shakespeare.*

His name and life's brief date.  
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you  
be,  
And oh! pray too for me.

1834.

#### THE SHADES OF AGAMEMNON AND IPHIGENEIA <sup>1</sup>

*Iphigeneia.* Father! I now may lean  
upon your breast,  
And you with unreverted eyes will grasp  
Iphigeneia's hand.

We are not shades  
Surely! for yours throb yet.

And did my blood  
Win Troy for Greece?

Ah! 'twas ill done, to shrink;  
But the sword gleam'd so sharp; and the  
good priest

Trembled, and Pallas frown'd above,  
severe.

*Agamemnon.* Daughter!

*Iphigeneia.* Beloved father! is the  
blade

Again to pierce my bosom? 'tis unfit  
For sacrifice; no blood is in its veins,  
No God requires it here: here are no  
wrongs

To vindicate, no realms to overthrow.  
You standing as at Aulis in the fane,  
With face averted, holding (as before)  
My hand; but yours burns not, as then  
it burn'd.

This alone shows me we are with the  
Blessed,  
Nor subject to the sufferings we have  
borne.

I will win back past kindness.

Tell me then,  
Tell how my mother fares who loved me  
so,

And griev'd, as 'twere for you, to see me  
part.

Frown not, but pardon me for tarrying  
Amid too idle words, nor asking how  
She prais'd us both (which most?) for  
what we did.

*Agamemnon.* Ye Gods who govern  
here! do human pangs  
Reach the pure soul thus far below? do  
tears

Spring in these meadows?

<sup>1</sup> "I imagine Agamemnon to descend from his  
horrible death, and to meet instantly his daugh-  
ter. By the nature of things, by the suddenness  
of the event, Iphigeneia can have heard nothing  
of her mother's double crime, adultery and  
murder." *Aspasia to Cleone*, introducing the  
poem as first given in *Pericles and Aspasia*, 1836

*Iphigeneia.* No, sweet father, no . .  
I could have answered that ; why ask  
the Gods ?

*Agamemnon.* Iphigeneia ! O my  
child ! the Earth  
Has gendered crimes unheard of heretofore,  
And Nature may have changed in her  
last depths,  
Together with the Gods and all their  
laws.

*Iphigeneia.* Father ! we must not let  
you here condemn ;  
Not, were the day less joyful : recollect  
We have no wicked here ; no king to  
judge.  
Poseidon, we have heard, with bitter  
rage  
Lashes his foaming steeds against the  
skies,  
And, laughing with loud yell at winged  
fire,  
Innoxious to his fields and palaces  
Affrights the eagle from the sceptred  
hand ;  
While Pluto, gentlest brother of the  
three  
And happiest in obedience, views sedate  
His tranquil realm, nor envies theirs  
above.  
No change have we, not even day for  
night  
Nor spring for summer.

All things are serene.  
Serene too be your spirit ! None on earth  
Ever was half so kindly in his house,  
And so compliant, even to a child.  
Never was snatch'd your robe away from  
me, [man  
Though going to the council. The blind  
Knew his good king was leading him  
indoors,  
Before he heard the voice that marshal'd  
Greece.

Therefore all prais'd you.

Proudest men themselves  
In others praise humility, and most  
Admire it in the sceptre and the sword.  
What then can make you speak thus  
rapidly  
And briefly ? in your step thus hesitate ?  
Are you afraid to meet among the good  
Incestuous Helen here ?

*Agamemnon.* O ! gods of hell !

*Iphigeneia.* She hath not past the  
river.

We may walk  
With our hands link'd nor feel our  
house's shame.

*Agamemnon.* Never mayst thou, Iphi-  
geneia, feel it !

Aulis had no sharp sword, thou wouldst  
exclaim,

Greece no avenger—I, her chief so late,  
Through Erebos, through Elysium,  
writhe beneath it.

*Iphigeneia.* Come, I have better dia-  
dems than those

Of Argos and Mycenai : come away,  
And I will weave them for you on the  
bank.

You will not look so pale when you have  
walk'd

A little in the grove, and have told all  
Those sweet fond words the widow sent  
her child.

*Agamemnon.* O Earth ! I suffered  
less upon thy shores !

(*Aside.*) The bath that bubbled with  
my blood, the blows

That spilt it (O worse torture !) must  
she know ?

Ah ! the first woman coming from My-  
cenai

Will pine to pour this poison in her ear,  
Taunting sad Charon for his slow ad-  
vance.

*Iphigeneia !*

*Iphigeneia.* Why thus turn away ?  
Calling me with such fondness ! I am  
here,

Father ! and where you are, will ever be.

*Agamemnon.* Thou art my child ; yes,  
yes, thou art my child.

All was not once what all now is ! Come  
on,

Idol of love and truth ! my child ! my  
child !

(*Alone.*) Fell woman ! ever false !  
false was thy last

Denunciation, as thy bridal vow ;

And yet even that found faith with me !  
The dirk

Which sever'd flesh from flesh, where  
this hand rests,

Severs not, as thou boastedst in thy  
scoffs,

Iphigeneia's love from Agamemnon :

The wife's a spark may light, a straw  
consume,

The daughter's not her heart's whole  
fount hath quench'd,

'Tis worthy of the Gods, and lives for  
ever.

*Iphigeneia.* What spake my father  
to the Gods above ?

Unworthy am I then to join in prayer ?  
If, on the last, or any day before,



Of my brief course on earth, I did amiss,  
Say it at once, and let me be unblessed ;  
But, O my faultless father ! why should  
you ?

And shun so my embraces ?

Am I wild  
And wandering in my fondness ?

We are shades !  
Groan not thus deeply ; blight not thus  
the season

Of full-orb'd gladness ! Shades we are  
indeed,

But mingled, let us feel it, with the  
blessed.

I knew it, but forgot it suddenly,

Altho' I felt it all at your approach.

Look on me ; smile with me at my  
illusion.

You are so like what you have ever been  
(Except in sorrow !) I might well forget  
I could not win you as I used to do.

It was the first embrace since my de-  
scent

I ever aim'd at : those who love me live,  
Save one, who loves me most, and now  
would chide me.

*Agamemnon.* We want not, O Iphi-  
geneia, we

Want not embrace, nor kiss that cools  
the heart [more

With purity, nor words that more and  
Teach what we know, from those we  
know, and sink

Often most deeply where they fall most  
light.

Time was when for the faintest breath  
of thine

Kingdom and life were little,

*Iphigeneia.* Value them

As little now.

*Agamemnon.* Were life and kingdom  
all !

*Iphigeneia.* Ah ! by our death many  
are sad who loved us.

The little fond Electra, and Orestes

So childish and so bold ! O that mad  
boy !

They will be happy too.

Cheer ! king of men !

Cheer ! there are voices, songs—Cheer !  
arms advance.

*Agamemnon.* Come to me, soul of  
peace ! These, these alone,  
These are not false embraces.

*Iphigeneia.* Both are happy !

*Agamemnon.* Freshness breathes  
round me from some breeze above.

What are ye, winged ones ! with golden  
urns ?

### *The Hours*

(*Descending.*) To each an urn we bring :  
Earth's purest gold  
Alone can hold

The lymph of the Lethean spring.  
We, son of Atreus ! we divide  
The dulcet from the bitter tide  
That runs athwart the paths of  
men.

No more our pinions shalt thou see.  
Take comfort ! We have done with  
thee,

And must away to earth again.

(*Ascending.*) Where thou art, thou  
Of braided brow,

Thou cull'd too soon from Argive bowers,  
Where thy sweet voice is heard among  
The shades that thrill with choral song,  
None can regret the parted Hours.

(*As the Hours depart, the shades of the Argive  
warriors who had fought at Troy approach and  
chant in chorus the praises of Agamemnon and  
his daughter.*)

### *Chorus of Argives*

Maiden ! be thou the spirit that breathes  
Triumph and joy into our song !

Wear and bestow these amaranth-  
wreaths,

Iphigeneia—they belong  
To none but thee and her who reigns  
(Less chanted) on our bosky plains.

### *Semi-chorus*

Iphigeneia ! 'tis to thee

Glory we owe and victory.

Clash, men of Argos, clash your  
arms,

To martial worth and virgin charms.

### *Other Semi-chorus*

Ye men of Argos ! it was sweet  
To roll the fruits of conquest at the feet  
Whose whispering sound made bravest  
hearts beat fast.

This we have known at home ;  
But hither we are come  
To crown the king who ruled us first  
and last.

### *Chorus*

Father of Argos ! king of men !

We chant the hymn of praise to  
thee.

In serried ranks we stand again,  
Our glory safe, our country free.

Clash, clash the arms we bravely  
bore  
Against Scamander's God-defended  
shore.

*Semi-chorus*

Blessed art thou who hast repell'd  
Battle's wild fury, Ocean's whelming  
foam ;  
Blessed o'er all, to have beheld  
Wife, children, house avenged, and  
peaceful home !

*Other Semi-chorus*

We, too, thou seest, are now  
Among the happy, though the  
aged brow  
From sorrow for us we could not  
protect,  
Nor, on the polished granite of the  
well  
Folding our arms, of spoils and  
perils tell,  
Nor lift the vase on the lov'd head  
erect.

*Semi-chorus*

What whirling wheels are those  
behind ?  
What plumes come flaring through  
the wind,  
Nearer and nearer ? From his  
car  
He who defied the heaven-born  
Powers of war  
Pelides springs ! Dust, dust are we  
To him, O king, who bends the knee,  
Proud only to be first in reverent praise  
of thee.

*Other Semi-Chorus*

Clash, clash the arms ! None other race  
Shall see such heroes face to face.  
We too have fought ; and they have seen  
Nor sea-sand gray nor meadow green  
Where Dardans stood against their  
men.  
Clash ! Io Paean ! clash again !  
Repinings for lost days repress.  
The flames of Troy had cheer'd us less.

*Chorus*

Hark ! from afar more war-steeds neigh,  
Thousands o'er thousands rush this way.  
Ajax is yonder ! ay, behold  
The radiant arms of Lycian gold !  
Arms from admiring valor won,

Tydeus ! and worthy of thy son.  
'Tis Ajax wears them now ; for he  
Rules over Adria's stormy sea.

He threw them to the friend who lost  
(By the dim judgment of the host)  
Those wet with tears which Thetis gave  
The youth most beauteous of the brave.  
In vain ! the insatiate soul would go  
For comfort to his peers below.  
Clash ! ere we leave them all the plain,  
Clash ! Io Paean ! once again.<sup>1</sup> 1836.

THE DEATH OF ARTEMIDORA<sup>2</sup>

"ARTEMIDORA ! Gods invisible,  
While thou art lying faint along the  
couch,  
Have tied the sandal to thy slender feet  
And stand beside thee, ready to convey  
Thy weary steps where other rivers flow.  
Refreshing shades will waft thy weariness  
Away, and voices like thy own come near  
And nearer, and solicit an embrace."  
Artemidora sigh'd, and would have  
pressed  
The hand now pressing hers, but was too  
weak.  
Iris stood over her dark hair unseen  
While thus Elpenor spake. He looked into  
Eyes that had given light and life ere-  
while  
To those above them, but now dim with  
tears  
And wakefulness. Again he spake of joy  
Eternal. At that word, that sad word,  
joy,  
Faithful and fond her bosom heav'd once  
more :  
Her head fell back ; and now a loud deep  
sob  
Swell'd thro' the darken'd chamber ;  
'twas not hers. 1836.

CORINNA TO TANAGRA, FROM  
ATHENS

TANAGRA ! think not I forget  
Thy beautifully storied streets ;  
Be sure my memory bathes yet  
In clear Thermodon, and yet greets  
The blithe and liberal shepherd-boy,

<sup>1</sup> See Landor's own comment on this poem, p. 440.

<sup>2</sup> 1836, in *Pericles and Aspasia*. Slightly altered and included in the *Hellenics*, 1846, etc., from which the present text is taken. See Colvin's comment on the poem, in his *Life of Landor*, pp. 193-4.



Whose sunny bosom swells with joy  
When we accept his matted rushes  
Upheav'd with sylvan fruit; away he  
bounds, and blushes.

A gift I promise: one I see  
Which thou with transport wilt receive,  
The only proper gift for thee,  
Of which no mortal shall bereave  
In later times thy mouldering walls,  
Until the last old turret falls;  
A crown, a crown from Athens won,  
A crown no God can wear, beside Lato-  
na's son.

There may be cities who refuse  
To their own child the honors due,  
And look ungently on the Muse;  
But ever shall those cities rue  
The dry, unyielding, niggard breast,  
Offering no nourishment, no rest,  
To that young head which soon shall  
rise  
Disdainfully, in might and glory, to the  
skies.

Sweetly where cavern'd Dirce flows  
Do white-arm'd maidens chant my  
lay,  
Flapping the while with laurel-rose  
The honey-gathering tribes away;  
And sweetly, sweetly Attic tongues  
Lisp your Corinna's early songs;  
To her with feet more graceful come  
The verses that have dwelt in kindred  
breasts at home.

O let thy children lean aslant  
Against the tender mother's knee,  
And gaze into her face, and want  
To know what magic there can be  
In words that urge some eyes to dance,  
While others as in holy trance  
Look up to heaven: be such my praise!  
Why linger? I must haste, or lose the  
Delphic bays. 1836.

#### SAPPHO TO HESPERUS

I HAVE beheld thee in the morning hour  
A solitary star, with thankless eyes,  
Ungrateful as I am! who bade thee rise  
When sleep all night had wandered from  
my bower.

Can it be true that thou art he  
Who shines now above the sea  
Amid a thousand, but more bright?

Ah yes! the very same art thou  
That heard me then and hearest now...  
Thou seemest, star of love! to throb with  
light. 1836.

#### LITTLE AGLAE

TO HER FATHER, ON HER STATUE BEING  
CALLED LIKE HER

FATHER! the little girl we see  
Is not, I fancy, so like me;  
You never hold her on your knee.

When she came home, the other day,  
You kiss'd her; but I cannot say  
She kiss'd you first and ran away. 1836.

#### DIRCE

STAND close around, ye Stygian set,  
With Dirce in one boat conveyed,  
Or Charon, seeing, may forget  
That he is old, and she a shade. 1836.

#### CLEONE TO ASPASIA

WE mind not how the sun in the mid-  
sky  
Is hastening on; but when the golden  
orb  
Strikes the extreme of earth, and when  
the gulfs  
Of air and ocean open to receive him,  
Dampness and gloom invade us; then  
we think  
Ah! thus is it with Youth. Too fast his  
feet  
Run on for sight; hour follows hour;  
fair maid  
Succeeds fair maid; bright eyes bestar  
his couch;  
The cheerful horn awakens him; the  
feast,  
The revel, the entangling dance, allure,  
And voices mellower than the Muse's  
own  
Heave up his buoyant bosom on their  
wave.  
A little while, and then—Ah Youth!  
Youth! Youth!  
Listen not to my words—but stay with  
me!  
When thou art gone, Life may go too;  
the sigh  
That rises is for thee, and not for Life. 1836.

## ON LUCRETIA BORGIA'S HAIR

BORGIA, thou once wert almost too  
 august  
 And high for adoration; now thou'rt  
 dust;  
 All that remains of thee these plaits  
 unfold,  
 Calm hair meandering in pellucid gold.  
 1837.

## TO WORDSWORTH

THOSE who have laid the harp aside  
 And turn'd to idler things,  
 From very restlessness have tried  
 The loose and dusty strings,  
 And, catching back some favorite strain,  
 Run with it o'er the chords again.

But Memory is not a Muse,  
 O Wordsworth! though 'tis said  
 They all descend from her, and use  
 To haunt her fountain-head:  
 That other men should work for me  
 In the rich mines of Poesie,

Pleases me better than the toil  
 Of smoothing under hardened hand,  
 With attic emery and oil,  
 The shining point for Wisdom's wand,  
 Like those thou temperest 'mid the rills  
 Descending from thy native hills.  
 Without his governance, in vain,  
 Manhood is strong, and Youth is bold.

If oftentimes the o'er-piled strain,  
 Clogs in the furnace and grows cold  
 Beneath his pinions deep and froze,  
 And swells and melts and flows no  
 more,  
 That is because the heat beneath  
 Pants in its cavern poorly fed.  
 Life springs not from the couch of  
 Death,  
 Nor Muse nor Grace can raise the  
 dead;  
 Unturn'd then let the mass remain,  
 Intractable to sun or rain.

A marsh, where only flat leaves lie,  
 And showing but the broken sky,  
 Too surely is the sweetest lay  
 That wins the ear and wastes the day,  
 Where youthful Fancy pouts alone  
 And lets not Wisdom touch her zone.

He who would build his fame up high,  
 The rule and plummet must apply.  
 Nor say, "I'll do what I have plann'd,"

Before he try if loam or sand  
 Be still remaining in the place  
 Delved for each polished pillar's base.  
 With skilful eye and fit device  
 Thou raisest every edifice,  
 Whether in sheltered vale it stand,  
 Or overlook the Dardan strand,  
 Amid the cypresses that mourn  
 Laodameia's love forlorn.

We both have run o'er half the space  
 Listed for mortal's earthly race;  
 We both have crossed life's fervid line,  
 And other stars before us shine:  
 May they be bright and prosperous  
 As those that have been stars for us!  
 Our course by Milton's light was sped,  
 And Shakespeare shining overhead:  
 Chatting on deck was Dryden too,  
 The Bacon of the rhyming crew;  
 None ever cross'd our mystic sea  
 More richly stored with thought than he;  
 Tho' never tender nor sublime,  
 He wrestles with and conquers Time.  
 To learn my lore on Chaucer's knee,  
 I left much prouder company;  
 Thee gentle Spenser fondly led,  
 But me he mostly sent to bed.

I wish them every joy above  
 That highly blessed spirits prove,  
 Save one: and that too shall be theirs,  
 But after many rolling years,  
 When 'mid their light thy light appears.  
 1833. 1837.

## TO JOSEPH ABLETT

LORD of the Celtic dells,  
 Where Clwyd listens as his minstrel  
 tells  
 Of Arthur, or Pendragon, or perchance  
 The plumes of flashy France,  
 Or, in dark region far across the main,  
 Far as Grenada in the world of Spain,

Warriors untold to Saxon ear,  
 Until their steel-clad spirits reappear;  
 How happy were the hours that held  
 Thy friend (long absent from his native  
 home)  
 Amid thy scenes with thee! how wide  
 afield  
 From all past cares and all to come!

What hath Ambition's feverish grasp,  
 what hath  
 Inconstant Fortune, panting Hope;  
 What Genius, that should cope



With the heart-whispers in that path  
Winding so idly, where the idler stream  
Flings at the white-haired poplars  
gleam for gleam?

Ablett! of all the days  
My sixty summers ever knew,  
Pleasant as there have been no few,  
Memory not one surveys  
Like those we spent together. Wisely  
spent  
Are they alone that leave the soul content.

Together we have visited the men  
Whom Pictish pirates vainly would  
have drowned;  
Ah, shall we ever clasp the hand again  
That gave the British harp its truest  
sound?  
Live, Derwent's guest! and thou by  
Grasmere's springs!  
Serene creators of immortal things.<sup>1</sup>

And live too thou for happier days  
Whom Dryden's force and Spenser's fays  
Have heart and soul possess'd:<sup>2</sup>  
Growl in Grim London he who will,  
Revisit thou Maiano's hill,  
And swell with pride his sunburnt  
breast.

Old Redi in his easy-chair  
With varied chant awaits thee there,  
And here are voices in the grove  
Aside my house, that make me think  
Bacchus is coming down to drink  
To Ariadne's love.

But whither am I borne away  
From thee, to whom began my lay?  
Courage! I am not yet quite lost;  
I stepped aside to greet my friends;  
Believe me, soon the greeting ends,  
I know but three or four at most.

Deem not that Time hath borne too hard  
Upon the fortunes of thy bard,  
Leaving me only three or four:  
'Tis my old number; dost thou start  
At such a tale? in what man's heart  
Is there fireside for more?

I never courted friends or Fame;  
She pouted at me long, at last she came,  
And threw her arms around my neck  
and said,

<sup>1</sup> Southey and Wordsworth.    <sup>2</sup> Leigh Hunt.

"Take what hath been for years delay'd,  
And fear not that the leaves will fall  
One hour the earlier from thy coronal."

Ablett! thou knowest with what even  
hand  
I waved away the offer'd seat  
Among the clambering, clattering, stilt-  
ed great,  
The rulers of our land;  
Nor crowds nor kings can lift me up,  
Nor sweeten Pleasure's purer cup.

Thou knowest how, and why, are dear  
to me  
My citron groves of Fiesole,  
My chirping Affrico, my beechwood  
nook,  
My Naiads, with feet only in the brook,  
Which runs away and giggles in their  
faces,  
Yet there they sit, nor sigh for other  
places.

'Tis not Pelasgian wall,  
By him made sacred whom alone  
'Twere not profane to call  
The bard divine, nor (thrown  
Far under me) Valdarno, nor the crest  
Of Vallombrosa in the crimson east.

Here can I sit or roam at will:  
Few trouble me, few wish me ill,  
Few come across me, few too near;  
Here all my wishes make their stand;  
Here ask I no one's voice or hand;  
Scornful of favor, ignorant of fear.

Yon vine upon the maple bough  
Flouts at the hearty wheat below;  
Away her venal wines the wise man  
sends,  
While those of lower stem he brings  
From inmost treasure vault, and sings  
Their worth and age among his chosen  
friends.

Behold our Earth, most nigh the sun  
Her zone least opens to the genial heat,  
But farther off her veins more freely  
run:  
'Tis thus with those who whirl about  
the great; [note  
The nearest shrink and shiver, we re-  
May open-breasted blow the pastoral oat.  
1834. 1837.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This poem had been printed in an earlier form, containing lines to Coleridge, in Leigh Hunt's *London Journal*, December 3, 1834. See Colvin's *Life of Landor*, note to p. 142.

## TO MARY LAMB

COMFORT thee, O thou mourner, yet  
awhile !

Again shall Elia's smile  
Refresh thy heart, where heart can ache  
no more.

What is it we deplore ?

He leaves behind him, freed from griefs  
and years,

Far worthier things than tears.  
The love of friends without a single foe :  
Unequalled lot below !

His gentle soul, his genius, these are  
thine ;

For these dost thou repine ?

He may have left the lowly walks of  
men ;

Left them he has ; what then ?

Are not his footsteps followed by the  
eyes

Of all the good and wise ?

Tho' the warm day is over, yet they  
seek

Upon the lofty peak

Of his pure mind the roseate light that  
glows

O'er death's perennial snows.

Behold him ! from the region of the  
blessed

He speaks : he bids thee rest.

1834. 1837.

ON HIS OWN IPHIGENEIA AND  
AGAMEMNON

From eve to morn, from morn to part-  
ing night

Father and daughter stood within my  
sight. [they said,

I felt the looks they gave, the words  
And reconducted each serener shade.

Ever shall these to me be well-spent  
days,

Sweet fell the tears upon them, sweet  
the praise. [throne,

Far from the footstool of the tragic  
I am tragedian in that scene alone.

1837.

## FAREWELL TO ITALY

I LEAVE thee, beauteous Italy ! no more  
From the high terraces, at eventide,  
To look supine into thy depths of sky,  
Thy golden moon between the cliff and  
me,

Or thy dark spires of fretted cypresses  
Bordering the channel of the milky-way.  
Fiesole and Valdarno must be dreams  
Hereafter, and my own lost Affrico  
Murmur to me but in the poet's song.  
I did believe (what have I not believed?)  
Weary with age, but unoppressed by  
pain,

To close in thy soft clime my quiet day  
And rest my bones in the Mimosa's  
shade.

Hope ! Hope ! few ever cherished thee  
so little ;

Few are the heads thou hast so rarely  
raised ; [well.

But thou didst promise this, and all was  
For we are fond of thinking where to lie  
When every pulse hath ceased, when the  
lone heart

Can lift no aspiration—reasoning  
As if the sight were unimpaired by death,  
Were unobstructed by the coffin-lid,  
And the sun cheered corruption ! Over  
all

The smiles of nature shed a potent  
charm,

And light us to our chamber at the  
grave. 1835. 1846.

## WHY, WHY REPINE

WHY, why repine, my pensive friend,  
At pleasures slipped away ?

Some the stern Fates will never lend,  
And all refuse to stay.

I see the rainbow in the sky,  
The dew upon the grass,  
I see them, and I ask not why  
They glimmer or they pass.

With folded arms I linger not  
To call them back ; 'twere vain ;  
In this, or in some other spot,  
I know they'll shine again.

1846.

MOTHER, I CANNOT MIND MY  
WHEEL

MOTHER, I cannot mind my wheel ;  
My fingers ache, my lips are dry :  
Oh ! if you felt the pain I feel !  
But oh, who ever felt as I ?  
No longer could I doubt him true—  
All other men may use deceit ;  
He always said my eyes were blue,  
And often swore my lips were sweet.

1846.



## TO A BRIDE

FEBRUARY 17, 1846<sup>1</sup>

A STILL, serene, soft day ; enough of sun  
 To wreathe the cottage smoke like pine-  
 tree snow,  
 Whiter than those white flowers the  
 bride-maids wore ;  
 Upon the silent boughs the lissom air  
 Rested ; and, only when it went, they  
 moved,  
 No more than under linnet springing off.  
 Such was the wedding morn : the joy-  
 ous Year  
 Leapt over March and April up to May.  
 Regent of rising and of ebbing hearts,  
 Thyself borne on in cool serenity,  
 All heaven around and bending over  
 thee,  
 All earth below and watchful of thy  
 course !  
 Well hast thou chosen, after long demur  
 To aspirations from more realms than  
 one.  
 Peace be with those thou leavest ! peace  
 with thee !  
 Is that enough to wish thee ? not enough,  
 But very much : for Love himself feels  
 pain,  
 While brighter plumage shoots, to shed  
 last year's ;  
 And one at home (how dear that one !)  
 recalls  
 Thy name, and thou recallest one at  
 home.  
 Yet turn not back thine eyes ; the hour  
 of tears  
 Is over ; nor believe thou that Romance  
 Closes against pure Faith her rich do-  
 main.  
 Shall only blossoms flourish there ?  
 Arise,  
 Far sighted bride ! look forward !  
 clearer views  
 And higher hopes lie under calmer skies.  
 Fortune in vain call'd out to thee ; in  
 vain  
 Rays from high regions darted ; Wit  
 pour'd out  
 His sparkling treasures ; Wisdom laid  
 his crown  
 Of richer jewels at thy reckless feet.  
 Well hast thou chosen. I repeat the  
 words,

<sup>1</sup> For the marriage of the daughter of Rose Aylmer's half-sister. Called by Landor "my tenderest lay." See *The Three Roses*, p. 457, and note there.

Adding as true ones, not untold before,  
 That incense must have fire for its as-  
 cent,

Else 'tis inert and can not reach the idol.  
 Youth is the sole equivalent of youth.  
 Enjoy it while it lasts ; and last it will ;  
 Love can prolong it in despite of Years.  
 1846.

## LYRICS

"Do you remember me ? or are you  
 proud ?"  
 Lightly advancing thro' her star-trimm'd  
 crowd,  
 Ianthe said, and looked into my eyes.  
 "A *yes*, a *yes*, to both : for Memory  
 Where you but once have been must ever  
 be,  
 And at your voice Pride from his  
 throne must rise."

No, my own love of other years !  
 No, it must never be.  
 Much rests with you that yet endears,  
 Alas ! but what with me ?  
 Could those bright years o'er me revolve  
 So gay, o'er you so fair,  
 The pearl of life we would dissolve  
 And each the cup might share.  
 You show that truth can ne'er decay,  
 Whatever fate befalls ;  
 I, that the myrtle and the bay  
 Shoot fresh on ruin'd walls.

ONE year ago my path was green,  
 My footstep light, my brow serene ;  
 Alas ! and could it have been so  
 One year ago ?

There is a love that is to last  
 When the hot days of youth are past :  
 Such love did a sweet maid bestow  
 One year ago.

I took a leaflet from her braid  
 And gave it to another maid.  
 Love ! broken should have been thy bow  
 One year ago.

YES ; I write verses now and then,  
 But blunt and flaccid is my pen,  
 No longer talked of by young men  
 As rather clever :

In the last quarter are my eyes,  
 You see it by their form and size ;  
 Is it not time then to be wise ?  
                   Or now or never.

Fairest that ever sprang from Eve !  
 While Time allows the short reprieve,  
 Just look at me ! would you believe  
                   'Twas once a lover ?  
 I cannot clear the five-bar gate,  
 But, trying first its timbers' state,  
 Climb stiffly up, take breath, and wait  
                   To trundle over.

Thro' gallopade I cannot swing  
 The entangling blooms of Beauty's  
                   spring :  
 I cannot say the tender thing,  
                   Be't true or false,  
 And am beginning to opine  
 Those girls are only half-divine  
 Whose waists yon wicked boys entwine  
                   In giddy waltz.

I fear that arm above that shoulder,  
 I wish them wiser, graver, older,  
 Sedater, and no harm if colder  
                   And panting less.  
 Ah ! people were not half so wild  
 In former days, when, starchly mild,  
 Upon her high-heel'd Essex smiled  
                   The brave Queen Bess.

With rosy hand a little girl pressed down  
 A boss of fresh-cull'd cowslips in a rill :  
 Often as they sprang up again, a frown  
 Show'd she disliked resistance to her  
                   will :  
 But when they droop'd their heads and  
                   shone much less,  
 She shook them to and fro, and threw  
                   them by,  
 And tripped away. "Ye loathe the  
                   heaviness  
 Ye love to cause, my little girls !"   
                   thought I,  
 "And what had shone for you, by you  
                   must die."

You smiled, you spoke, and I believed,  
 By every word and smile deceived.  
 Another man would hope no more ;  
 Nor hope I what I hoped before :  
 But let not this last wish be vain ;  
 Deceive, deceive me once again !

Remain, ah not in youth alone,  
                   Tho' youth, where you are, long will  
                   stay,  
 But when my summer days are gone,  
                   And my autumnal haste away.  
 "Can I be always by your side ?"  
                   No ; but the hours you can, you must,  
 Nor rise at Death's approaching stride,  
                   Nor go when dust is gone to dust.

Soon, O Ianthé ! life is o'er,  
                   And sooner beauty's heavenly smile :  
 Grant only (and I ask no more),  
                   Let love remain that little while.

#### TO A CYCLAMEN

I come to visit thee again,  
 My little flowerless cyclamen ;  
 To touch the hand, almost to press,  
 That cheered thee in thy loneliness.  
 What could thy careful guardian find  
 Of thee in form, of me in mind,  
 What is there in us rich or rare,  
 To make us claim a moment's care ?  
 Unworthy to be so caressed,  
 We are but withering leaves at best.

Give me the eyes that look on mine,  
 And, when they see them dimly shine,  
                   Are moister than they were.  
 Give me the eyes that fain would find  
 Some relics of a youthful mind  
                   Amid the wrecks of care.  
 Give me the eyes that catch at last  
 A few faint glimpses of the past,  
                   And, like the arkite dove,  
 Bring back a long-lost olive-bough,  
 And can discover even now  
                   A heart that once could love.

Twenty years hence my eyes may grow  
 If not quite dim, yet rather so,  
 Still yours from others they shall know  
                   Twenty years hence.

Twenty years hence tho' it may hap  
 That I be call'd to take a nap  
 In a cool cell where thunder-clap  
                   Was never heard,



There breathe but o'er my arch of grass  
A not too sadly sigh'd *Alas*,  
And I shall catch, ere you can pass,  
That winged word.

Proud word you never spoke, but you  
will speak  
Four not exempt from pride some  
future day.  
Resting on one white hand a warm wet  
cheek  
Over my open volume you will say,  
"This man loved *me*!" then rise and  
trip away.

Alas, how soon the hours are over  
Counted us out to play the lover!  
And how much narrower is the stage  
Allotted us to play the sage!  
But when we play the fool, how wide,  
The theatre expands! beside,  
How long the audience sits before us!  
How many prompters! what a chorus!  
1846.

## QUATRAINS

On the smooth brow and clustering hair  
Myrtle and rose! your wreath combine,  
The duller olive I would wear,  
Its constancy, its peace, be mine.

My hopes retire; my wishes as before  
Struggle to find their resting-place in  
vain;  
The ebbing sea thus beats against the  
shore;  
The shore repels it; it returns again.

Various the roads of life; in one  
All terminate, one lonely way.  
We go; and "Is he gone?"  
Is all our best friends say.

Is it not better at an early hour  
In its calm cell to rest the weary  
head,  
While birds are singing and while  
blossoms the bower,  
Than sit the fire out and go starv'd to  
bed?  
1846.

I KNOW NOT WHETHER I AM  
PROUD

I KNOW not whether I am proud,  
But this I know, I hate the crowd:  
Therefore pray let me disengage  
My verses from the motley page,  
Where others far more sure to please  
Pour out their choral song with ease.

And yet perhaps, if some should tire  
With too much froth or too much fire,  
There is an ear that may incline  
Even to words so dull as mine.  
1846.

THE DAY RETURNS, MY NATAL  
DAY

THE day returns, my natal day,  
Borne on the storm and pale with  
snow,  
And seems to ask me why I stay,  
Stricken by Time and bowed by Woe.

Many were once the friends who came  
To wish me joy; and there are some  
Who wish it now; but not the same:  
They are whence friend can never  
come.

Nor are they you my love watched o'er  
Cradled in innocence and sleep;  
You smile into my eyes no more,  
Nor see the bitter tears they weep.  
1846.

## HOW MANY VOICES GAILY SING

How many voices gaily sing,  
"O happy morn, O happy spring  
Of life!" Meanwhile there comes o'er  
me

A softer voice from Memory,  
And says, "If loves and hopes have  
flown  
With years, think too what griefs are  
gone!"  
1846.

## TO ROBERT BROWNING

THERE is delight in singing, tho' none  
hear  
Beside the singer; and there is delight  
In praising, tho' the praiser sit alone  
And see the prais'd far off him, far  
above.  
Shakespeare is not our poet, but the  
world's,

Therefore on him no speech! and brief  
 for thee,  
 Browning! Since Chaucer was alive  
 and hale,  
 No man hath walked along our roads  
 with step  
 So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue  
 So varied in discourse. But warmer  
 climes  
 Give brighter plumage, stronger wing:  
 the breeze  
 Of Alpine heights thou playest with,  
 borne on  
 Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where  
 The Siren waits thee, singing song for  
 song. 1846.

#### ON THE HELLENICS<sup>1</sup>

COME back, ye wandering Muses, come  
 back home,  
 Ye seem to have forgotten where it lies:  
 Come, let us walk upon the silent sands  
 Of Simois, where deep footmarks show  
 long strides;  
 Thence we may mount, perhaps, to  
 higher ground,  
 Where Aphrodite from Athenè won  
 The golden apple, and from Herè too,  
 And happy Ares shouted far below.  
 Or would ye rather choose the grassy  
 vale  
 Where flows Anapos thro' anemones,  
 Hyacinths, and narcissuses, that bend  
 To show their rival beauty in the  
 stream?  
 Bring with you each her lyre, and each  
 in turn  
 Temper a graver with a lighter song.  
 1847.

#### THRASYMEDES AND EUNOE

WHO will away to Athens with me?  
 who  
 Loves choral songs and maidens crown'd  
 with flowers,  
 Unenvious? mount the pinnace; hoist  
 the sail.  
 I promise ye, as many as are here,

<sup>1</sup> Prefixed to the second edition of Landor's *Hellenics*, 1847. It is here given slightly out of the exact chronological order, that it may stand as an introduction to the chief poems from the *Hellenics*, those of 1846 as well as those of 1847.

Other poems of Landor's, such as *The Death of Artemidora*, *Cleone to Aspasia*, *The Shades of Agamemnon and Iphigeneia*, etc., though originally published in other collections, and therefore not given here with the *Hellenics*, were ultimately included by Landor among them.

Ye shall not, while ye tarry with me,  
 taste  
 From unrinsed barrel the diluted wine  
 Of a low vineyard or a plant ill-pruned,  
 But such as anciently the Ægean isles  
 Pour'd in libation at their solemn feasts:  
 And the same goblets shall ye grasp,  
 embossed  
 With no vile figures of loose languid  
 boors,  
 But such as gods have lived with and  
 have led.  
 The sea smiles bright before us. What  
 white sail  
 Plays yonder? What pursues it? Like  
 two hawks  
 Away they fly. Let us away in time  
 To overtake them. Are they menaces  
 We hear? And shall the strong repulse  
 the weak,  
 Enraged at her defender? Hippias!  
 Art thou the man? 'Twas Hippias. He  
 had found  
 His sister borne from the Cecropian port  
 By Thrasymedes. And reluctantly?  
 Ask, ask the maiden; I have no reply.  
 "Brother! O brother Hippias! O, if  
 love,  
 If pity, ever touch'd thy breast, forbear!  
 Strike not the brave, the gentle, the be-  
 loved,  
 My Thrasymedes, with his cloak alone  
 Protecting his own head and mine from  
 harm."  
 "Didst thou not once before," cried  
 Hippias,  
 Regardless of his sister, hoarse with  
 wrath  
 At Thrasymedes, "didst not thou, dog-  
 eyed,  
 Dare, as she walk'd up to the Parthenon,  
 On the most holy of all holy days,  
 In sight of all the city, dare to kiss  
 Her maiden cheek?"  
 "Ay, before all the gods,  
 Ay, before Pallas, before Artemis,  
 Ay, before Aphrodite, before Herè,  
 I dared; and dare again. Arise, my  
 spouse!  
 Arise! and let my lips quaff purity  
 From thy fair open brow."  
 The sword was up,  
 And yet he kiss'd her twice. Some God  
 withheld  
 The arm of Hippias; his proud blood  
 seeth'd slower  
 And smote his breast less angrily; he  
 laid [spake thus:  
 His hand on the white shoulder, and



"Ye must return with me. A second time

Offended, will our sire Peisistratos  
Pardon the affront? Thou shouldst  
have ask'd thyself

This question ere the sail first flapp'd the  
mast."

"Already thou hast taken life from me;  
Put up thy sword," said the sad youth,  
his eyes

Sparkling; but whether love or rage or  
grief

They sparkled with, the Gods alone could  
see.

Piræus they re-entered, and their ship  
Drove up the little waves against the  
quay,

Whence was thrown out a rope from one  
above,

And Hippias caught it. From the virgin's  
waist

Her lover dropped his arm, and blushed  
to think

He had retain'd it there in sight of rude  
Irreverent men: he led her forth, nor  
spake.

Hippias walked silent too, until they  
reached

The mansion of Peisistratos her sire.  
Serenely in his sternness did the prince  
Look on them both awhile: they saw not  
him,

For both had cast their eyes upon the  
ground.

"Are these the pirates thou hast taken,  
son?"

Said he. "Worse, father! worse than  
pirates they,

Who thus abuse thy patience, thus abuse  
Thy pardon, thus abuse the holy rites  
Twice over."

"Well hast thou performed thy duty,"  
Firmly and gravely said Peisistratos.

"Nothing then, rash young man! could  
turn thy heart

From Eunoe, my daughter?"

"Nothing, sir,  
Shall ever turn it. I can die but once  
And love but once. O Eunoe! farewell!"

"Nay, she shall see what thou canst bear  
for her."

"O father! shut me in my chamber,  
shut me

In my poor mother's tomb, dead or alive,  
But never let me see what he can bear;  
I know how much that is, when borne  
for me."

"Not yet: come on. And lag not thou  
behind,

Pirate of virgin and of princely hearts! Before the people and before the Goddess  
Thou hadst evinced the madness of thy  
passion,

And now wouldst bear from home and  
plenteousness

To poverty and exile this my child."

Then shuddered Thrasymedes, and ex-  
claim'd,

"I see my crime; I saw it not before.  
The daughter of Peisistratos was born  
Neither for exile nor for poverty,

Ah! nor for me!" He would have wept.  
but one

Might see him, and weep worse. The  
prince unmoved

Strode on, and said, "To-morrow shall  
the people,

All who beheld thy trespasses, behold  
The justice of Peisistratos, the love

He bears his daughter, and the reverence  
In which he holds the highest law of  
God."

He spake; and on the morrow they  
were one. 1846.

#### IPHIGENEIA AND AGAMEMNON

IPHIGENEIA, when she heard her doom  
At Aulis, and when all beside the King  
Had gone away, took his right hand, and  
said,

"O father! I am young and very happy.  
I do not think the pious Calchas heard  
Distinctly what the Goddess spake.

Old-age  
Obscures the senses. If my nurse, who  
knew

My voice so well, sometimes misunder-  
stood

While I was resting on her knee both  
arms

And hitting it to make her mind my  
words,

And looking in her face, and she in mine,  
Might he not also hear one word amiss,  
Spoken from so far off, even from Olym-  
pus?"

The father placed his cheek upon her  
head,

And tears dropped down it, but the king  
of men

Replied not. Then the maiden spake  
once more. [thou not

"O father! sayst thou nothing? Hear'st  
Me, whom thou ever hast, until this hour,  
Listened to fondly, and awakened me  
To hear my voice amid the voice of  
birds,

When it was inarticulate as theirs,  
 And the down deadened it within the  
     nest?"

He moved her gently from him, silent  
     still,  
 And this, and this alone, brought tears  
     from her,  
 Although she saw fate nearer: then with  
     sighs,  
 "I thought to have laid down my hair  
     before  
 Benignant Artemis, and not have  
     dimmed  
 Her polished altar with my virgin blood;  
 I thought to have selected the white  
     flowers  
 To please the Nymphs, and to have  
     asked of each  
 By name, and with no sorrowful regret,  
 Whether, since both my parents willed  
     the change,  
 I might at Hymen's feet bend my clipped  
     brow;  
 And (after those who mind us girls the  
     most,)  
 Adore our own Athena, that she would  
 Regard me mildly with her azure eyes,  
 But father! to see you no more, and see  
 Your love, O father! go ere I am  
     gone . . ."

Gently he moved her off, and drew her  
     back,  
 Bending his lofty head far over hers,  
 And the dark depths of nature heaved  
     and burst.

He turn'd away; not far, but silent  
     still.

She now first shuddered; for in him, so  
     nigh,  
 So long a silence seemed the approach of  
     death,  
 And like it. Once again she raised her  
     voice.

"O father! if the ships are now de-  
     tained,  
 And all your vows move not the Gods  
     above,  
 When the knife strikes me there will be  
     one prayer  
 The less to them: and purer can there  
     be  
 Any, or more fervent than the daugh-  
     ter's prayer  
 For her dear father's safety and suc-  
     cess?" [resolve.

A groan that shook him shook not his  
 An aged man now entered, and without  
 One word, stepped slowly on, and took  
     the wrist

Of the pale maiden. She looked up and  
     saw  
 The fillet of the priest and calm cold  
     eyes.  
 Then turned she where her parent  
     stood, and cried  
 "O father! grieve no more: the ships  
     can sail." 1846.

### THE HAMADRYAD<sup>1</sup>

RHAICOS was born amid the hills where-  
     from  
 Gnidos the light of Caria is discern'd,  
 And small are the white-crested that  
     play near,  
 And smaller onward are the purple  
     waves.

Thence festal choirs were visible, all  
     crown'd  
 With rose and myrtle if they were in-  
     born;  
 If from Pandion sprang they, on the  
     coast  
 Where stern Athenè raised her citadel,  
 Then olive was intertwined with violets  
 Cluster'd in bosses, regular and large.  
 For various men wore various coronals;  
 But one was their devotion; 'twas to  
     her  
 Whose laws all follow, her whose smile  
     withdraws  
 The sword from Ares, thunderbolt from  
     Zeus,  
 And whom in his chill caves the mu-  
     table  
 Of mind, Poseidon, the sea-king, re-  
     veres,  
 And whom his brother, stubborn Dis,  
     hath pray'd  
 To turn in pity the averted cheek  
 Of her he bore away, with promises,  
 Nay, with loud oath before dread Styx  
     itself,  
 To give her daily more and sweeter  
     flowers  
 Than he made drop from her on Enna's  
     dell.

Rhaicos was looking from his father's  
     door  
 At the long trains that hastened to the  
     town  
 From all the valleys, like bright rivu-  
     lets  
 Gurgling with gladness, wave outrun-  
     ning wave,

<sup>1</sup> Compare Lowell's poem, *Rhæcus*, which gives  
 a somewhat different version of the same story.



And thought it hard he might not also  
go

And offer up one prayer, and press one  
hand,

He knew not whose. The father call'd  
him in,

And said, "Son Rhaicos! those are idle  
games;

Long enough I have lived to find them  
so."

And ere he ended sighed; as old men do  
always, to think how idle such games  
are.

"I have not yet," thought Rhaicos in  
his heart,

And wanted proof.

"Suppose thou go and help  
Echeion at the hill, to bark yon oak  
And lop its branches off, before we  
delve

About the trunk and ply the root with  
axe:

This we may do in winter."

Rhaicos went;

For thence he could see farther, and see  
more

Of those who hurried to the city-gate.

Echeion he found there with naked arm  
Swart-hair'd, strong-sinew'd, and his  
eyes intent

Upon the place where first the axe  
should fall:

He held it upright. "There are bees  
about,

Or wasps, or hornets," said the cautious  
eld,

"Look sharp, O son of Thallinos!" The  
youth

Inclined his ear, afar, and warily,  
And cavern'd in his hand. He heard a  
buzz

At first, and then the sound grew soft  
and clear,

And then divided into what seem'd tune,  
And there were words upon it, plaintive  
words.

He turn'd, and said, "Echeion! do not  
strike

That tree: it must be hollow; for some  
god

Speaks from within. Come thyself  
near." Again

Both turn'd toward it: and behold!  
there sat

Upon the moss below, with her two  
palms

Pressing it, on each side, a maid in  
form.

Downcast were her long eyelashes, and

Her cheek, but never mountain-ash dis-  
play'd

Berries of color like her lip so pure,  
Nor were the anemones about her hair

Soft, smooth and wavering like the face  
beneath.

"What dost thou here?" Echeion, half-  
afraid,

Half-angry cried. She lifted up her eyes,  
But nothing spake she. Rhaicos drew

one step  
Backward, for fear came likewise over  
him,

But not such fear: he panted, gasp'd,  
drew in

His breath, and would have turn'd it  
into words,

But could not into one.

"O send away

That sad old man!" said she. The old  
man went

Without a warning from his master's  
son,

Glad to escape, for sorely he now fear'd,  
And the axe shone behind him in their  
eyes.

*Hamad.* And wouldst thou too shed  
the most innocent

Of blood? No vow demands it; no god  
wills

The oak to bleed.

*Rhaicos.* Who art thou? whence?  
why here?

And whither wouldst thou go? Among  
the robed

In white or saffron, or the hue that most  
Resembles dawn or the clear sky, is none  
Array'd as thou art. What so beautiful

As that gray robe which clings about  
thee close,

Like moss to stones adhering, leaves to  
trees,

Yet lets thy bosom rise and fall in turn,  
As, touch'd by zephyrs, fall and rise the  
boughs

Of graceful platan by the river-side?

*Hamad.* Lovest thou well thy father's  
house?

*Rhaicos.* Indeed  
I love it, well I love it, yet would leave

For thine, where'er it be, my father's  
house,

With all the marks upon the door, that  
show

My growth at every birthday since the  
third,

And all the charms, o'erpowering evil  
eyes,

My mother nail'd for me against my bed.

And the Cydonian bow (which thou shalt see)  
Won in my race last spring from Euty-  
chos.

*Hamad.* Bethink thee what it is to leave a home  
Thou never yet hast left, one night, one day.

*Rhaicos.* No, 'tis not hard to leave it; 'tis not hard  
To leave, O maiden, that paternal home,  
If there be one on earth whom we may love  
First, last, for ever; one who says that she  
Will love for ever too. To say which word,  
Only to say it, surely is enough . . .  
It shows such kindness . . . if 'twere possible

We at the moment think she would indeed.

*Hamad.* Who taught thee all this folly at thy age?

*Rhaicos.* I have seen lovers and have learned to love.

*Hamad.* But wilt thou spare the tree?

*Rhaicos.* My father wants  
The bark; the tree may hold its place awhile.

*Hamad.* Awhile! thy father numbers then my days?

*Rhaicos.* Are there no others where the moss beneath  
Is quite as tufty? Who would send thee forth  
Or ask thee why thou tarriest? Is thy flock  
Anywhere near?

*Hamad.* I have no flock: I kill  
Nothing that breathes, that stirs, that feels the air,  
The sun, the dew. Why should the beautiful  
(And thou art beautiful) disturb the source

Whence springs all beauty? Hast thou never heard  
Of Hamadryads?

*Rhaicos.* Heard of them I have:  
Tell me some tale about them. May I sit  
Beside thy feet? Art thou not tired?  
The herbs

Are very soft; I will not come too nigh;  
Do but sit there, nor tremble so, nor doubt.

[plore  
Stay, stay an instant: let me first ex-

If any acorn of last year be left  
Within it; thy thin robe too ill protects  
Thy dainty limbs against the harm one small

Acorn may do. Here's none. Another day

Trust me; till then let me sit opposite.

*Hamad.* I seat me; be thou seated, and content.

*Rhaicos.* O sight for gods! ye men below! adore

The Aphroditè. Is she there below?  
Or sits she here before me? as she sate  
Before the shepherd on those heights that shade

The Hellespont, and brought his kindred woe.

*Hamad.* Reverence the higher Powers; nor deem amiss  
Of her who pleads to thee, and would repay—

Ask not how much—but very much.  
Rise not;

No, *Rhaicos*, no! Without the nuptial vow

Love is unholy. Swear to me that none  
Of mortal maids shall ever taste thy kiss,  
Then take thou mine; then take it, not before.

*Rhaicos.* Hearken, all gods above!  
O Aphroditè!

O Herè! Let my vow be ratified!  
But wilt thou come into my father's house?

*Hamad.* Nay: and of mine I cannot give thee part.

*Rhaicos.* Where is it?

*Hamad.* In this oak.

*Rhaicos.* Ay; now begins  
The tale of Hamadryad; tell it through.

*Hamad.* Pray of thy father never to cut down

My tree; and promise him, as well thou mayst,

That every year he shall receive from me  
More honey than will buy him nine fat sheep,

More wax than he will burn to all the gods.

Why fallest thou upon thy face? Some thorn

May scratch it, rash young man! Rise up; for shame!

*Rhaicos.* For shame I can not rise. O pity me!

I dare not sue for love.. but do not hate!  
Let me once more behold thee.. not once more, [loved!

But many days: let me love on.. un-



I aimed too high : on my head the bolt  
Falls back, and pierces to the very  
brain.

*Hamad.* Go. . rather go, than make  
me say I love.

*Rhaicos.* If happiness is immortality,  
(And whence enjoy it else the gods  
above?)

I am immortal too : my vow is heard :  
Hark ! on the left . . Nay, turn not from  
me now,

I claim my kiss.

*Hamad.* Do men take first, then  
claim ?

Do thus the seasons run their course with  
them ?

Her lips were seal'd, her head sank on  
his breast.

'Tis said that laughs were heard within  
the wood :

But who should hear them ? . . and whose  
laughs ? and why ?

Savory was the smell, and long past  
noon,

Thallinos ! in thy house : for marjoram,  
Basil and mint, and thyme and rose-  
mary,

Were sprinkled on the kid's wellroasted  
length,

Awaiting Rhaicos. Home he came at  
last,

Not hungry, but pretending hunger keen,  
With head and eyes just o'er the maple  
plate.

"Thou seest but badly, coming from the  
sun,

Boy Rhaicos !" said the father. "That  
oak's bark

Must have been tough, with little sap  
between ;

It ought to run ; but it and I are old."

Rhaicos, although each morsel of the  
bread

Increased by chewing, and the meat grew  
cold

And tasteless to his palate, took a draught  
Of gold-bright wine, which, thirsty as he  
was,

He thought not of until his father fill'd  
The cup, averring water was amiss,

But wine had been at all times pour'd on  
kid,

It was religion.

He thus fortified

Said, not quite boldly, and not quite  
abashed,

"Father, that oak is Zeus's own ; that  
oak

Year after year will bring thee wealth  
from wax

And honey. There is one who fears the  
gods

And the gods love—that one "

(He blush'd, nor said

What one)

"Has promised this, and may do more.  
Thou hast not many moons to wait until  
The bees have done their best ; if then  
there come

Nor wax nor honey, let the tree be  
hewn."

"Zeus hath bestow'd on thee a  
prudent mind,"

Said the glad sire : "but look thou often  
there,

And gather all the honey thou canst find  
In every crevice, over and above

What has been promised ; would they  
reckon that ?"

Rhaicos went daily ; but the nymph as  
oft,

Invisible. To play at love, she knew,  
Stopping its breathings when it breathes  
most soft,

Is sweeter than to play on any pipe.

She play'd on his : she fed upon his sighs ;  
They pleased her when they gently  
waved her hair,

Cooling the pulses of her purple veins,  
And when her absence brought them  
out, they pleased.

Even among the fondest of them all,  
What mortal or immortal maid is more  
Content with giving happiness than  
pain ?

One day he was returning from the wood  
Despondently. She pitied him, and said

"Come back !" and twined her fingers in  
the hem

Above his shoulder. Then she led his  
steps

To a cool rill that ran o'er level sand  
Through lentisk and through oleander,  
there

Bathed she his feet, lifting them on her  
lap

When bathed, and drying them in both  
her hands.

He dared complain ; for those who most  
are loved

Most dare it ; but not harsh was his  
complaint.

"O thou inconstant !" said he, "if stern  
law

Bind thee, or will, stronger than sternest  
law [hope

O, let me know henceforward when to

The fruit of love that grows for me but  
here."

He spake ; and pluck'd it from its pliant  
stem.

"Impatient Rhaicos ! Why thus inter-  
cept

The answer I would give ? There is a bee  
Whom I have fed, a bee who knows my  
thoughts

And executes my wishes : I will send  
That messenger. If ever thou art false,  
Drawn by another, own it not, but drive  
My bee away ; then shall I know my fate,  
And—for thou must be wretched—weep  
at thine.

But often as my heart persuades to lay  
Its cares on thine and throb itself to rest,  
Expect her with thee, whether it be  
morn

Or eve, at any time when woods are  
safe."

Day after day the Hours beheld them  
blessed,

And season after season : yearshad past,  
Blessed were they still. He who asserts  
that Love

Ever is sated of sweet things, the same  
Sweet things he fretted for in earlier  
days,

Never, by Zeus ! loved he a Hamadryad.

The nights had now grown longer,  
and perhaps

The Hamadryads find them lone and  
dull

Among their woods ; one did, alas ! She  
called

Her faithful bee : 't was when all bees  
should sleep,

And all did sleep but hers. She was  
sent forth

To bring that light which never wintry  
blast

Blows out, nor rain nor snow extin-  
guishes,

The light that shines from loving eyes  
upon

Eyes that love back, till they can see no  
more.

Rhaicos was sitting at his father's  
hearth :

Between them stood the table, not o'er-  
spread

With fruits which autumn now pro-  
fusely bore,

Nor anise cakes, nor odorous wine ; but  
there

The draft-board was expanded ; at  
which game

Triumphant sat old Thallinos ; the son  
Was puzzled, vexed, discomfited, dis-  
traught.

A buzz was at his ear : up went his  
hand,

And it was heard no longer. The poor  
bee

Return'd, (but not until the morn shone  
bright)

And found the Hamadryad with her  
head

Upon her aching wrist, and showed one  
wing

Half-broken off, the other's meshes  
marr'd,

And there were bruises which no eye  
could see

Saving a Hamadryad's.

At this sight

Down fell the languid brow, both hands  
fell down,

A shriek was carried to the ancient hall  
Of Thallinos : he heard it not : his son

Heard it, and ran forthwith into the  
wood.

No bark was on the tree, no leaf was  
green,

The trunk was riven through. From  
that day forth

Nor word nor whisper sooth'd his ear,  
nor sound

Even of insect wing ; but loud laments  
The woodmen and the shepherds one

long year  
Heard day and night ; for Rhaicos would  
not quit

The solitary place, but moan'd and died.

Hence milk and honey wonder not, O  
guest,

To find set duly on the hollow stone.

1846.

#### ACON AND RHODOPÉ ; OR, INCON- STANCY

(A Sequel)

THE Year's twelve daughters had in  
turn gone by,

Of measured pace though varying mien  
all twelve,

Some froward, some sedater, some  
adorn'd

For festival, some reckless of attire.

The snow had left the mountain-top ;  
fresh flowers

Had withered in the meadow ; fig and  
prune



Hung wrinkling ; the last apple glów'd  
 amid  
 Its freckled leaves ; and weary oxen  
 blink'd  
 Between the trodden corn and twisted  
 vine,  
 Under whose bunches stood the empty  
 crate,  
 To creak ere long beneath them carried  
 home.  
 This was the season when twelve months  
 before,  
 O gentle Hamadryad, true to love !  
 Thy mansion, thy dim mansion in the  
 wood  
 Was blasted and laid desolate ; but none  
 Dared violate its precincts, none dared  
 pluck  
 The moss beneath it, which alone re-  
 main'd  
 Of what was thine.

Old Thallinos sat mute  
 In solitary sadness. The strange tale  
 (Not until Rhaicos died, but then the  
 whole)  
 Echeion had related, whom no force  
 Could ever make look back upon the  
 oaks.  
 The father said, "Echeion ! thou must  
 weigh,  
 Carefully, and with steady hand, enough  
 (Although no longer comes the store as  
 once !)  
 Of wax to burn all day and night upon  
 That hollow stone where milk and honey  
 lie :  
 So may the gods, so may the dead, be  
 pleas'd !"  
 Thallinos bore it thither in the morn,  
 And lighted it and left it.

First of those  
 Who visited upon this solemn day  
 The Hamadryad's oak, were Rhodopé  
 And Acon ; of one age, one hope, one  
 trust.

Graceful was she as was the nymph  
 whose fate  
 She sorrowed for : he slender, pale, and  
 first  
 Lapp'd by the flame of love : his father's  
 lands [afar.  
 Were fertile, herds lowed over them  
 Now stood the two aside the hollow stone  
 And look'd with steadfast eyes toward  
 the oak  
 Shivered and black and bare.

"May never we  
 Love as they loved !" said Acon. She  
 at this

Smiled, for he said not what he meant to  
 say,  
 And thought not of its bliss, but of its  
 end.  
 He caught the flying smile, and blush'd,  
 and vow'd  
 Nor time nor other power, whereto the  
 might  
 Of love hath yielded and may yield  
 again,  
 Should alter his.

The father of the youth  
 Wanted not beauty for him, wanted not  
 Song, that could lift earth's weight  
 from off his heart,  
 Discretion, that could guide him thro'  
 the world,  
 Innocence, that could clear his way to  
 heaven ;  
 Silver and gold and land, not green be-  
 fore  
 The ancestral gate, but purple under  
 skies

Bending far off, he wanted for his heir.  
 Fathers have given life, but virgin  
 heart  
 They never gave ; and dare they then  
 control  
 Or check it harshly ? dare they break a  
 bond  
 Girt round it by the holiest Power on  
 high ?

Acon was grieved, he said, grieved  
 bitterly,  
 But Acon had complied . . 'twas duti-  
 ful :  
 Crush thy own heart, Man ! Man ! but  
 fear to wound  
 The gentler, that relies on thee alone,  
 By thee created, weak or strong by thee ;  
 Touch it not but for worship ; watch be-  
 fore

Its sanctuary ; nor leave it till are closed  
 The temple-doors and the last lamp is  
 spent.

Rhodopé, in her soul's waste solitude,  
 Sate mournful by the dull-resounding  
 sea,  
 Often not hearing it, and many tears  
 Had the cold breezes hardened on her  
 cheek.  
 Meanwhile he sauntered in the wood of  
 oaks,  
 Nor shun'd to look upon the hollow  
 stone  
 That held the milk and honey, nor to  
 lay  
 His plighted hand where recently 'twas  
 laid

Opposite hers, when finger playfully  
Advanced and pushed back finger, on  
each side.

He did not think of this, as she would  
do

If she were there alone.

The day was hot ;  
The moss invited him ; it cool'd his  
cheek,  
It cool'd his hands ; he thrust them into  
it

And sank to slumber. Never was there  
dream

Divine as his. He saw the Hamadryad.  
She took him by the arm and led him on  
Along a valley, where profusely grew  
The smaller lilies with their pendent  
bells,

And, hiding under mint, chill drosera,  
The violet shy of butting cyclamen,  
The feathery fern, and, browser of moist  
banks,

Her offspring round her, the soft straw-  
berry ;

The quivering spray of ruddy tamarisk,  
The oleander's light-haired progeny  
Breathing bright freshness in each  
other's face,

And graceful rose, bending her brow,  
with cup

Of fragrance and of beauty, boon for  
Gods.

The fragrance fill'd his breast with such  
delight

His senses were bewildered, and he  
thought

He saw again the face he most had  
loved.

He stopped : the Hamadryad at his side  
Now stood between : then drew him far-  
ther off :

He went, compliant as before : but soon  
Verdure had ceased : altho' the ground  
was smooth,

Nothing was there delightful. At this  
change

He would have spoken, but his guide  
repressed

All questioning, and said,

"Weak youth ! what brought  
Thy footstep to this wood, my native  
haunt,

My life-long residence ? this bank,  
where first

I sate with him . . . the faithful (now I  
know,

Too late ! ) the faithful Rhaicos. Haste  
thee home :

Be happy, if thou canst ; but come no

Where those whom death alone could  
sever, died."

He started up : the moss whereon he  
slept

Was dried and withered : deadlier pale-  
ness spread

Over his cheek ; he sickened : and the  
sire

Had land enough ; it held his only son.  
1847.

#### MENELAUS AND HELEN AT TROY

*After the fall of Troy, Helen is pursued  
by Menelaus up the steps of the pal-  
ace ; an old attendant deprecates  
and intercepts his vengeance.*

*Menelaus.* Out of my way ! Off ! or  
my sword may smite thee  
Heedless of venerable age. And thou  
Fugitive ! stop. Stand, traitress, on that  
stair—

Thou mountest not another, by the  
gods !

Now take the death thou meritest, the  
death

Zeus who presides o'er hospitality,  
And every other god whom thou hast  
left,

And every other who abandons thee  
In this accursed city, sends at last.

Turn, vilest of vile slaves ! turn, para-  
mour

Of what all other women hate, of cow-  
ards,

Turn, lest this hand wrench back thy  
head, and toss

It and its odors to the dust and flames.

*Helen.* Welcome, the death thou  
promisest ! Not fear

But shame, obedience, duty, make me  
turn.

*Menelaus.* Duty ! false harlot !

*Helen.* Name too true ! severe  
Precursor to the blow that is to fall.  
It should alone suffice for killing me.

*Menelaus.* Ay, weep : be not the only  
one in Troy

Who wails not on this day—its last—  
the day

Thou and thy crimes darken with dead  
on dead.

*Helen.* Spare ! spare ! O let the last  
that falls be me,

There are but young and old.

*Menelaus.* There are but guilty  
Where thou art, and the sword strikes  
none amiss.



Hearst thou not the creeping blood  
buzz near

Like flies? or wouldst thou rather hear  
it hiss

Louder, against the flaming roofs thrown  
down

Wherewith the streets are pathless? Ay,  
but vengeance

Springs over all; and Nemesis and Atè  
Drove back the flying ashes with both  
hands.

I never saw thee weep till now: and  
now

There is no pity in thy tears. The tiger  
Leaves not her young athirst for the  
first milk,

As thou didst. Thine could scarce have  
clasped thy knee

If she had felt thee leave her.

*Helen.* O my child!  
My only one! thou livest: 'tis enough;  
Hate me, abhor me, curse me—these are  
duties—

Call me but Mother in the shades of  
death!

She now is twelve years old, when the  
bud swells

And the first colors of uncertain life  
Begin to tinge it.

*Menelaus (aside.)* Can she think  
of home?

Hers once, mine yet, and sweet Her-  
mionè's!

Is there one spark that cheer'd my hearth,  
one left,

For thee, my last of love!

Scorn, righteous scorn  
Blows it from me—but thou mayst—  
never, never—

Thou shalt not see her even there. The  
slave

On earth shall scorn thee, and the damn'd  
below.

*Helen.* Delay not either fate. If death  
is mercy,

Send me among the captives; so that  
Zeus

May see his offspring led in chains away,  
And thy hard brother, pointing with his  
sword [shore,

At the last wretch that crouches on the  
Cry, "She alone shall never sail for  
Greece!"

*Menelaus.* Hast thou more words?

Her voice is musical  
As the young maids who sing to Artemis:  
How glossy is that yellow braid my grasp  
Seiz'd and let loose! Ah! can then years  
have past

Since—but the children of the gods, like  
them,

Suffer not age.

*Helen!* speak honestly;  
And thus escape my vengeance—was it  
force

That bore thee off?

*Helen.* It was some evil god.

*Menelaus.* Helping that hated man?

*Helen.* How justly hated!

*Menelaus.* By thee too?

*Helen.* Hath he not made thee un-  
happy?

O do not strike.

*Menelaus.* Wretch!

*Helen.* Strike, but do not speak.

*Menelaus.* Lest thou remember me  
against thy will.

*Helen.* Lest I look up and see you  
wroth and sad,

Against my will; O! how against my will  
They know above, they who perhaps  
can pity.

*Menelaus.* They shall not save thee.

*Helen.* Then indeed they pity.

*Menelaus.* Prepare for death.

*Helen.* Not from that hand: 'twould  
pain you.

*Menelaus.* Touch not my hand.—Easily  
dost thou drop it!

*Helen.* Easy are all things, do but thou  
command.

*Menelaus.* Look up then.

*Helen.* To the hardest proof of all  
I am now bidden; bid me not look up.

*Menelaus.* She looks as when I led her  
on behind

The torch and fife, and when the blush  
o'erspread

Her girlish face at tripping in the myrtle  
On the first step before the wreath'd

gate.

Approach me. Fall not on thy knees.

*Helen.* The hand  
That is to slay me, best may slay me thus.  
I dare no longer see the light of heaven,  
Not thine—alas! the light of heaven to  
me.

*Menelaus.* Follow me.

She holds out both arms—and now  
Drops them again.—She comes.—Why  
stoppest thou?

*Helen.* O Menelaus! could thy heart  
know mine,

As once it did—for then they did con-  
verse,

Generous the one, the other not un-  
worthy— [than guilt.

Thou wouldst find sorrow deeper even

*Menelaus.* And I must lead her by the hand again?  
Nought shall persuade me. Never. She draws back—

The true alone and loving sob like her.  
Come Helen! [*He takes her hand.*]

*Helen.* O let never Greek see this!  
Hide me from Argos, from Amyclai hid me,  
Hide me from all.

*Menelaus.* Thy anguish is too strong  
For me to strive with.

*Helen.* Leave it all to me.

*Menelaus.* Peace! Peace! The wind, I hope, is fair for Sparta. 1847.

#### ÆSCHYLOS AND SOPHOCLES

*Sophocles.* Thou goest then, and leavest none behind  
Worthy to rival thee!

*Æschylos.* Nay, say not so.  
Whose is the hand that now is pressing mine?

A hand I may not ever press again!  
What glorious forms hath it brought boldly forth  
From Pluto's realm! The blind old *Cedipos*

Was led on one side by *Antigone*,  
*Sophocles* propped the other.

*Sophocles.* *Sophocles*  
Sooth'd not *Prometheus* chain'd upon his rock,  
Keeping the vultures and the Gods away;

*Sophocles* is not greater than the chief  
Who conquered *Ilion*, nor could he revenge

His murder, or stamp everlasting brand  
Upon the brow of that adulterous wife.

*Æschylos.* Live, and do more.

Thine is the *Lemnian isle*,  
And thou has placed the arrows in the hand

Of *Philoctetes*, hast assuaged his wounds  
And given his aid without which Greece had fail'd.

*Sophocles.* I did indeed drive off the pest of flies;  
We also have our pest of them which buzz

About our honey, darken it, and sting;  
We laugh at them, for under hands like ours,

Without the wing that *Philoctetes* shook,

One single feather crushes the whole swarm.

I must be grave,  
Hath Sicily such charms  
Above our Athens? Many charms hath she,

But she hath kings. Accursed be the race!

*Æschylos.* But where kings honor better men than they  
Let kings be honored too.

The laurel crown  
Surmounts the golden; wear it; and farewell. 1847.

#### SHAKESPEARE AND MILTON

THE tongue of England, that which myriads

Have spoken and will speak, were paralyzed

Hereafter, but two mighty men stand forth

Above the flight of ages, two alone;  
One crying out,

*All nations spoke thro' me.*

The other:

*True; and thro' this trumpet burst God's word; the fall of Angels, and the doom*

*First of immortal, then of mortal, Man. Glory! be glory! not to me, to God.*

1853.

#### TO YOUTH

WHERE art thou gone, light-ankled Youth?

With wing at either shoulder,  
And smile that never left thy mouth  
Until the Hours grew colder:

Then somewhat seem'd to whisper near  
That thou and I must part;

I doubted it: I felt no fear,  
No weight upon the heart:

If aught befell it, Love was by  
And roll'd it off again;  
So, if there ever was a sigh,  
'Twas not a sigh of pain.

I may not call thee back; but thou  
Returnest when the hand  
Of gentle Sleep waves o'er my brow  
His poppy-crested wand;

Then smiling eyes bend over mine,  
Then lips once pressed invite;  
But sleep hath given a silent sign,  
And both, alas! take flight.

1853.



## TO AGE

WELCOME, old friend! These many  
years

Have we lived door by door:  
The Fates have laid aside their shears  
Perhaps for some few more.

I was indocile at an age  
When better boys were taught,  
But thou at length hast made me sage,  
If I am sage in aught.

Little I know from other men,  
Too little they from me,  
But thou hast pointed well the pen  
That writes these lines to thee.

Thanks for expelling Fear and Hope,  
One vile, the other vain;  
One's scourge, the other's telescope,  
I shall not see again:

Rather what lies before my feet  
My notice shall engage—  
He who hath braved Youth's dizzy heat  
Dreads not the frost of Age.  
1853.

THE CHRYSOLITES AND RUBIES  
BACCHUS BRINGS

THE chrysolites and rubies Bacchus  
brings

To crown the feast where swells the  
broad-vein'd brow,  
Where maidens blush at what the min-  
strel sings,  
They who have coveted may covet  
now.

Bring me, in cool alcove, the grape un-  
crushed,  
The peach of pulpy cheek and down  
mature,

Where every voice (but bird's or child's)  
is hushed,  
And every thought, like the brook  
nigh, runs pure. 1853.

## SO THEN, I FEEL NOT DEEPLY!

So then, I feel not deeply! if I did,  
I should have seized the pen and pierced  
therewith

The passive world!

And thus thou reasonest?  
Well hast thou known the lover's, not so  
well

The poet's heart: while that heart  
bleeds, the hand

Presses it close. Grief must run on and  
pass

Into near Memory's more quiet shade  
Before it can compose itself in song.  
He who is agonized and turns to show  
His agony to those who sit around,  
Seizes the pen in vain: thought, fancy,  
power,

Rush back into his bosom; all the  
strength

Of genius can not draw them into light  
From under mastering Grief; but  
Memory,

The Muse's mother, nurses, rears them  
up,

Informs, and keeps them with her all her  
days. 1853.

YEARS, MANY PARTI-COLORED  
YEARS

YEARS, many parti-colored years,  
Some have crept on, and some have  
flown

Since first before me fell those tears  
I never could see fall alone.  
Years, not so many, are to come,  
Years not so varied, when from you  
One more will fall: when, carried home,  
I see it not, nor hear *adieu*. 1853.

I WONDER NOT THAT YOUTH  
REMAINS

I wonder not that Youth remains  
With you, wherever else she flies:  
Where could she find such fair domains,  
Where bask beneath such sunny eyes?  
1853.

## ON MUSIC

MANY love music but for music's sake,  
Many because her touches can awake  
Thoughts that repose within the breast  
half-dead,

And rise to follow where she loves to  
lead.

What various feelings come from days  
gone by!

What tears from far-off sources dim the  
eye!

Few, when light fingers with sweet  
voices play

And melodies swell, pause, and melt  
away,

Mind how at every touch, at every tone,  
A spark of life hath glisten'd and hath  
gone. 1853.

ROSE AYLMER'S HAIR, GIVEN BY  
HER SISTER

BEAUTIFUL spoils ! borne off from van-  
quished death !  
Upon my heart's high altar shall ye  
lie,  
Moved but by only one adorer's breath,  
Retaining youth, rewarding constancy.  
1853.

DEATH STANDS ABOVE ME

DEATH stands above me, whispering low  
I know not what into my ear :  
Of his strange language all I know  
Is, there is not a word of fear. 1853.

ON HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTH-  
DAY

I STROVE with none ; for none was worth  
my strife,  
Nature I loved, and next to Nature,  
Art ;  
I warmed both hands before the fire of  
life,  
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.  
1853.

ON THE DEATH OF SOUTHEY

It was a dream (ah ! what is not a  
dream ?)  
In which I wander'd thro' a boundless  
space  
Peopled by those that peopled earth ere-  
while.  
But who conducted me ? That gentle  
Power,  
Gentle as Death, Death's brother. On  
his brow  
Some have seen poppies ; and perhaps  
among  
The many flowers about his wavy curls  
Poppies there might be ; roses I am sure  
I saw, and dimmer amaranths between.  
Lightly I thought I leaped across a  
grave  
Smelling of cool fresh turf, and sweet it  
smelt.  
I would, but must not linger ; I must on,  
To tell my dream before forgetfulness  
Sweeps it away, or breaks or changes it.

I was among the shades (if shades they  
were)

And look'd around me for some friendly  
hand

To guide me on my way, and tell me all  
That compass'd me around. I wish'd to  
find

One no less firm or ready than the guide  
Of Alighieri, trustier far than he,  
Higher in intellect, more conversant  
With earth and heaven and whatso lies  
between.

He stood before me—Southey.

"Thou art he,"  
Said I, "whom I was wishing."

"That I know,"  
Replied the genial voice and radiant eye.  
"We may be question'd, question we  
may not ;

For that might cause to bubble forth  
again

Some bitter spring which crossed the  
pleasantest

And shadiest of our paths."

"I do not ask,"  
Said I, "about your happiness ; I see  
The same serenity as when we walked  
Along the downs of Clifton. Fifty years  
Have roll'd behind us since that summer-  
tide,

Nor thirty fewer since along the lake  
Of Lario, to Bellaggio villa-crown'd,  
Thro' the crisp waves I urged my side-  
ling bark,

Amid sweet salutations off the shore  
From lordly Milan's proudly courteous  
dames."

"Landor ! I well remember it," said he,  
"I had just lost my first-born only boy,  
And then the heart is tender ; lightest  
things

Sink into it, and dwell there evermore."

The words were not yet spoken when  
the air

Blew balmy ; and around the parent's  
neck

An Angel threw his arms : it was that  
son.

"Father ! I felt you wished me," said  
the boy,

"Behold me here !"

Gentle the sire's embrace,  
Gentle his tone. "See here your father's  
friend !"

He gazed into my face, then meekly  
said [ward

"He whom my father loves hath his re-  
On earth ; a richer one awaits him  
here." 1853.



## ON SOUTHEY'S DEATH

FRIENDS! hear the words my wander-  
ing thoughts would say,  
And cast them into shape some other  
day.  
Southey, my friend of forty years, is  
gone,  
And, shattered by the fall, I stand alone.  
1858.

## HEART'S-EASE

THERE is a flower I wish to wear,  
But not until first worn by you . .  
Heart's-ease . . of all earth's flowers  
most rare;  
Bring it; and bring enough for two.  
1858.

THE THREE ROSES<sup>1</sup>

WHEN the buds began to burst,  
Long ago, with Rose the First,  
I was walking; joyous then  
Far above all other men,  
Till before us up there stood  
Britonferry's oaken wood,  
Whispering, "*Happy as thou art,  
Happiness and thou must part.*"  
Many summers have gone by  
Since a Second Rose and I  
(Rose from that same stem) have told  
This and other tales of old.  
She upon her wedding-day  
Carried home my tenderest lay:  
From her lap I now have heard  
Gleeful, chirping, Rose the Third,  
Not for *her* this hand of mine  
Rhyme with nuptial wreath shall twine;  
Cold and torpid it must lie,  
Mute the tongue and closed the eye.  
1858.

LATELY OUR SONGSTERS LOI-  
TERED IN GREEN LANES

LATELY our songsters loiter'd in green  
lanes,  
Content to catch the ballads of the  
plains;  
I fancied I had strength enough to  
climb  
A loftier station at no distant time,  
And might securely from intrusion doze  
Upon the flowers thro' which Ilissus  
flows.

<sup>1</sup> See pages 428 and 441. "Rose the Third" was the daughter of "the Second Rose," and thus the grand-niece of Rose Aylmer.

In those pale olive grounds all voices  
cease,  
And from afar dust fills the paths of  
Greece.  
My slumber broken and my doublet  
torn,  
I find the laurel also bears a thorn.  
1863.

THESEUS AND HIPPOLYTA<sup>1</sup>

*Hippolyta.* Eternal hatred I have  
sworn against  
The persecutor of my sisterhood;  
In vain, proud son of Ægeus, hast thou  
snapped  
Their arrows and derided them; in vain  
Leadest thou me a captive; I can die,  
And die I will.

*Theseus.* Nay; many are the years  
Of youth and beauty for Hippolyta.

*Hippolyta.* I scorn my youth, I hate  
my beauty. Go!

Monster! of all the monsters in these  
wilds

Most frightful and most odious to my  
sight.

*Theseus.* I boast not that I saved thee  
from the bow

Of Scythian.

*Hippolyta.* And for what? To die  
disgraced.

Strong as thou art, yet thou art not so  
strong

As Death is, when we call him for sup-  
port.

*Theseus.* Him too will I ward off; he  
strikes me first,

*Hippolyta,* long after, when these eyes  
Are closed, and when the knee that  
supplicates

Can bend no more.

*Hippolyta.* Is the man mad?

*Theseus.* He is.

*Hippolyta.* So, thou canst tell one  
truth, however false

In other things.

*Theseus.* What other? Thou dost  
pause,

And thine eyes wander over the smooth  
turf

As if some gem (but gem thou wearest  
not)

Had fallen from the remnant of thy  
hair.

<sup>1</sup> Written by Landor immediately before its publication, at the age of eighty-eight. Perhaps the only other example in literature of such vigor and creative power, at such an age, is that of Sophocles.

Hippolyta! speak plainly, answer me,  
What have I done to raise thy fear or  
hate?

*Hippolyta.* Fear I despise, perfidy I  
abhor.

Unworthy man! did Heracles delude  
The maids who trusted him?

*Theseus.* Did ever I?  
Whether he did or not, they never told  
me:

I would have chided him.

*Hippolyta.* Thou chide him! thou!  
The Spartan mothers well remember  
thee.

*Theseus.* Scorn adds no beauty to the  
beautiful.

Heracles was beloved by Omphale,  
He never parted from her, but obey'd  
Her slightest wish, as Theseus will Hip-  
polyta's.

*Hippolyta.* Then leave me, leave me  
instantly; I know

The way to my own country.

*Theseus.* This command.  
And only this, my heart must disobey.  
My country shall be thine, and there  
thy state

Regal.

*Hippolyta.* Am I a child? Give me  
my own,  
And keep for weaker heads thy dia-  
dems.

Thermodon I shall never see again,  
Brightest of rivers, into whose clear  
depth

My mother plunged me from her  
warmer breast,

And taught me early to divide the waves  
With arms each day more strong, and  
soon to chase

And overtake the father swan, nor heed  
His hoarser voice or his uplifted wing.

Where are my sisters? are there any left?

*Theseus.* I hope it.

*Hippolyta.* And I fear it: theirs may  
be

A fate like mine; which, O ye Gods, for-  
bid!

*Theseus.* I pity thee, and would as-  
suage thy grief.

*Hippolyta.* Pity me not: thy anger I  
could bear.

*Theseus.* There is no place for anger  
where thou art.

Commiseration even men may feel  
For those who want it: even the fiercer  
beasts

Lick the sore-wounded of a kindred  
race,

Hearing their cry, albeit they may not  
help.

*Hippolyta.* This is no falsehood: and  
can he be false

Who speaks it?

I remember not the time  
When I have wept, it was so long ago.  
Thou forcest tears from me, because . .  
because . .

I cannot hate thee as I ought to do.

1863.

#### AN AGED MAN WHO LOVED TO DOZE AWAY

AN aged man who loved to doze away  
An hour by daylight, for his eyes were  
dim,

And he had seen too many suns go down  
And rise again, dreamed that he saw two  
forms

Of radiant beauty; he would clasp them  
both,

But both flew stealthily away. He cried  
In his wild dream,

"I never thought, O youth,  
That thou, altho' so cherished, would'st  
return,

But I did think that he who came with  
thee,

Love, who could swear more sweetly  
than birds sing,

Would never leave me comfortless and  
lone."

A sigh broke through his slumber, not  
the last.

1863.

#### WELL I REMEMBER HOW YOU SMILED

WELL I remember how you smiled

To see me write your name upon

The soft sea-sand. "*O! what a child!*"

*You think you're writing upon stone!*"

I have since written what no tide

Shall ever wash away, what men

Unborn shall read o'er ocean wide

And find Ianthe's name again.

1863.

#### TO MY NINTH DECADE

To my ninth decade I have totter'd on,  
And no soft arm bends now my steps  
to steady;

She, who once led me where she would,  
is gone,

So when he calls me, Death shall find  
me ready.

1863.





Turning point or focus -  
Climax.

4145 Grand Bend

Appt. 3.





